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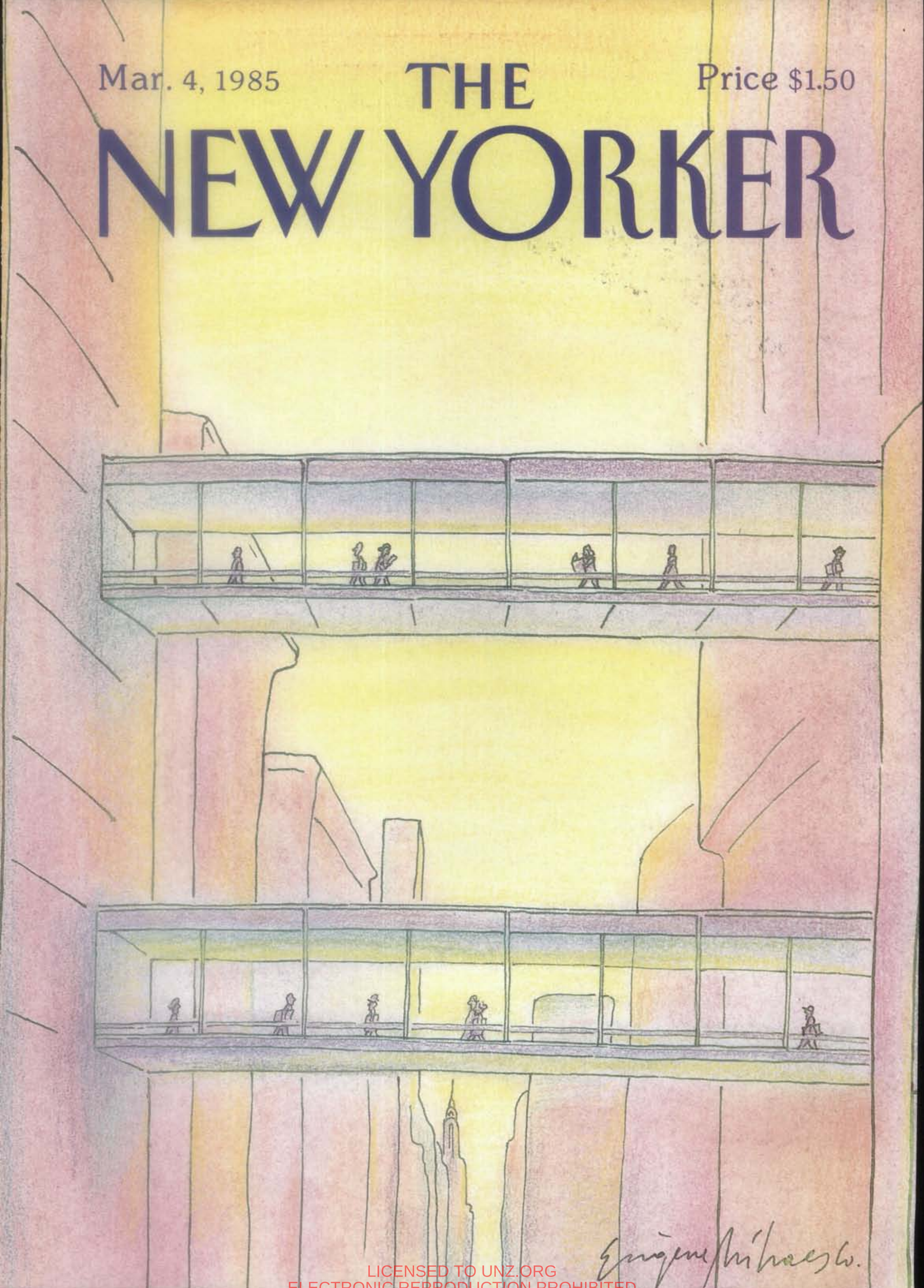

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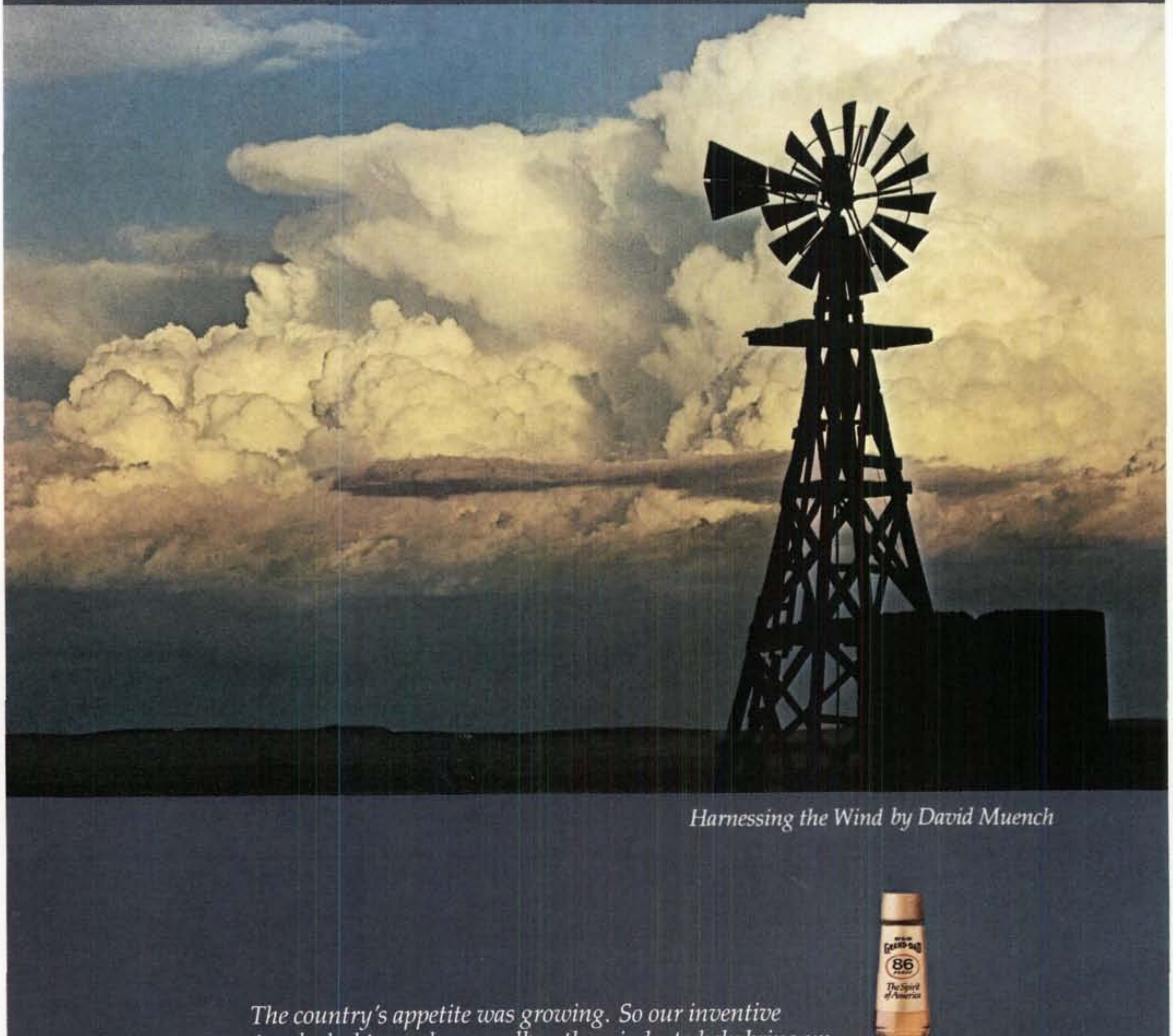

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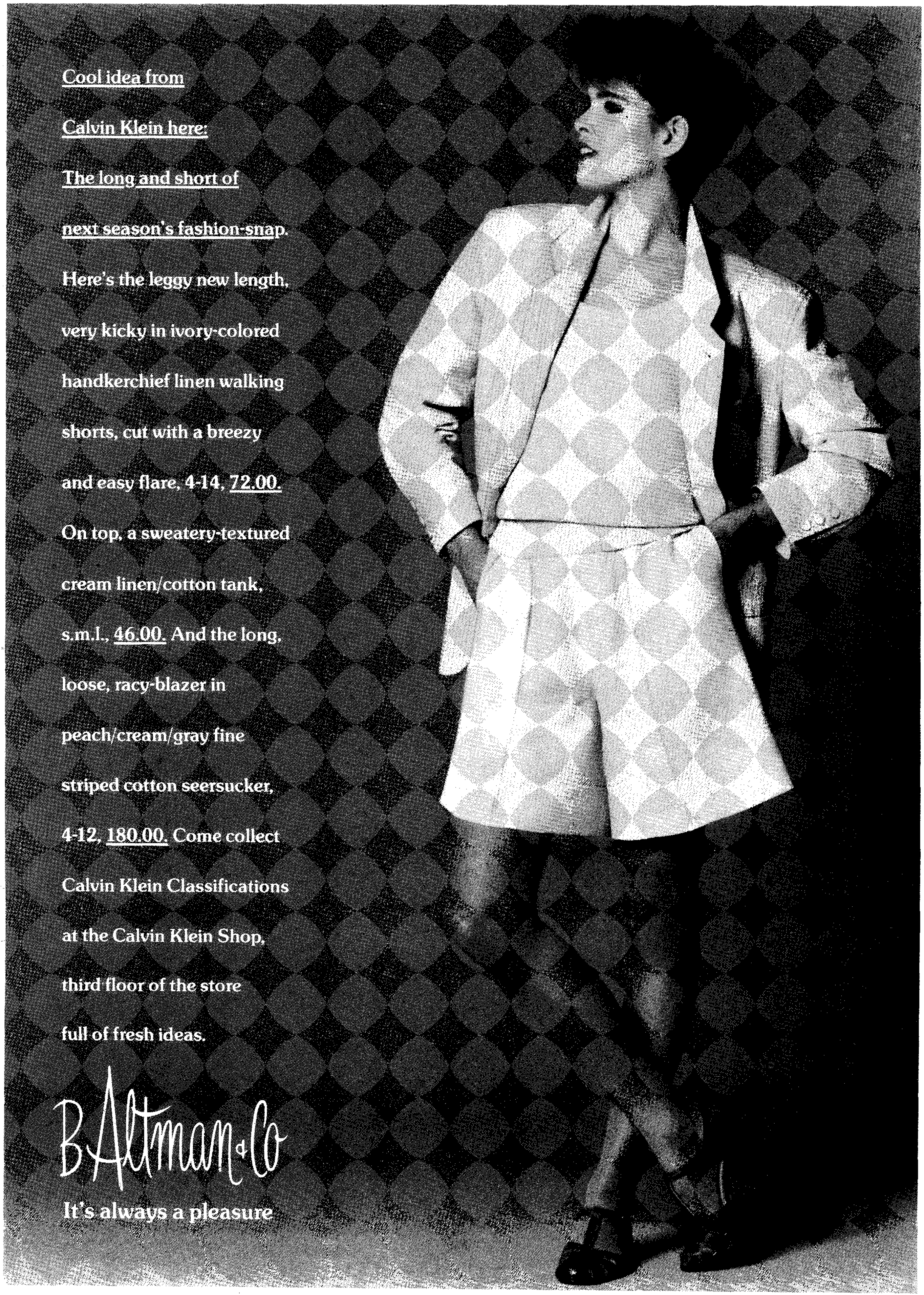

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a *merry, good-natured clown with the knack of* making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Cliffhanger—A play by James Yaffe, with Henderson Forsythe and Lenka Peterson. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Coming of Age in SoHo—Albert Innaurato's very *humorous, touching comedy about* an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, *among others*, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. *Wednesdays through* Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 9:30; Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 9:30; Sundays at 7; and Tuesday through Saturday, March 5-9, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 10: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—P. J. Gibson's drama about a group of well-to-do, well-educated black women who gather after the *suicide of a lifelong friend of theirs*. The acting of Hattie Winston, Lee Chamberlin, Thelma Louise Carter, Janet League, and Ellen Holly is good, but their roles are boring. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

The Loves of Anatol—A play by Arthur Schnitzler, adapted by Ellis Rabb and Nicholas Martin, and directed by Mr. Rabb. With Philip Bosco, Stephen Collins, and Michael Learned. Previews through Tuesday, March 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 6. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. The opening production is THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) The second production is a disastrous revival of Booth Tarkington's CLARENCE. (2/25/85) The third *production, Robert Bolt's* VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!, begins previews on Friday, March 8. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in HENRIETTA, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Octette Bridge Club—A comedy by P. J. Barry, with Peggy Cass, Lois deBanzie, and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"VIRGINS" . . . . *William Trevor* 38

"A FINISHED MAN" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Wilbur* 42

"LOSING ALTITUDE" (POEM) . . . . *Nicholas Christopher* 46

PROFILES (RICE) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 51

REFLECTIONS (IRAN—PART I) . . . *Ryszard Kapuściński* 79

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 97

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 97

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 101

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON . . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 104

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 119

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L. to r.:
Kim Alexis
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nancy Marchand. Tom Moore is the director. Previews through Monday, March 4. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 5. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

Pack of Lies—A rather humdrum little melodrama, by Hugh Whitemore, about a humdrum British couple and what befalls them when their best friends turn out to be Russian spies. With Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Playboy of the Western World—A very poor production of John Millington Synge's comedy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—John Lithgow, George Segal, and Maria Tucci in the Rod Serling drama revived last winter by the Long Wharf Theatre. Staged by Arvin Brown. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, Feb. 28-March 6. Opens officially on Thursday, March 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Strange Interlude—A revival, popular in England, of the interminable O'Neill melodrama. With Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. The director is Keith Hack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

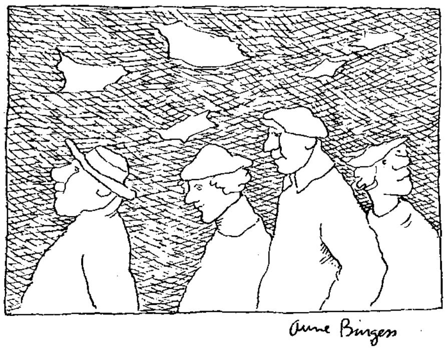
3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tom and Viv—A tedious work that purports to examine—episode by episode—the miserable marriage of T. S. Eliot to Vivien Haigh-Wood. Edward Herrmann is Eliot; Julie Covington is Vivien; Max Stafford-Clark directed. Tedium is the least of it. (2/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th St. Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:**



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Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,336 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach, Lee Roy Reams, and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Special performances Saturday, March 2, at 10, and Saturday, March 9, at 2.) . . . **my one and only:** Sandy Duncan and Tommy Tune in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 3.) . . . **noises off:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sunday in the park with george:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, who stars in the Monday through Wednesday performances. Philip Astor stars in the Thursday through Saturday performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Al Carmines—At the piano and in and out of the guise of Walt Whitman, Mr. Carmines sings and plays a number of his own songs, as well as blues and show tunes, to make a lively, musical evening. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 3, at 8.)

Ekkehard Schall—The leading actor of the Berliner Ensemble performing three programs of songs, poems, and scenes by Bertolt Brecht. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Program 2: Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 28, at 6:30; and Friday, March 1, at 7:30. . . . Program 1: Saturday, March 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Program 1: Sunday, March 3, at 8. . . . Program 3: Monday, March 4, at 8.) Additional performances will be given at the Harold Clurman, Tuesday through Saturday, March 12-16.

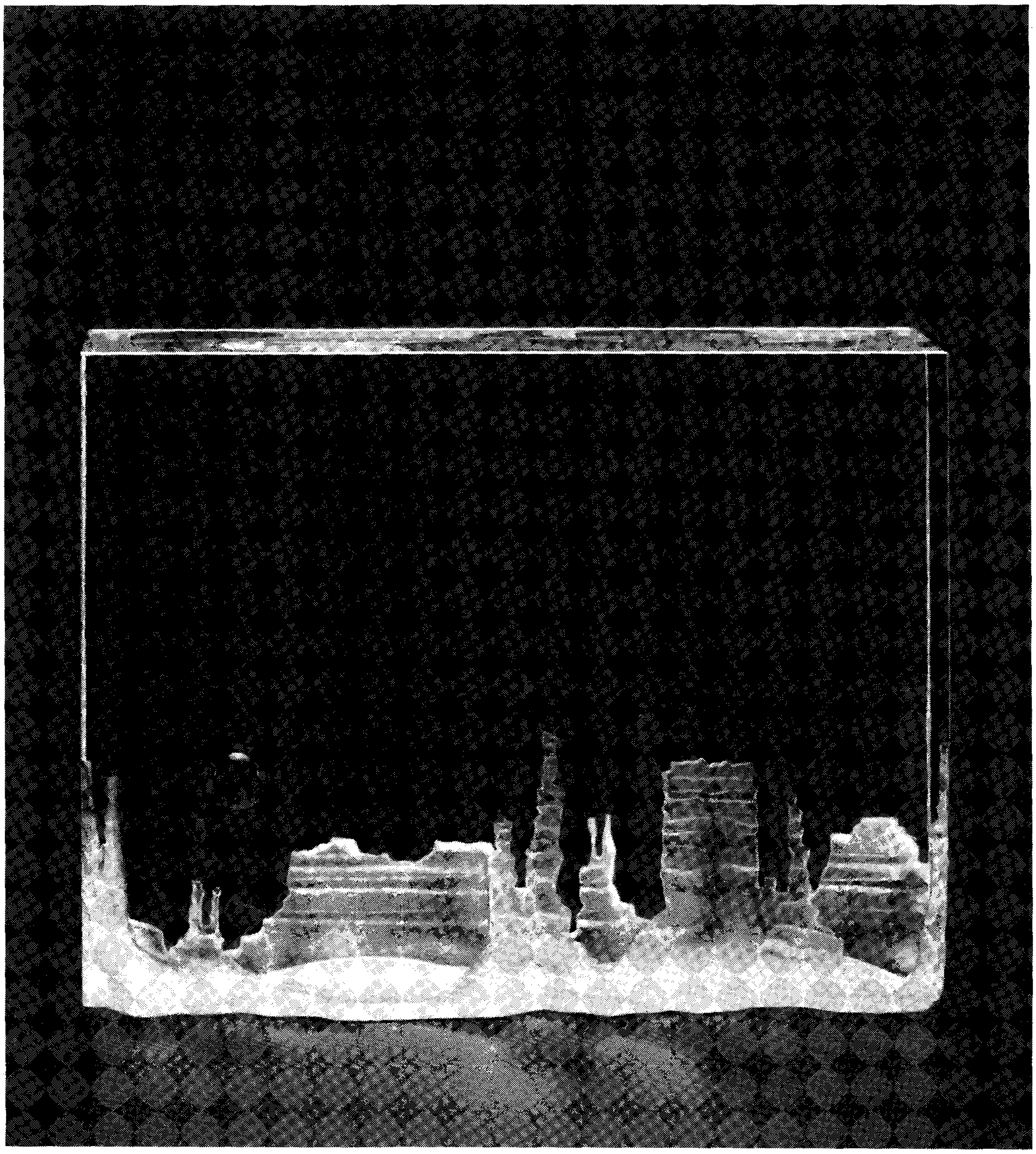
Barnard-Columbia Greek Drama Group—Presenting Euripides' "The Trojan Women," in Greek. With Mary Jane Norris. (Minor Latham Playhouse, Barnard College, Broadway at 119th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-6272.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Thursday through Saturday at 9. Closes Saturday, March 2.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 31. "Romeo and Juliet" will be presented through Sunday, March 10. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30—a benefit perfor-



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STEUBEN GLASS

mance; for tickets, call 265-7300—Thursday and Friday, March 7-8, at 8; and Saturday, March 9, at 2 and 8.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 17—Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30: "Duets," "Phrases" (American première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Trails," "Doubles" (New York première), and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Duets," "Phrases," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Trails," "Doubles," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Inlets 2," "Phrases," and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Inlets 2," "Phrases," and "Pictures." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pilobolus—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 27, and Friday, March 1, at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Tarleton's Resurrection," "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Ocellus," and "Day Two." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2 and 7:30: "Mirage," "Can't Get Started," "Elegy for the Moment," "The Empty Suitor," "Untitled," and either "Pseudopodia" or "Miniature." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Mariko Sanjo—With a nine-member company, in a program of Japanese modern dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

Don Redlich Dance Company—Presenting a program of works choreographed by Hanya Holm. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30; Thursday, March 7, and Saturday, March 9, at 8; and Sunday, March 10, at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **Inbal**: Saturday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2 and 8. . . . **Gus Giordano Jazz Dance Chicago**: Thursday, March 7, and Saturday and Sunday, March 9-10, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Julie Wilson**, a wonderfully convincing performer, is singing an all-Stephen Sondheim program in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era), musical (jazz-era) bar and restaurant. Pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, works here on Friday and Saturday, March 1-2; on Sunday, March 3, drummer **Harold White** will be on hand; and on Saturday, March 9, bluesy singer **Dakota Staton** will perform with her backing crew. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**Blossom Dearie** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Bebopper-altoist **Phil Woods** leads his quintet through Monday, March 4, and on Tuesday, March 5, pianist **Tommy Flanagan** will guide a quartet that features **Zoot Sims** tenor-sax solos. Music from nine. Trumpeter **Ted Curson** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 27, Sussman Lawrence, the Drongos, and Shore Patrol; Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, Soupy Sales; Sunday, March 3, **Bonnie Koloc** and **Christine Lavin**; and Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, Gotham and Jennifer Lewis. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **Mike Abene** and **Michael Moore** through Saturday, March 2; Sunday, March 3, **Vladimir Shafranov** and **Rufus Reid**; Monday through Thursday, March 4-7, **Eddie Thompson** with hummer-bassist **Major Holley**; and Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, **Eddie Thompson** with bassist Bill Takas. Music from nine-forty-five.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **George Shearing** is holding forth in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **Vince Giordano** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **Barbara Carroll** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

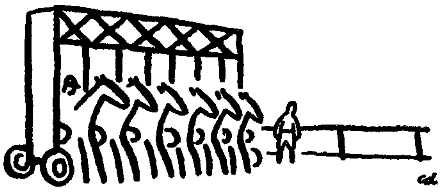
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A striking, semidesolate area at night, with cobblestone streets and the wind off the river—all the makings for an urban folk ballad just outside the front door of this cheerful joint. The bluegrass-and-Irish-music lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 27, Jerry O'Sullivan; Saturday, March 2, fiddlers **Matt Glaser** and **Kenny Kosek**; Wednesday, March 6, Nancy Crutcher; and Saturday, March 9, the Chicken Chokers String Band. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays as well. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block (the remains of Jimmy Ryan's sadly waste away nearby). Music nightly from eight-thirty. On Tuesday, March 5, **Maxine Sullivan** will sing, and Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, will belong to trumpeter **Doc Cheatham**. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **Bucky Pizzarelli** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw are supported by a big band on Wednesday, Feb. 27; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 3, **Kenny Rankin**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will be onstage; and on Tuesday, March 5, composer-arranger **Don Sebesky** will head an eleven-piece band. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 27, the Stardust Cowboy; Tuesday, March 5, Suzanne Vega and Frank Christian; Thursday, March 7, Rob Stoner; and Saturday, March 9, the **Clancy Brothers & Robbie O'Connell**. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio; on Mondays singer and pianist **Brooks Kerr** is on; and Tuesdays **Chuck Wayne**, a Swing Street–veteran guitarist, leads a trio. All this music begins at about ten. **Brooks Kerr** is also on hand on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of **Neville Dickie**, a stride- and boogie-woogie-piano specialist whose sets are fun. Mr. Dickie performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **Dick Hyman**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists. The rock, blues, soul: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28, bassist **Jaco Pastorius** and guitarist **Jorma Kaukonen**; Sunday, March 3, a trybute to the Byrds; Monday, March 4, a Texas Independence Day celebration with a non-Texas musician, guitarist **Dickie Betts**; Tuesday, March 5, **Dickie Betts** again; and Wednesday, March 6, R. & B.-ists **Jump Street** and the **Lounge Lizards**, with actor-saxophonist **John Lurie**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. A real fine trio—pianist **Cedar Walton**, bassist **Ron Carter**, and drummer **Billy Higgins**—works until Sunday, March 3; on Monday, March 4, the **John Hicks Big Band** will take charge; and on Tuesday, March 5, pianist **Paul Bley** will bring in his group. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical revue, "Offbeats," runs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty and is performed by its composer, **Arthur Siegel**, its writer, **Tony Lang**, and its director, **Miriam Fond**. On many Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**Panama Francis & the Savoy Sultans** play such uplifting, irresistible music that it's nearly impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Feb. 28, Ronnie Laws; Friday, March 1, John Hiatt; Saturday, March 2, Tommy Shaw; and Thursday, March 7, guitarists **Rhys Chatham**, **Arto Lindsay**, and **Elliot Sharp**. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**Woody Herman** and his Woodchoppers, a sextet, are in residence in the King Cole (as in Old, not Nat) Room. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 27, Kenwood Denard and Delmar Brown; Thursday, Feb. 28, **Steve Slagle** and **Mike Stern**; Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, the **Bob Mintzer** Big Band; Monday, March 4, the **Gunter Hampel Orchestra**; and Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9, **Randy Brecker**, **Eliane Elias**, **Mike Brecker**, **Eddie Gomez**, and **Andy Nussbaum**. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 27, Kip Hanrahan and Jack Bruce; Thursday, Feb. 28, **Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society**; Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, **Loremil Machado & the Sarava Bahia Band**; Sunday, March 3, **Edison Machado**;

Monday through Wednesday, March 4-6, **FLORA PURIM** and **AIRTO**; Thursday, March 7, **MIKATA**; and Friday and Saturday, March 8-9, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** heads a crackling-sharp hard-bop quintet through Sunday, March 3, and on Tuesday, March 5, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET—FRANK WESS, ROLAND HANNA, GEORGE MRAZ**, and **BILLY HART**—will move in with some lilting, straight-ahead stuff. Mondays belong to pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On March 4, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND, GRUPO FASCINACIÓN**, and guest jazz soloist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will be present. . . . ¶ Out on the Terrace from nine-thirty **NINA SHELDON** and **STEVE LA SPINA** work together through Sunday, March 3, and **SHARON FREEMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** will take over starting Tuesday, March 5. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** quartet winds up a week down here on Sunday, March 3, and on Tuesday, March 5, drummer **ELVIN JONES** will arrive with his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Drummer **HAROLD WHITE** guides a quartet that features saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** through Saturday, March 2. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **EDDIE THOMPSON** and bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, March 2, and starting Tuesday, March 5, pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON**. Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**; and Monday's pairing is pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CLEO LAINE AND JOHN DANKWORTH—With the Dankworth Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

B.B. KING, MILLIE JACKSON and **BOBBY BLUE BLAND**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 1, at 8 and midnight.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, March 1, at 8.

BOBBY SHORT and **RARE SILK**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, March 1, at 8.

SWING REUNION—With Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Louis Bellson, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 517-7674.)

BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE—The fourth in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Barbara Lea, Buddy Barnes, Marty Grosz, and David Finck in an evening devoted to Harold Arlen's music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 2, at 8.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET and **SPHERE**—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. Saturday, March 2 at 8:30.

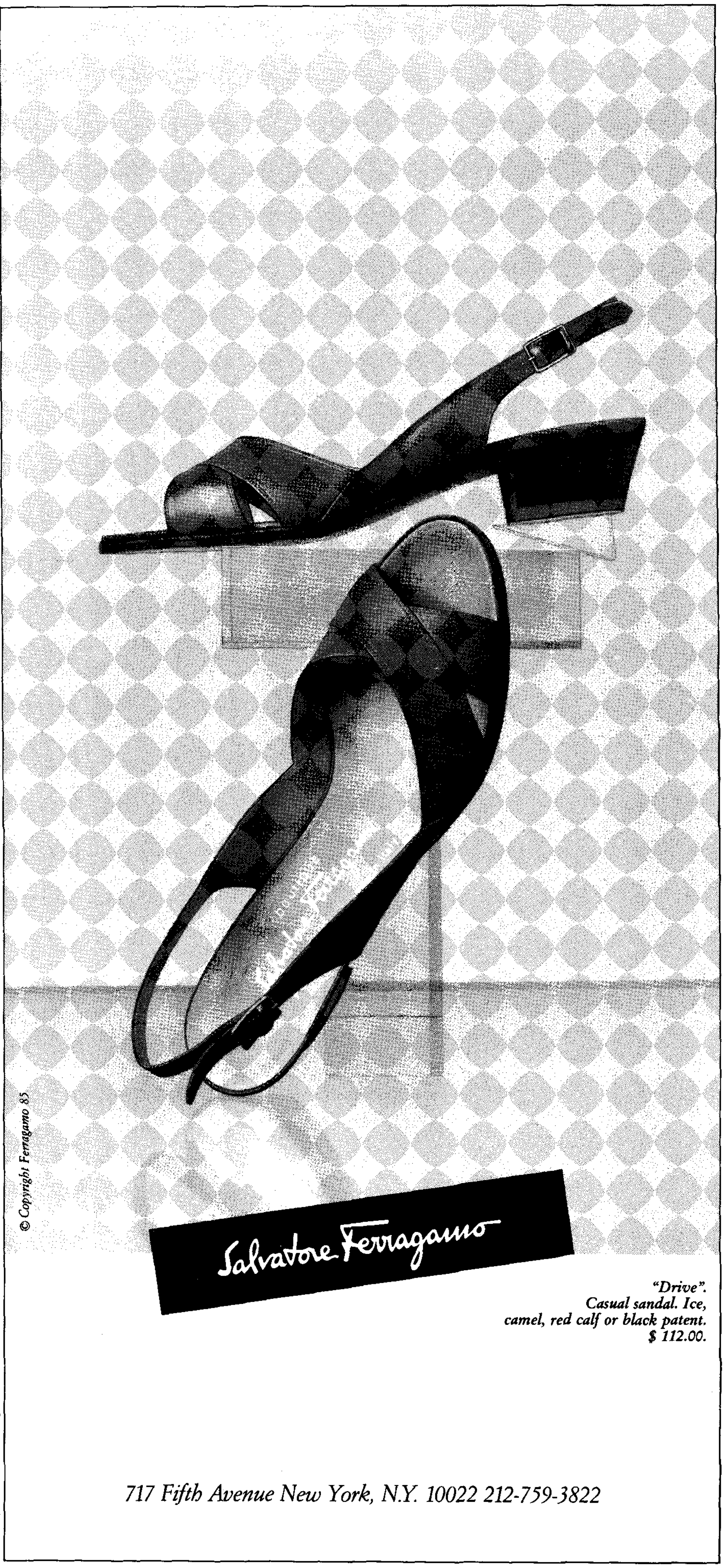
AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS and **OLU DARA**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, March 4, at 8.

NINA SIMONE—With Michael Henderson. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

MICHEL CAMILO SEXTET—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, March 8, at 8.

JAMES EMERY ENSEMBLE—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.

JOAN BAEZ—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th



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St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, March 8–9, at 8.

Lester Bowie—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.

Irving Plaza—Friday, March 1: Human Switchboard, Alex Chilton, and Jesse Rae. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7: Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave, and Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9: Chris Spedding. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lennart Anderson—Still-life and landscape paintings from the past ten years. Through March 16. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Paul Bowen / Kathleen Ferguson—Sculptures composed of wrapped and tarred found objects. / Small-scale bronzes, individually patinated and dotted with oil paint. Through Friday, March 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—Three exhibitions of paintings. Abstractions from nature in oils and watercolors. Through March 16. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions in enamel on paper. Through Friday, March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ "*The Continuous Painting*" (1975) and other works. Through March 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Sheila Girling—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, March 9. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—Colored drawings, all but a third of which were conceived as studies for sculptures. Through March 16. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Figurative paintings expressing the artist's interest in Jewish mysticism and art history. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

El Lissitzky (1890-1941)—Watercolors, drawings, and lithographs from the PROUN series. Through March 30. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

Louis Lozowick (1892-1973)—Black-and-white lithographs of American cities, particularly New York as it was in the twenties and thirties. Through March 30. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Robert Ohnigian and Leonard Stokes—Collages by two artists whose work is complementary. Through Saturday, March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings. Through March 21. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings of nudes posed against all sorts of patterns—on linoleum floors, Mexican rugs, Japanese robes. Through Saturday, March 9. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Ogden Pleissner (1905-83)—A retrospective that emphasizes landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through March 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Sculpture—At the **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Among works in a variety of mediums are a bronze (of Balzac) by Rodin, a slate abstraction by Barbara Hepworth, and a cast-polyester depiction of interlocking snakes by Niki de Saint Phalle. Through Saturday, March 9. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A number of pieces by Jean Arp in bronze and stone, plus works by American sculptors Seymour Lipton, Herbert Ferber, and others. Through March 23.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Michèle Amateau—Paintings on canvas and paper, derived from Middle Eastern and Mediterranean wall mosaics. Through March 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ainslie Burke—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil, plus works on paper. Through Saturday, March 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Paul Cadmus—An eightieth-birthday show of works by a painter known for his figure studies. Through Saturday, March 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through Saturday, March 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

David Deutsch—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Oils and gouaches mainly, of abstractions and figures, dating from the twenties to the seventies. Through March 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Four paintings executed between 1958 and 1972, in addition to gouaches and lithographs from the same period. Through March 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Maryan (1927-77)—Expressionist paintings, most of them centered on a single figure (called "personnage" by the artist), which was his trademark; a two-gallery exhibit. Through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—This large show concentrates on early paintings and drawings and includes watercolors of chrysanthemums. Through Saturday, March 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore and Helaine Blumenfeld—Complementary sculptures by these two artists, plus prints and drawings by Mr. Moore. Through March 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James B. Moore—Austere, representational still-life paintings in oil on canvas. Through March 23. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

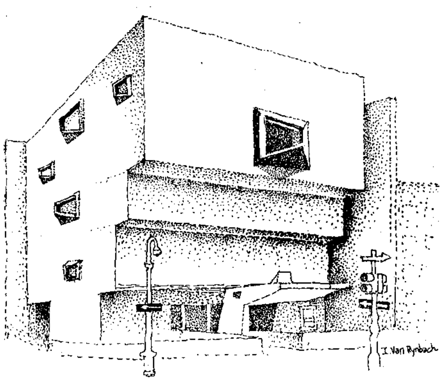
George Negroponte—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Wall reliefs (found-wood objects painted black and secured to grids) that extend as much as four feet into space. Through March 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—Four life-size semi-abstract bronze figures are intertwined with sprays of ficus and Russian olive growing in ceramic planters, creating a sylvan environment that is enhanced by large paintings of leafy groves. Through Saturday, March 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Reder (1897-1963)—Charcoal studies for sculptures, and woodcuts. Through March 23. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings, mostly interiors of her two studios, one with a view across the Hudson to Jersey, the other looking out on Long Island greenery. Through Saturday, March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)



Sean Scully—Stripe paintings in which small canvases are superimposed on larger ones. Through Saturday, March 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Millard Sheets—A painting of African women wearing and selling their print fabrics at a market in Dakar, idyllic paintings of the Golden Gate Bridge, and other works. Through Saturday, March 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

George Tooker—Representational egg-tempera paintings from the years 1948 to 1985. Through Saturday, March 2. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman—A critical scene from Red Riding Hood is typical of the story lines in a set of reliefs, which are cut-and-painted sheet aluminum. Through March 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 20 W. 57th St.: Prints and drawings by artists of the Barbizon school, including Corot, Millet, and Daubigny. Through March 16. . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St.: Seventeen paintings and sculptures whose forms are adapted from nature. Artists include Anna Bialobroda, Arthur G. Dove, and Lawrence Fane. Through Saturday, March 2. . . . **wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Currier & Ives prints. Through March 16.

Sculpture—Three-dimensional pieces by ten artists envisioning microcosms, including a foursquare United States post office by Saul Steinberg; and, in a departure from the show's central theme, a maquette by George Segal (his first) for a twenty-four-foot sculpture of high-steel construction workers. Through Saturday, March 2. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Affarian—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures in some of which religious symbols appear—crosses, a burning bush, a ladder to heaven. Through Saturday, March 2. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Philip Allen—Oil paintings jam-packed with both abstract and figurative elements inextricably tangled. Watchful eyes peep out of the canvases here and there. Through Saturday, March 2. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Gregory Botts—Semi-abstract landscape paintings, most of them in black-and-white and superimposed with a targetlike image of concentric circles. Through Saturday, March 9. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Carolyn Brady—Red tulips blooming in the artist's garden, and other watercolors. Through March 21. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Paintings of pop-culture images in mixed mediums. Through March 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Sam Gilliam / Robert Beauchamp—Geometric constructions using painted aluminum and canvas. / A new set of wild-looking animals and figures done with oil stick, a new medium for the artist. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Mike Glier—Social commentary directed at the news media: chalk-and-latex drawings on the walls, paintings on panels suspended from the ceiling. Through Saturday, March 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

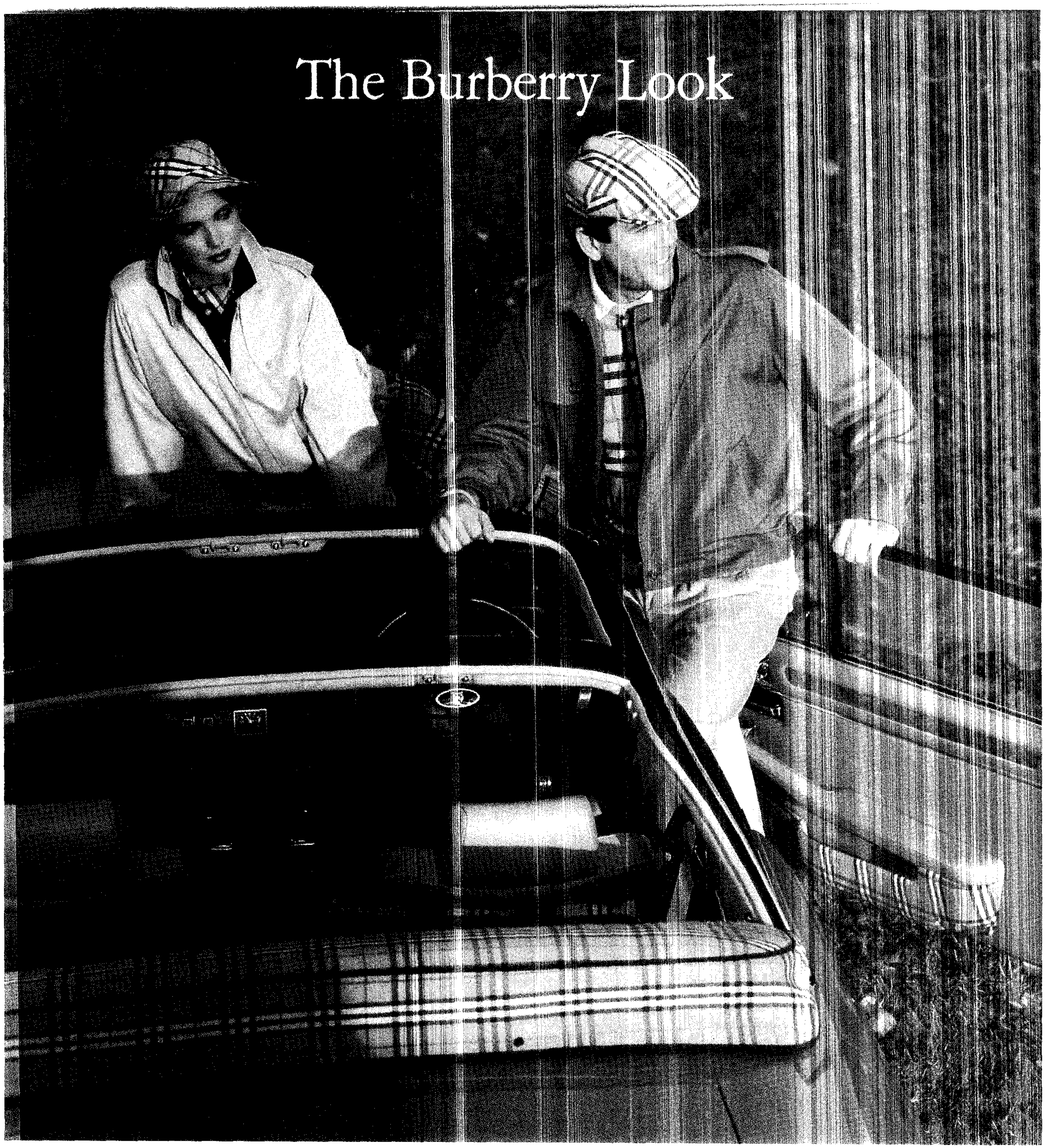
Michael Hurson—Recent drawings, including a series devoted to sketches of wire coat-hanger sculptures made by the artist; plus monotypes. Through Saturday, March 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Mel Kendrick—Abstract shapes cut out of blocks of exotic wood, such as purpleheart, mahogany, ebony, and Brazilian rosewood, and mounted on stool-like pedestals. Through Saturday, March 2. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—Paintings in mixed mediums, the result, the artists say, of "trying out all the styles we've known since kindergarten." Through March 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Stephen Lorber—Sharply realist still-lifes of quilts, Shaker baskets, and furniture. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Peter Reginato—Whimsical painted-steel sculptures that measure from four feet to ten.



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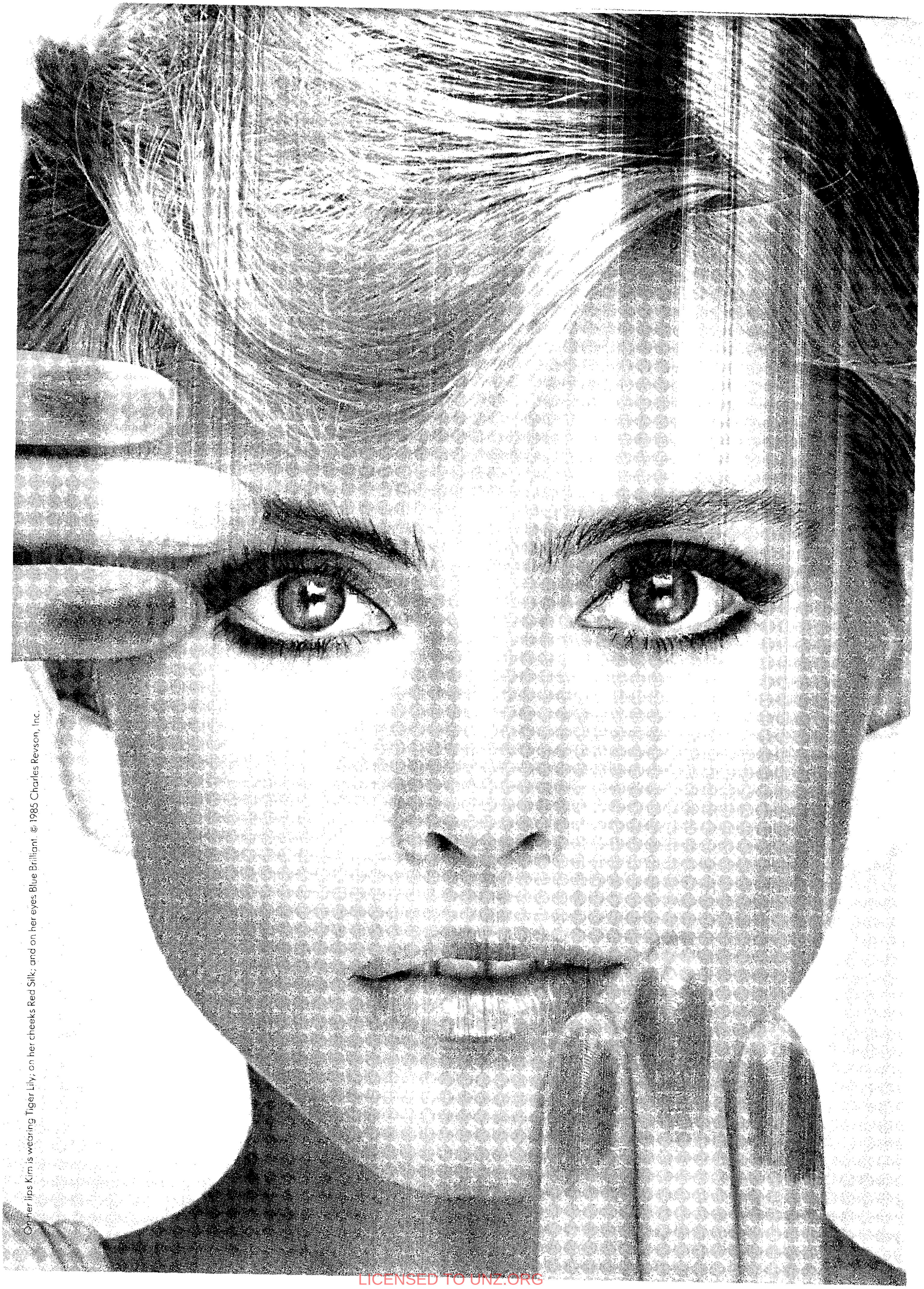

On her lips Kim is wearing Tiger Lily; on her cheeks Red Silk; and on her eyes Blue Brilliant. © 1985 Charles Revson, Inc.

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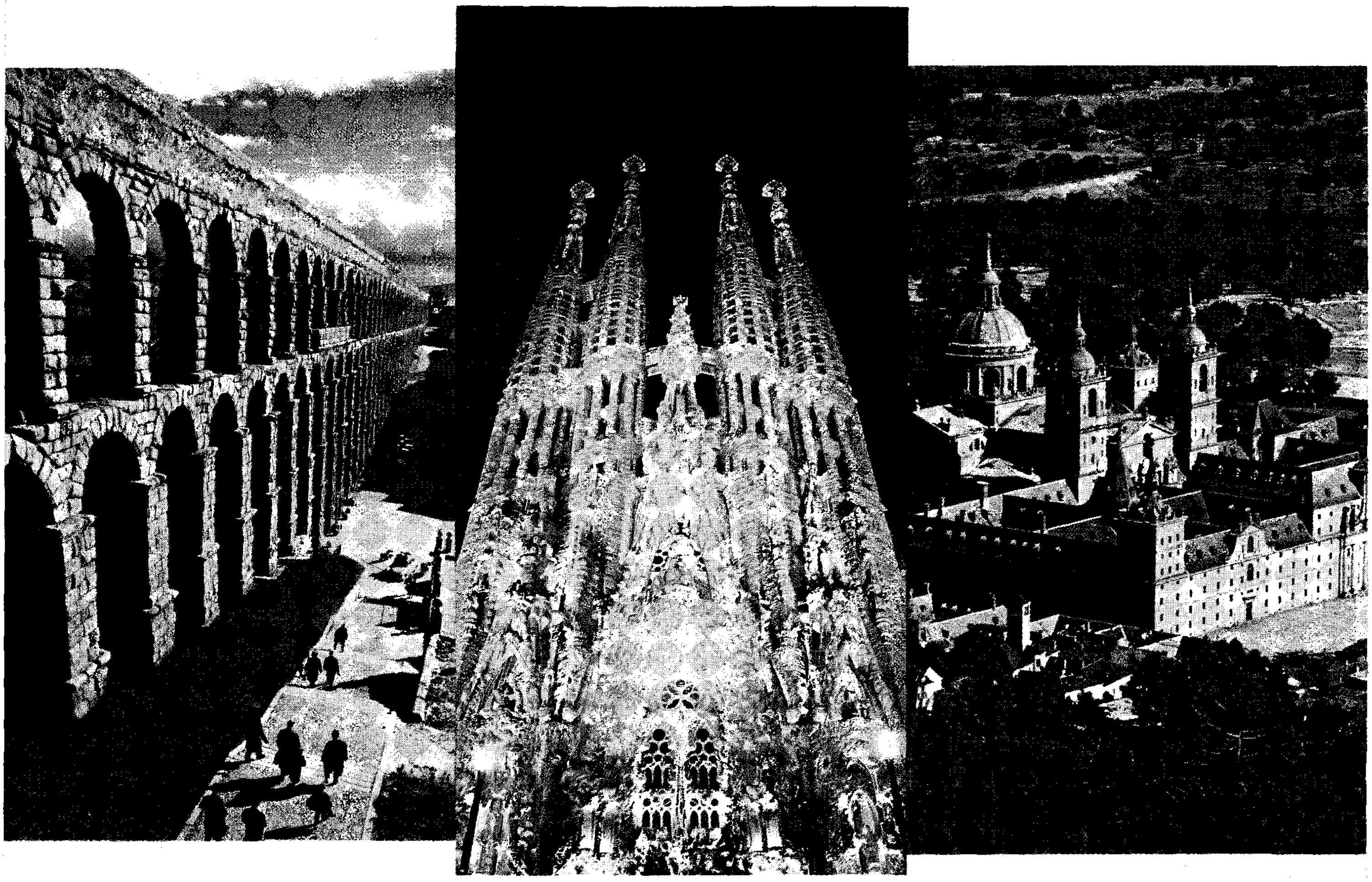
“Seven Wonders? I saw at least



“. . .You have to see it to believe it. . .the mixture of cultures. . .and architectural styles. There's so much history. And shopping? We went the whole route. . .and still had money to go home on. We'll recommend Spain to anyone who'll listen. And next time we'll bring our daughter.”

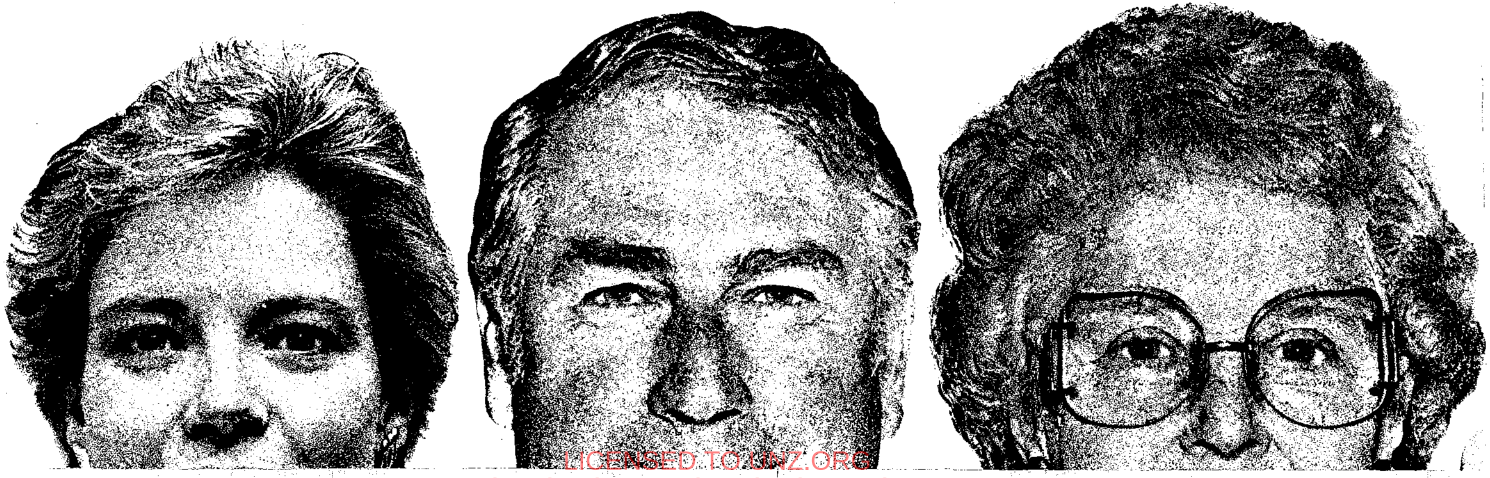
–Karen Taylor
Medford, N.J.

“We went to see Roman ruins. . . suddenly you're standing in the midst of thousands of years of peoples' heritages. And I played doubles tennis in Fuengirola with people from four different continents. The weather here is gorgeous. . .little restaurants along the beach. . . .And prices are fantastic.”

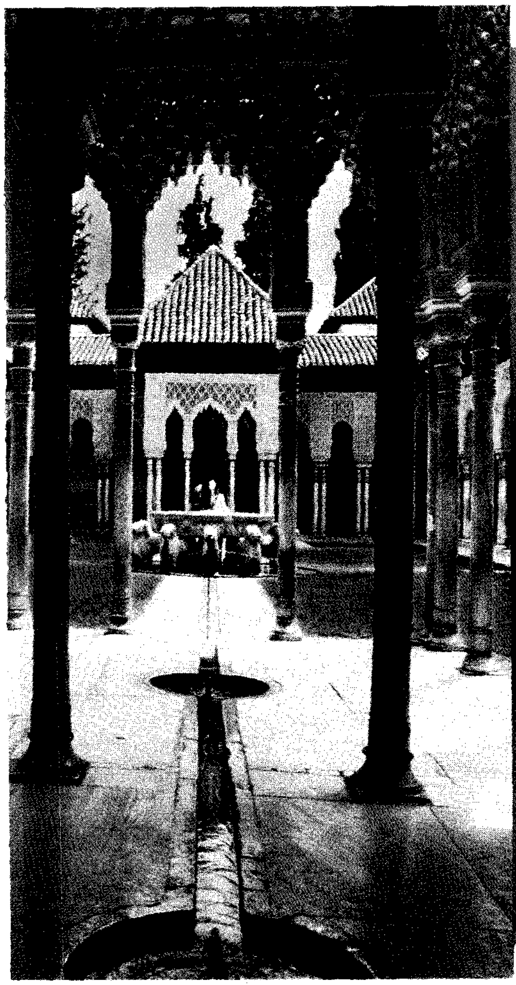
–John Bill
Doylestown, Pa.

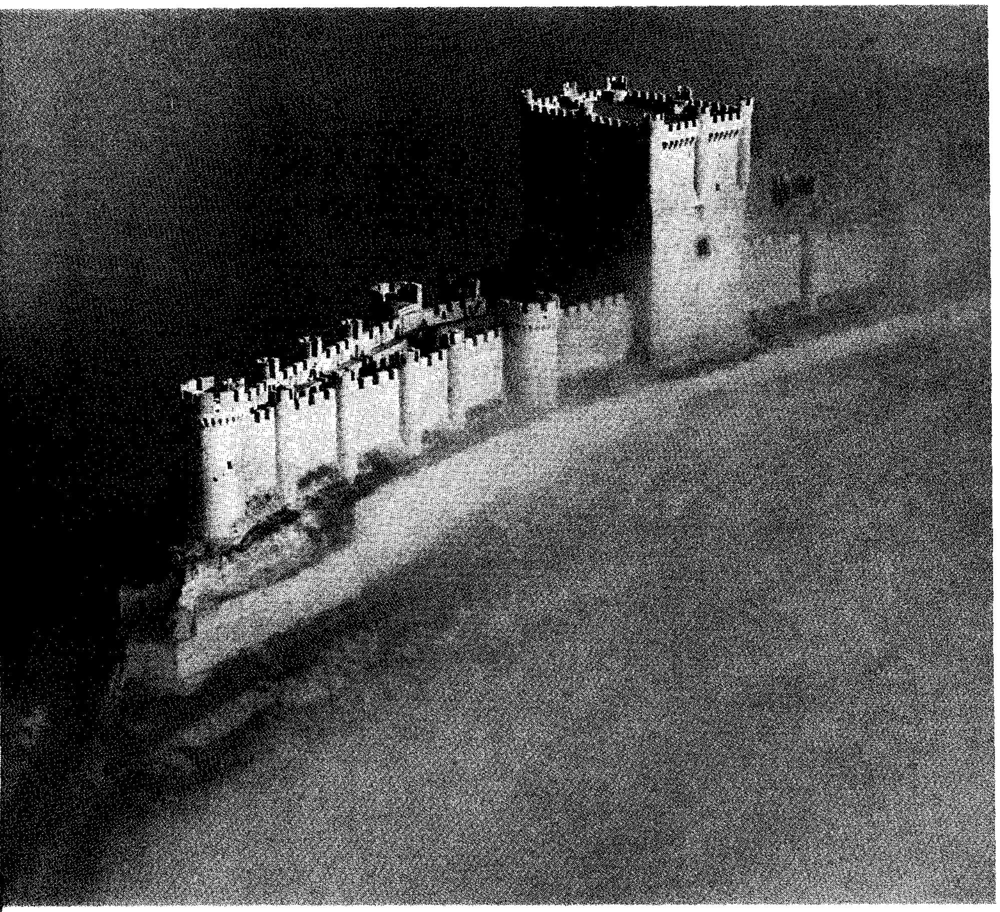
“. . .impressed by the architecture . . .of Caceres, Carmona, Toledo. We did 2,000 miles in four weeks . . .driving is fine. . .really nice, moderately priced hotels. . . and communication wasn't any problem at all. Spain was asleep for years . . .now it's awake. It's exploding! And the food's marvelous. . .we had one tray with 20 appetizers!”

–Mrs. Thomas Gamble
Lake Havasu, Ariz.



a dozen in Spain.”





“. . . so many kinds of cathedrals! The one in Toledo with the gold processional shrine and Seville's, where Columbus's tomb is. Yet I was surprised by all the modern building in Spain. Easy, comfortable travel and superb tours too. And it's all so inexpensive now.”

–Jerry Ullmer
Dayton, Ohio

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–Grazia Norton
East Rockaway, N.Y.

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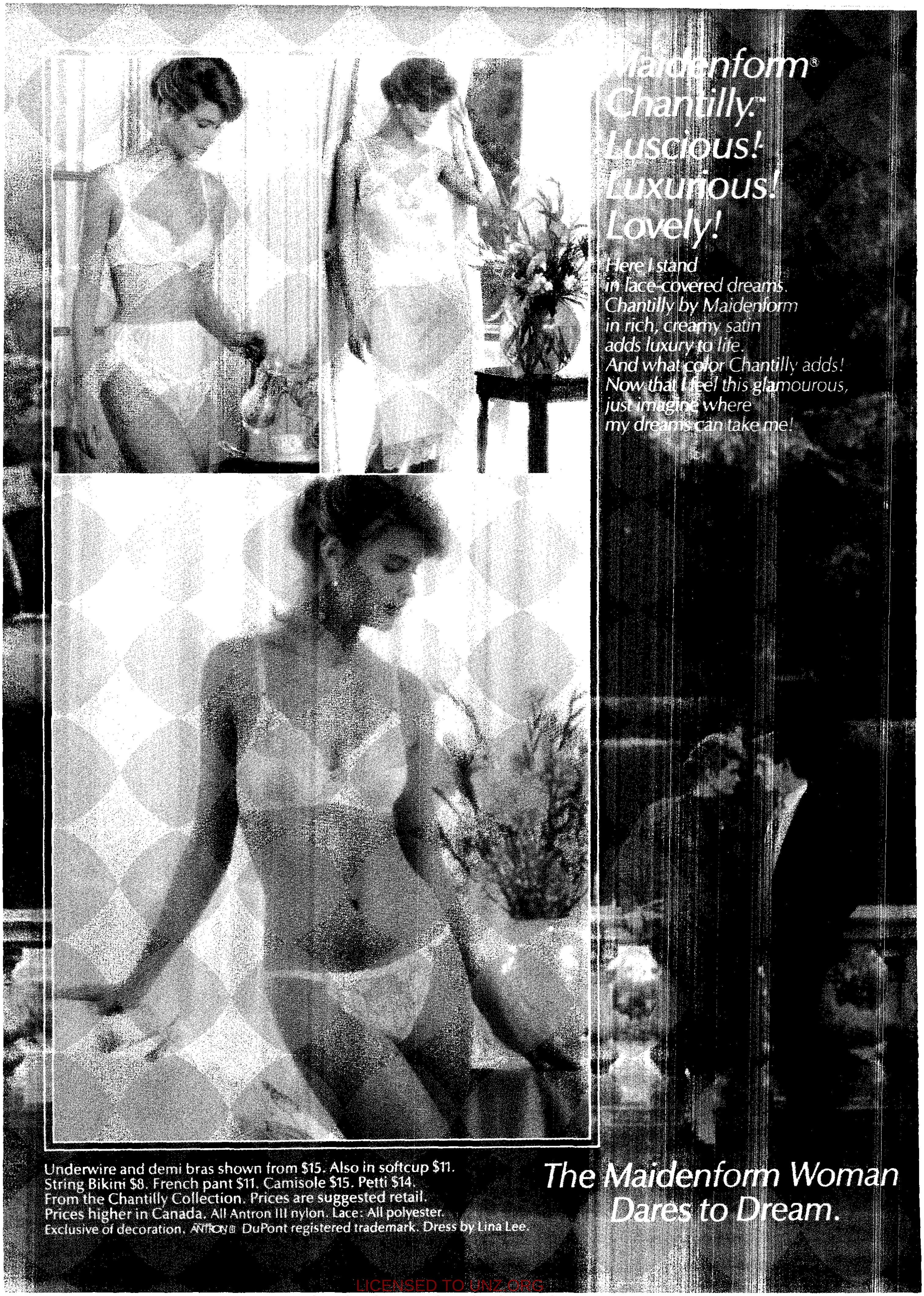

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Now that I feel this glamourous,
just imagine where
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Dares to Dream.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, March 2. (112 Greene Street.)

Elaine Reichek—A hand-colored photograph of a tepee paired with a three-dimensional abstraction of the tepee in yarn and wool, and similar compositions. Through Saturday, March 9. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Mark Schwartz—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 9. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Philip Smith—Small pictographics covering eight-foot columns and various-sized canvases. The works are scratched through one layer of paint down to a different color beneath. Through Saturday, March 2. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Barbara Zucker—Stylish vertical sculptures made of painted wood and Styrofoam, several of which are set on pedestals with small wheels that add a new element to the works. Through Saturday, March 2. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: Abstract paintings by twenty-one artists, including Max Cole, Valerie Jaudon, and Robert Zakanitch. Through March 30. . . . **thorp**, 103 Prince St.: Abstractions, several of them unusually jubilant, by Matt Baumgardner, Richard Hennessy, Stewart Hitch, and Dan Wofford. Through Saturday, March 2.

OTHER GALLERIES

Arch Connelly—Paintings and sculptures combining fabrics and fake jewels. Through March 17. (Fun Gallery, 254 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Gary Kuehn—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that stretch chronologically from 1963 to 1984. Through Saturday, March 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Ted Rosenthal—A comic sensibility prevails in a group of painted textured-steel tableaux, one thirty feet long, the rest considerably smaller. Through March 16. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Cartoonists Association—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Through March 29. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

P.S. 1—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorff and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty. Through March 10. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures in black-and-white (with perhaps a touch of color) by twenty-four artists, among them Dotty Attie, Daisy Youngblood, and Choong Sop Lim. Through March 22. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through Saturday, March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

James Friedman—"Poland 1983: Auschwitz, Majdanek, Treblinka," the title for and subject of color photographs. Through Saturday, March 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Aaron Siskind / Augstin Victor Casasola (1874-1938)—A large retrospective. / Photographs spanning the four-decade career of a photojournalist, and documenting the Mexican revolution of 1910-20. Through March 24. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Louis Stettner / Carl Perutz (1921-82)—Black-and-white photographs. / Prints of theatre people by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, March 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Vintage prints that Strand considered to be his favorites among his own photographs. Through Saturday, March 2. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

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Brian Wood—Photographs mounted in narrative sequence (the artist has been a filmmaker); images of hands appear throughout. Through March 15. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Group Show—Photographs in the collection of the Witkin Gallery, which will move to SoHo after the exhibit closes on April 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many more by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Starts Thursday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings, including his first documented work, 1886, and his final one, "The Dream" (1910). Through June 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," the third and final exhibit in a series (held at two-year intervals) surveying the influences on this painter, himself one of the most influential artists of his generation, in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), and motorized figures. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through Sunday, March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribes of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass headdress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and silver earrings. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid pieces on hand. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to Sinclair Lewis on his centennial. First editions of his major works, original manuscript notes for "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith," and personally annotated scripts highlighting his theatrical interests are among the materials being shown. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Two exhibitions: paintings by John Hull; and sculptures by Mia Westerlund Roosen, whose six massive abstract works are in concrete with lead, encaustic, or bronze. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—John Durand's six oil portraits of the Colonial Beekman family are some of the works from the society's collections in an exhibit documenting childhood in New York, 1709 to 1984 (no less). Mounted in honor of the two-hundred-and-seventy-fifth anniversary of the Trinity School, the show also includes prints, photographs, toys, samplers, and manuscripts. Starts Thursday, Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615—Peter Rose (video, film, and performance), Friday, March 1, at 8:30; Boris Policeband (performance), Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; the Smith Bros. (Bill Gordh, Joe Lowery, and Frank South—performance), Sunday, March 3, at 8:30; Christian Marclay (a one-man band of turntables, plus video), Saturday and Sunday, March 9-10, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Chris Burnside (dance), Friday through Sunday, March 8-10, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Ernani," with Montserrat Caballé, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Peter Hofmann, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Monday, March 4, at 8: "Ernani," with Montserrat Caballé, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 5, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 6, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Edward Sooter, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Ernani," with Montserrat Caballé, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, and Robert Mosley; James Levine.

Opera Ensemble of New York—Michael Recchiuti conducting the final performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Feb. 27, and Friday, March 1, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Amato Opera Company—Gounod's "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 8, and Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30: With Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8; Friday, March 8, at 2; and Saturday, March 9, and Tuesday, March 12, at 8: With the Juilliard String Quartet and the New York Choral Artists.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—Yehudi Menuhin conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 3, at 8, with Jin Li, violin.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 5, at 8.)

Rotterdam Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, James Conlon conducting—Wednesday, March 6, at 8: A performance of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, with John Aler, tenor, and the Orpheon Chorale. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: A Janáček-Tchaikovsky-Dvořák program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano.

Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg—Hans Graf conducting an all-Mozart program, with Homero Francesch, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Thomas Briccetti conducting. (Brandeis High School Auditorium, 148 W. 85th St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Nielsen-Mendelssohn-Brahms program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Vittorio Negri conducting an all-Bach program, with Christiane Edinger and Syoko Aki, violin, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting, with Robert Davidovici, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting a Bach-Handel program, with Daniel Phillips and Todd Phillips, violin, and Joan Lippincott, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 3. Miss Lippincott will give a pre-concert Bach recital at 2.)

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Cincinnati Philharmonia—Gerhard Samuel conducting this group from the University of Cincinnati's College-Conservatory of Music in a program that will include the American première of Alexander Zemlinsky's "Six Maeterlinck Songs." With Clamma Dale, soprano, and Zara Nelsova, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 4, at 8.)

Handel Festival Orchestra—Stephen Simon conducting, with Linda Mabbs, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Crist, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

"Theodora"—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Seth McCoy, tenor; Andrew Schultze, bass; the Fairfield County Chorale; and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing, with the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

St. Cecilia Chorus—David Randolph directing, with George Mims, organ. (St. George's Church, Second Ave. at 16th St. Sunday, March 3, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing a Haydn-Mendelssohn-Fauré program, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Dennis Peterson, tenor; and Henry Hereford, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Ramon Justicia—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

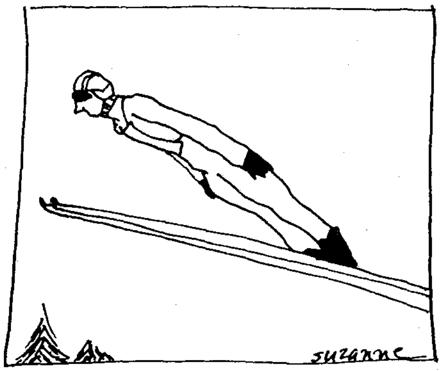
Guarneri Quartet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ With Lilian Kallir, piano, and Peggy Schechter, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 6-7, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The first in a series of three Mozart-Schumann-Fauré programs, each one with a guest violist, this one with Scott Nickrenz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Stephen Burns—Trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin/viola and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8, a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Renaissance music from the royal courts of Europe. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday March 2, at 8.)



Peter Serkin—Piano, *in the first of two Beethoven sonata recitals.* (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—An all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 3.)

Rosalind Rees—Soprano, in a one-hour program of art songs by Gregg Smith. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 2, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, in a program of baroque music, with assisting artists. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Daniel Blumenthal—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Zoltan Kocsis—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 3, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Zaidee Parkinson and Darlene Wiley—Piano and coloratura. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 2.)

Krystian Zimerman—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

Judith Mendenhall—Flute, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

Donald Joyce—Organ. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, March 3, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—A program featuring the première of a work for piano by Dennis Norris. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, March 3, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Winterfest Concerts—The fourth in a series of six concerts, this one an all-Bach program, performed by Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba, and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, March 3, at 5. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Joy Bogen—Soprano, in an all-Weill program celebrating the composer's eighty-fifth birthday. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 3, at 7:30.)

Irina Tseitlin—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 8.)

Nigi Sato—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 4, at 8.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, in the third of four concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier," in honor of the tercentenary of the composer's birth. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 4, at 8.)

Linda Chesis and Sara Cutler—Flute and harp, with the Mendelssohn String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 5, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 5, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tuesday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 551.)

Yvonne Figueroa and Guillermo Figueroa—Piano and violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 5, at 8.)

Hagen Quartet—With Gidon Kremer, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the second in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

Mary Louise Boehm—Piano, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, and six guest instrumentalists, in a program of contemporary American music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse,

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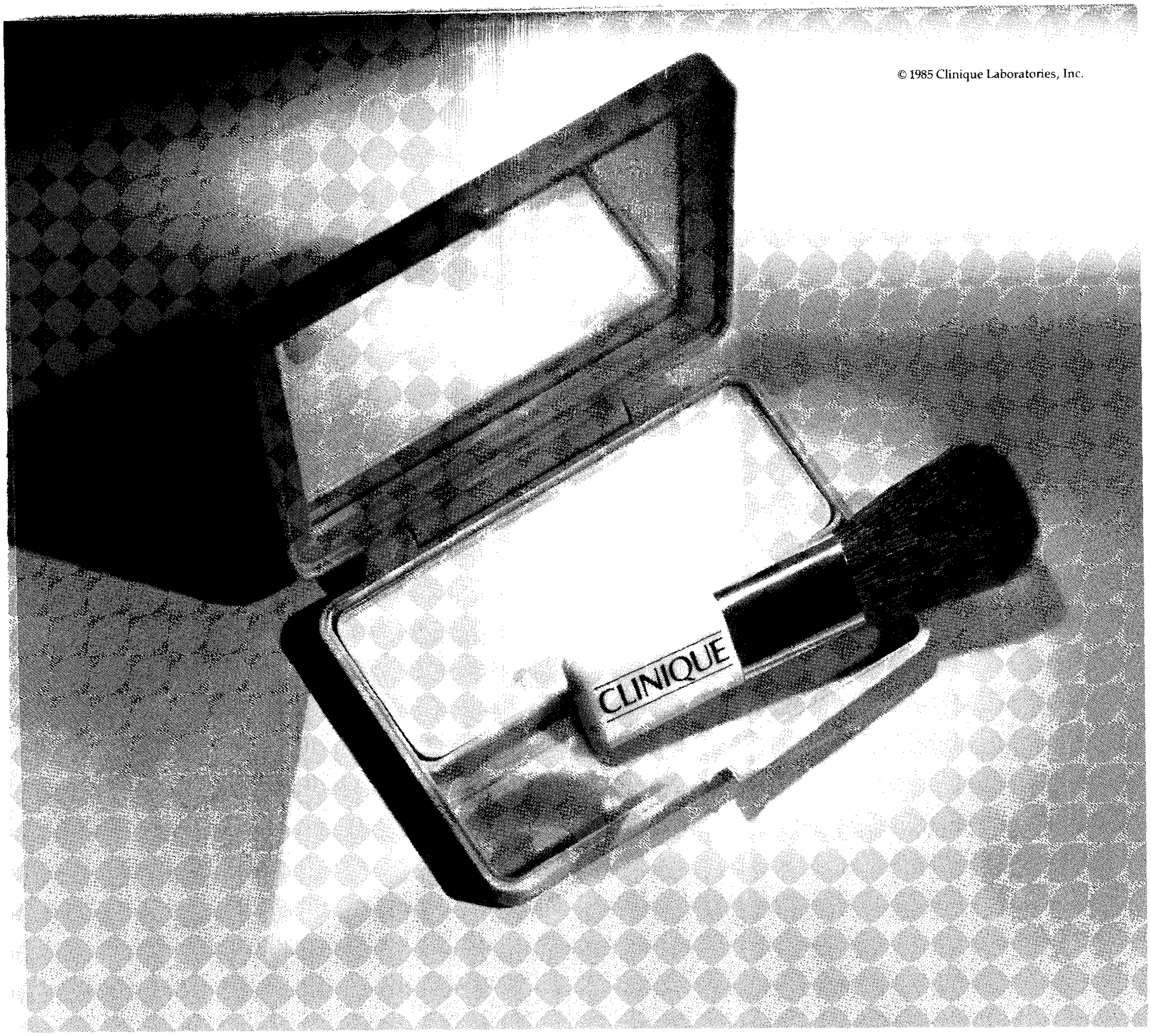

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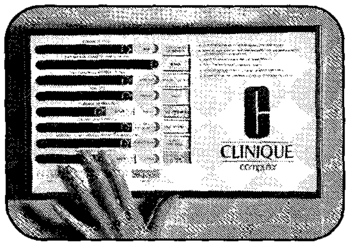

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cello, in a recital postponed from Feb. 9. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—A performance of Bach's "The Art of the Fugue," transcribed by Samuel Baron. With Daniel Phillips and Todd Phillips, violin; John Graham, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Pablo de la Cruz and Marianela Santurio—Classical guitarist and pianist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Alban Berg Quartet—With Philippe Entremont, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Continuum—A program of music by Lou Harrison and Robert Erickson. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Brahms program, with Jane Gunter-McCoy, mezzo-soprano, and Ilana Vered, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Concert / Discussion—Lukas Foss discussing his own compositions and the works of Aaron Copland, followed by a Foss-Copland concert performed by the Gregg Smith Singers. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, March 5, at 7. Tickets, which include admission to the museum prior to the performance, at the door on the day of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 9, at 1. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Wednesday, March 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, March 8. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Feb. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, March 3, at 8:05. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, March 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Saturday, March 9, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Friday, March 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, March 3, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, March 7, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, March 2; the Grey Lag Handicap, Sunday, March 3; and the Swift, Saturday, March 9.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—James Baldwin reading from his own prose and dramatic works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-4400. Friday, March 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Caroline Knox, Michael Rosen, and Lloyd Schwartz reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 5, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Armory Antiques Show—A collection of American, English, Continental, and Oriental goods, exhibited by eighty-two dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9, noon to 10; Sunday, March 10, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2: Contemporary art. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and American decorative prints.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, April 9 and 11 (both day games). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, April 16 and 18 (both day games).

Racing—At Garden State Park, Cherry Hill, N.J.: April 1-June 15.

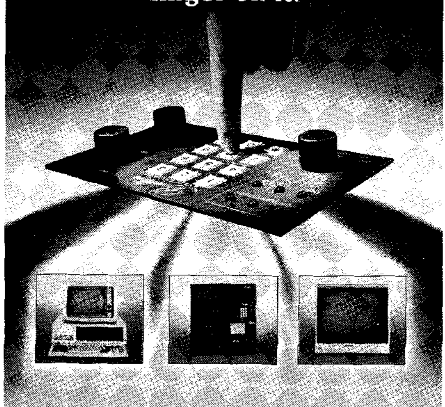
Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 18-24.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (362-6000): The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Leontyne Price, soprano, and James Levine, piano, March 24. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, March 10. . . . ¶ Academy of Ancient Music, March 10. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, March 13. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin/viola, March 17. . . . ¶ Orchestre de Paris, March 20 and 24. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, March 29. . . . ¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, March 31. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 31. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Alexandre Lagoya, classical guitarist, March 10. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, March 10. . . . ¶ Israel Philharmonic, March 13-14. . . . ¶ Pierre Amoyal, violin, March 15. . . . ¶ Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin, March 16. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, March 17. . . . ¶ Orchestre de Paris, March 18-19. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 23. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 24. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 24. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony, March 25-26. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, March 27. . . . ¶ Berlin Octet, March 31. . . . ¶ Bach Choral Celebration, April 3, 6, and 7. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony, April 10-11. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Arleen Auger, soprano, March 13. . . . ¶ Carlos Prieto, cello, March 18. . . . ¶ Canticum Novum Singers, March 20. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 22, 24, and 31, and April 1-2. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, March 23. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, March 25. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, March 31. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 3-4. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano, March 14. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, March 16. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 23-24. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 26-27. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 30. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Annie Fischer, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 18 and 30. . . . ¶ Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord, March 21, March 23 (with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute), and April 4. . . . ¶ Andras Schiff, piano, March 22, 25, and 29. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, March 13. . . . ¶ St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, March 30.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks. "Leader of the Pack," a musical about the life of Ellie Greenwich, with nineteen-sixties pop songs and new material by Miss Greenwich and others, and a book by Anne Beatts. . . . ¶ Neil Simon's "Biloxi Blues," a sequel to his "Brighton Beach Memoirs," will star Matthew Broderick.

Dance—Sydney Dance Company, at City Center, March 20-31. . . . ¶ Feld Ballet, at the Joyce Theatre, April 3-May 12. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor, at City Center, April 9-May 5.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Sunday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ New York Flower Show, at the 50th Street Hudson River Exhibition Pier, March 20-24. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, March 30-31. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 3-June 2. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 7. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1984 and estimates for 1985 are due Monday, April 15.



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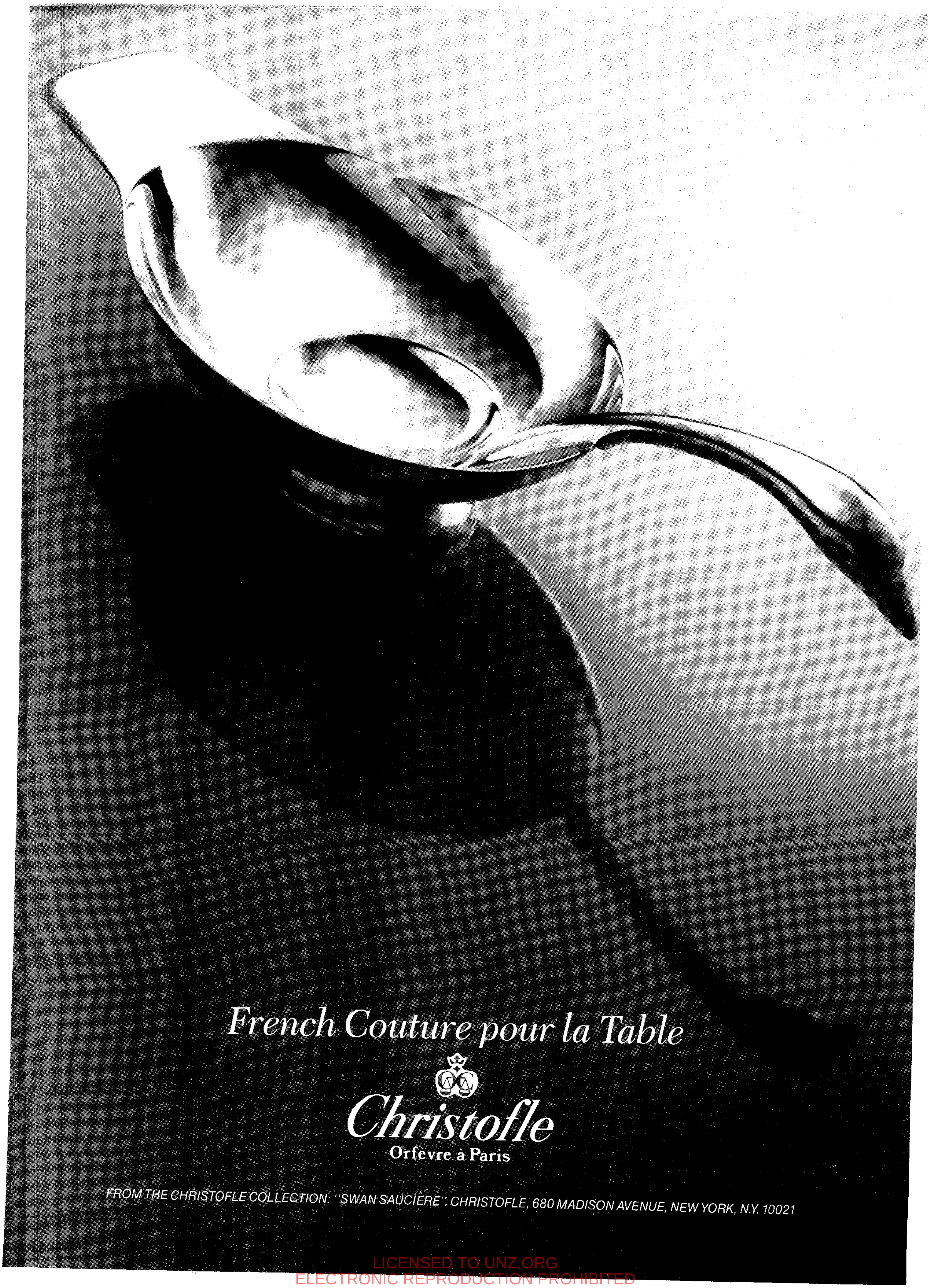
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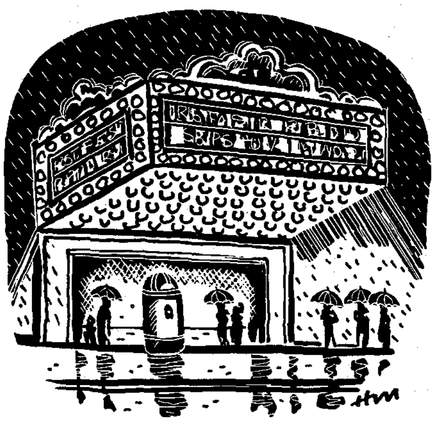
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 28: "Shivers" (1981; directed by Wojciech Marczewski; in Polish).
From March 1: "Allonsanfan" (1974; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 28: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
From March 1: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 28: "The Flamingo Kid" (†); and "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From March 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 28: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).
From March 1: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 28: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
From March 1: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich. From March 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 28: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.
From March 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), *with Tab Hunter and Lainie* Kazan.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 28: "Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.
From March 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 7: "Blood Simple" (†).
From March 8: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Feb. 27: "Between Wars" (1974; Michael Thornhill; an Australian film), with Corin Redgrave.
Feb. 28-March 7: "The Clinic" (David Stevens; an Australian film), with Chris Haywood.
From March 8: "Blood Simple" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 2: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 28: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.
From March 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 28: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From March 1: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 5: "Ladies on the Rocks" (1983; directed by Christian Braad Thomsen; in Danish), with Helle Ryslinge and Anne Marie Helger. From March 6: "Ladies and Gentlemen The Fabulous Stains" (1981; Lou Adler), with Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "Habanera" (1984; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 1-2: "Patakin" (1984; Manuel Octavio Gomez; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 3-4: "Amada" (1984; Humberto Solas; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 5-6: "Se Permuta" (1984; Juan Carlos Tabio; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 7-8: "The Tables Turned" (1984; Rolando Diaz; a Cuban film, in Spanish). From March 9: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†) and "The Last Supper" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From March 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 28: "Mrs. Soffel" (†). From March 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 4: "Choose Me" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson. From March 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; in Hebrew).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Tchao Pantin" (Claude Berri; in French), with Coluche and Richard Anconina.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Bay Boy" (Daniel Petrie), with Liv Ullmann and Kiefer Sutherland.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 28: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
From March 1: "A Private Function" (Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Birdy" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.
Theatre 2: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: Through March 7: "A Marriage" (Sandy Tung). From March 8: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine. From March 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell. From March 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich. From March 1: "Turk 182!," and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: "The Mean Sea-

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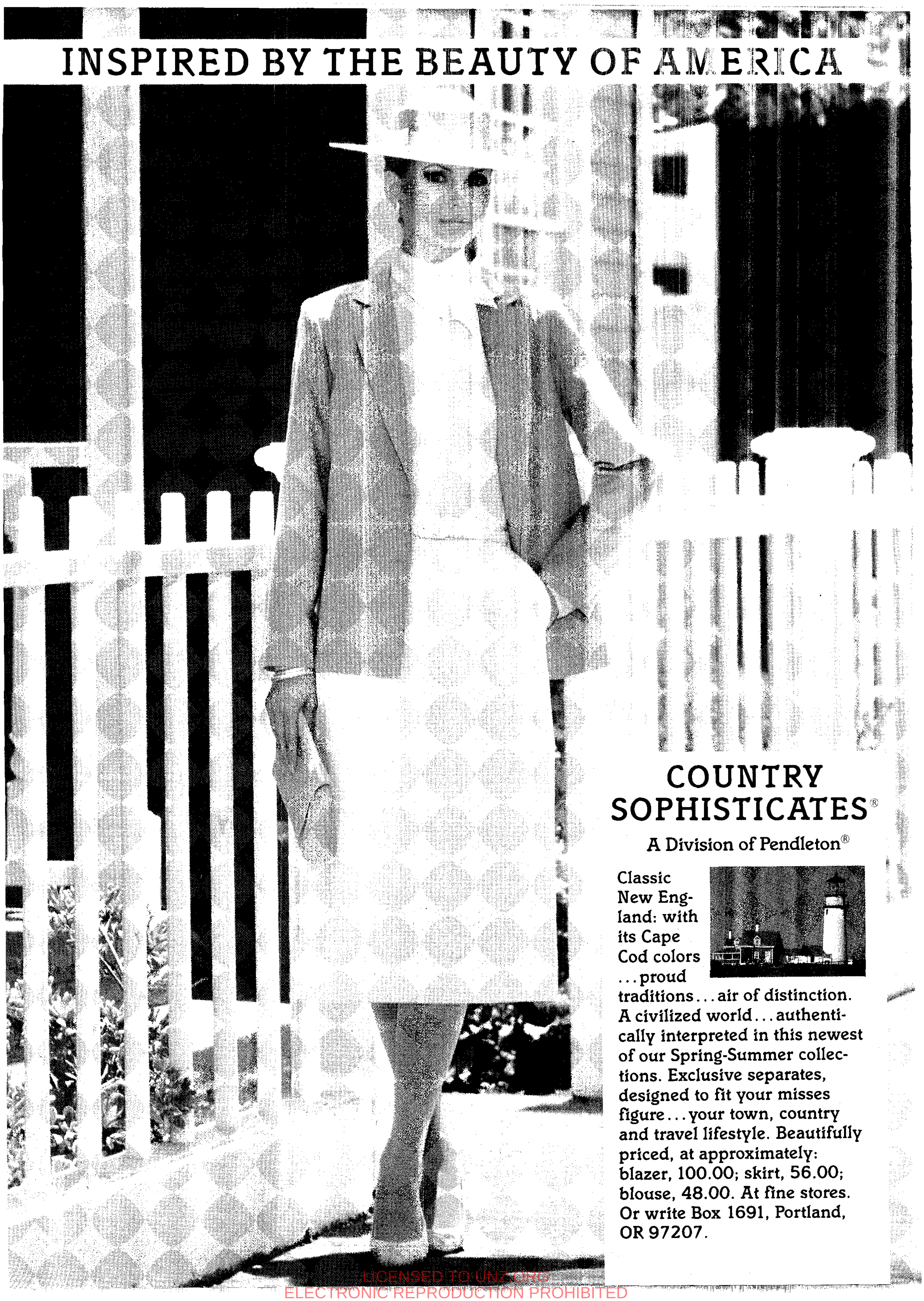

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son” (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway. March 1-7: “Ghoulies.” From March 8: “Night Patrol.”

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: “Heaven Help Us” (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson. From March 1: “Missing in Action 2” (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 3: Through March 7: “The Breakfast Club” (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason. From March 8: “Into the Night” (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

Theatre 4: Through March 7: “A Soldier’s Story” (†). From March 8: “Lovelines” (Rod Amateau).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B’way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: “Turk 182!” (directed by Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

Theatre 2: “Superstition” (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi.

Theatre 3: “Vision Quest” (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Theatre 4: Through March 7: “Torchlight” (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From March 8: “Into the Night” (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.

Theatre 5: “The Cotton Club” (†).

Theatre 6: “The Terminator” (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B’way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Feb. 28: “Starman” (†).

From March 1: “Lust in the Dust” (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B’way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: “A Soldier’s Story” (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 28: “Micki & Maude” (†). From March 1: “Blood Simple” (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 28: “Tuff Turf” (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards. From March 1: “Starman” (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B’way at 44th. (869-8340)

“Witness” (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B’way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: “Fear City” (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams. From March 1: “The Sure Thing” (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 2: “Beverly Hills Cop” (†).

Movieland, B’way at 47th. (757-8320)

“The Falcon and the Snowman” (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

“Pinocchio” (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B’way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: “Fast Forward” (Sidney Poitier). From March 1: “Fear City” (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: “The Killing Fields” (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B’way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 28: “The Eagle’s Showdown” and “Fury of the Iron Monkey.” From March 1: “Ghoulies.”

Theatre 2: “Heaven Help Us” (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B’way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: “The Mean Season” (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 28: “1984” (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton. From March 1: “Missing in Action 2” (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 27: The final program in a series of Jean-Paul Belmondo films.

Feb. 28-March 6: A program of new Dutch films.

From March 7: A program of Isabelle Adjani films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 28: “Seven Beauties” (1976; directed by Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and “Swept Away” (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

March 1-2: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

March 3-5: “Fanny and Alexander” (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

March 6-7: “Roommates” (1982; Chuck Vincent); and “In Love” (1983; Chuck Vincent), with Kelly Nichols.

March 8-9: “Harold and Maude” (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and “Being There” (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warren.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

“Stop Making Sense” (1984; Jonathan Demme), a concert film by the Talking Heads.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 27: “Intermezzo: A Love Story” (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best; and “Gaslight” (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Feb. 28-March 2: “Ordinary People” (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and Timothy Hutton; and “Terms of Endearment” (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.

March 3-4: “The Devils” (†); and “Marat/Sade” (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

March 5-6: “Swing Shift” (1984; Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn, Kurt Russell, and Christine Lahti; and “Best Defense” (1984; Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore, Eddie Murphy, and Kate Capshaw.

March 7-8: “Caligula” (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Feb. 28: “Vixen” (1968), “Cherry & Harry & Raquel” (1969), and “Common Law Cabin” (1967), all directed by Russ Meyer.

March 1-2: “Citizen Kane” (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and “The Magnificent Ambersons” (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

March 3: “Naughty Marietta” (†) and “Rose Marie” (†).

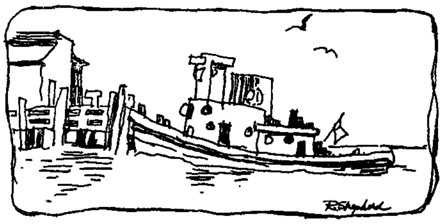
March 4-5: “The Great White Hope” (†); and “Ragtime” (1981; Miloš Forman), with James Cagney and Howard E. Rollins, Jr.

March 6-7: “Psycho II” (1983; Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles; and “Crimes of Passion” (1984; Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.

March 8-9: “The Grey Fox” (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth and Jackie Burroughs; and “The Draughtsman’s Contract” (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Metro Cinema, B’way at 99th. (222-1200)

Feb. 27: “Dersu Uzala” (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and “The Men Who Tread on the Tiger’s Tail” (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).



Feb. 28: “God’s Angry Man” (1980), “La Soufrière” (1977; in German), and “Huie’s Sermon” (1980), all directed by Werner Herzog.

March 1: “Eating Raoul” (1982; Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov; and “Polyester” (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

March 2: “The Tin Drum” (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and “The Marriage of Maria Braun” (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla.

March 3: “Animal Crackers (1930; Victor Heerman); and “The Cocoanuts” (1929; Joseph Santley and Robert Florey), both films with the Marx Brothers.

March 4: “Ulysses” (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O’Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man” (†).

March 5: “Smithereens” (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and “Chan Is Missing” (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

March 6: “Throne of Blood” (1957) and “The Lower Depths” (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurowawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 7: “The Italian Straw Hat” (†) and “À Nous la Liberté” (†).

March 8: “The Woman Next Door” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and “The Last Metro” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

March 9: “Lolita” (†); and “Baby Doll” (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 2: “The Man Who Knew Too Much” (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and “Foreign Correspondent” (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

March 3-5: “The 39 Steps” (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and “The Lady Vanishes” (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

March 6-9: “The Man Who Knew Too Much” (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day; and “Rear Window” (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 27: “The Innocents” (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and “The Lost Moment” (1947; Martin Gabel), with Susan Hayward and Robert Cummings.

Feb. 28: “The Diary of a Chambermaid” (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and “That Obscure Object of Desire” (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

March 1: “The Year of Living Dangerously” (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and “Picnic at Hanging Rock” (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

March 2: “Yojimbo” (1961) and “Sanjuro” (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 3: “In the Realm of the Senses” (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and “Empire of Passion” (1980; in Japanese).

March 4: “The Driver’s Seat” (1973), with Elizabeth Taylor; and “Autumn Leaves” (†).

March 5: “À Nous la Liberté” (†); and “Bizarre, Bizarre” (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Michel Simon.

March 6: “I Walked with a Zombie” (1943; Jacques Tourneur), with Frances Dee and James Ellison; “Bedlam” (1946; Mark Rob-son), with Boris Karloff; and "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.

March 7: "The Good Fight" (1984; Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills); and "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (1984; Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.

March 8-9: "West Indies" (1979; Med Houdo).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 27: "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "Hobson's Choice" (1953; David Lean), with Charles Laughton, John Mills, and Brenda de Banzie.

Feb. 28: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

March 1-2: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

March 3: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

March 4: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

March 5: "Dance Fools Dance" (1931; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Cliff Edwards; and "Chained" (1934; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

March 6: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson.

March 7: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

March 8-9: "After the Thin Man" (†); and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: Feb. 28 at 2:30 and 6: "Intolerance" (1916; directed by D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Mae Marsh, Robert Harron, and Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Strangers When We Meet" (1960; Richard Quine), with Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak, Walter Matthau, and Barbara Rush. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6: "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford. . . . ¶ March 2-3 at 2 and 5 and March 4-5 at 2:30 and 6: Programs of 1984 Oscar-nominated documentary features and short subjects and animated and live-action short features. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2:30 and 6: "The Vagabond" (1916; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and "Blind Husbands" (1919; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film). . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:30 and 6 and March 9 at 2 and 5: Programs of 1984 Oscar-nominated documentary features and short subjects and animated and live-action short features.

THEATRE 2: Feb. 28 at 3 and 6:30: "The Business of America. . . ." (1983), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 1 at 3: "Preliminary Investigation" (1931; Robert Siodmak; in German, with no English subtitles), with Albert Basserman. . . . ¶ March 1 at 6:30: "The Diary of Dr. Hart" (1916; Paul Leni; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Ernst Hofmann and Dagny Servaes. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30: "A Woman's Awakening" (1927; Fred Sauer; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Grete Mosheim. . . . ¶ March 2 at 5:30: "The Ugly Woman" (1933; Henry Koster; in German, with no English subtitles), with Dolly Haas and Max Hansen. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2:30: "The Diary of Dr. Hart." . . . ¶ March 3 at 5:30: "Refuge" (1928; Karl Froehlich; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Henny Porten. . . . ¶ March 5 at 3 and 6:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; Lewis Milestone), with Louis Walheim and Lew Ayres. . . . ¶ March 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Allan Boesak: Choosing for Justice" (1984; Hugo Cassirer and Nadine Gordimer) and "Hellfire" (1983; John David Coles). . . . ¶ March 8 at 3: "The Ugly Woman." . . . ¶ March 8 at 6:30: "A Woman's Awakening." . . . ¶ March 9 at 2:30: "Alraune" (1930; Richard Oswald; in German, with no English subtitles), with Albert Basserman. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "Refuge."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through March 3, a retrospective of the film and video work of Meredith Monk. Showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:15 and 2 and Sunday at 12:30 and 3. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AFTER THE THIN MAN (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In it, Elissa Landi is in distress because she has lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 8-9.)

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social satire on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man (Raymond Cordy) who escapes from prison and builds a phonograph-record business with an assembly line that's as regimented as the prison. The tycoon's pal from his prison days is a softhearted "little man" (Henri Marchand)—the underdog embodiment of a free, humanistic spirit. This film is beautifully made. The writer-director demonstrates that sound pictures can be as fluid as silents were, and this picture is rightly considered a classic. Yet it isn't as entertaining as Clair's earlier (silent) "The Italian Straw Hat" (see below) or his later "Le Million;" his scenario turns a little too carefree and ironic—the film grows dull. In French. (Thalia; March 5. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; March 7.)

AUTUMN LEAVES (1956)—Robert Aldrich, piling on the garish melodrama and working up a storm of emotional anguish. He holds your attention even though some part of you is giggling while you watch Joan Crawford take as her husband Cliff Robertson, who is not well in the head. He tosses objects at her (including a standard typewriter), and she heaves, gasps, and rolls her large eyes, but persists in being understanding. What's eating him is that in his first marriage (to Vera Miles) he was cuckolded by his own rotten dad (Lorne Greene). It eventually becomes evident to the handwringing, knuckle-gnawing Crawford that *something* has to be done, but not until after she does a lot of striding up and down. (Thalia; March 4.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

BIRDY—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (Cinema 3.)

BLOOD SIMPLE—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer; they made the film independently, but it's a Hollywood by-product. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. Joel Coen doesn't know what to do with the actors (they give their words too much deliberation and weight), but he knows how to place the characters and the props in the film frame in a way that makes the audience feel knowing and in on the joke. His style is deadpan and klutzy, and he uses the klutziness as his trump card. It's how he gets his laughs—the audience enjoys not having to take things seriously. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. M. Emmet Walsh is the only colorful performer; he lays on the loathsomeness, but he gives it a little twirl—a sportiness. The grimy, lurid cinematography is by Barry Sonnenfeld. With Samm-Art Williams. (2/25/85) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Plaza; through March 7. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 1. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting March 8.)

CHOOSE ME—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

THE COTTON CLUB—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 3-4.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Movieland.)

The Flamingo Kid—It's the summer of 1963, and Matt Dillon is the Brooklyn kid who gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. He plans to go to Columbia in the fall, but when he's taken up by the club's gin-rummy champ, Brody (Richard Crenna), he begins to think college would be a waste of time. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out. The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. Directed by Garry Marshall. With Hector Elizondo, Jessica Walter, Janet Jones, Carole R. Davis, and Bronson Pinchot. (1/28/85) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Feb. 28.)

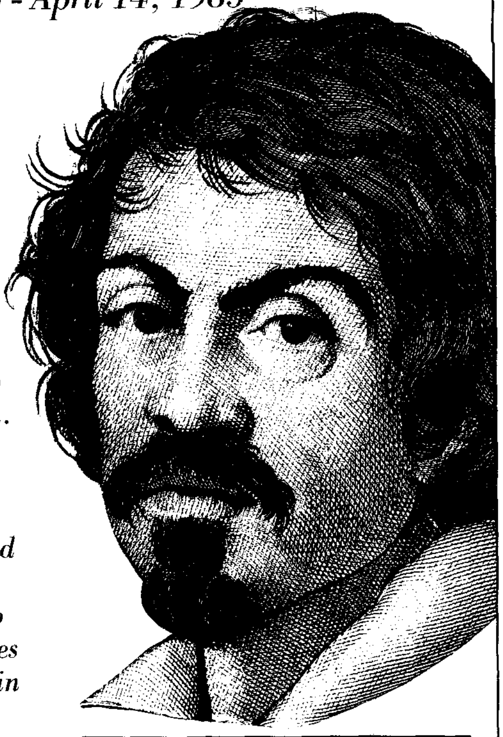
The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production clunks along like a disjointed play; it defeats Jones, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. Based on the life of Jack Johnson (called Jack Jefferson here). With Jane Alexander and Lou Gilbert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 4-5).

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretension is so expertly timed and so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. With Albert Préjean. (Metro Cinema; March 7.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich,

THE AGE OF
CARAVAGGIO

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
February 6 - April 14, 1985



A Remarkable Exhibition

The Age of Caravaggio, *organized for the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Sir John Pope-Hennessy and Keith Christiansen, is the most important exhibition devoted to the painter in over a generation. One of the great revolutionary figures of European art, Caravaggio was a restless and quarrelsome genius who peopled his baroque world with rugged and barefoot characters, and to whom fate granted neither riches nor tranquility, but a life of pain and misfortune.*

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Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Last Supper (1978)—On a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century, during Holy Week, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The informality of that Thursday is something for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. Directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. In Spanish. (Film Forum; starting March 9.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony, Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Metro Cinema; March 9.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Film Forum; starting March 9.)

Micki & Maude—A light screwball farce with Dudley Moore as a TV reporter who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for the feelings of two pregnant women—the blazing Ann Reinking and the pearly Amy Irving. The director, Blake Edwards, brings out the bigamist's living-in-the-moment hopefulness, and the audience is put in the position of sharing his loony optimism. The movie may seem insipid to people who want something substantial, but there's a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. With Richard Mulligan, Lu Leonard, H. B. Haggerty, George Gaynes, Wallace Shawn, and John Pleshette. (1/28/85) (Embassy; through Feb. 28.)

Mrs. Soffel—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald–Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond kitsch, it's in a realm of its own. She's a princess who has fled France and come to the New World, and he's a valiant Indian scout. With Elsa Lanchester, Douglass Dumbrille, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn, and Cecilia Parker. W. S. Van Dyke directed. The music is by Victor Herbert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

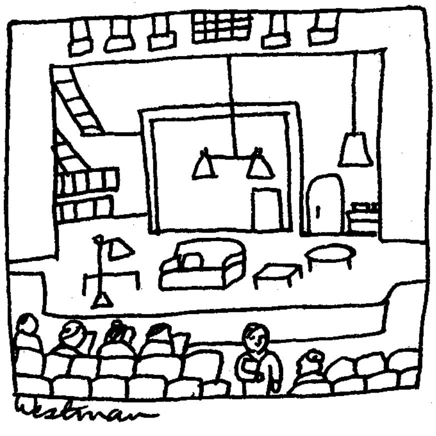
A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (U. A. 85th St. East; through Feb. 28.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Metro Cinema; March 4.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Love Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty fakery of it is matchless. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 3.)

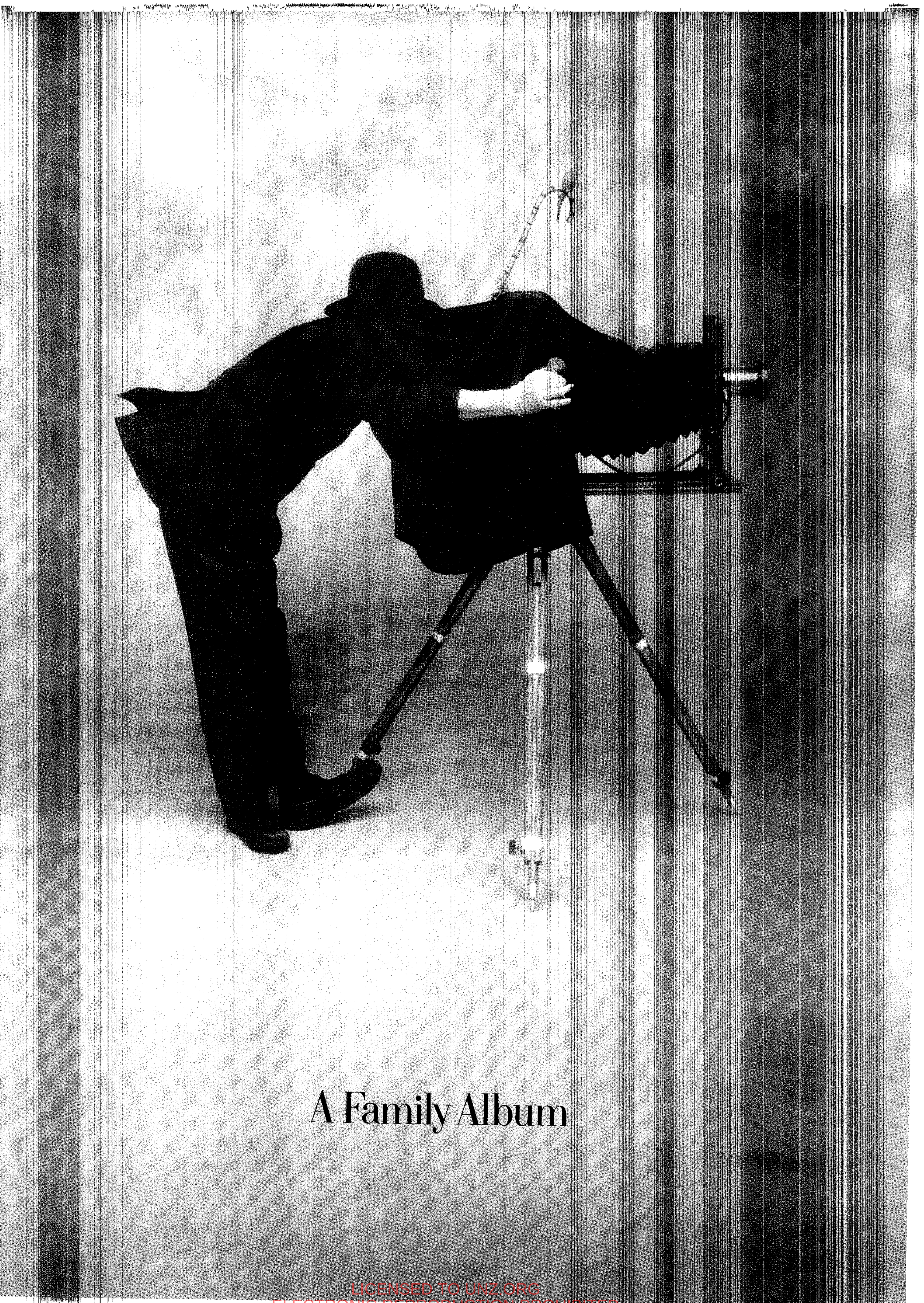
A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 7.)



Starman—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy 1; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 1.)

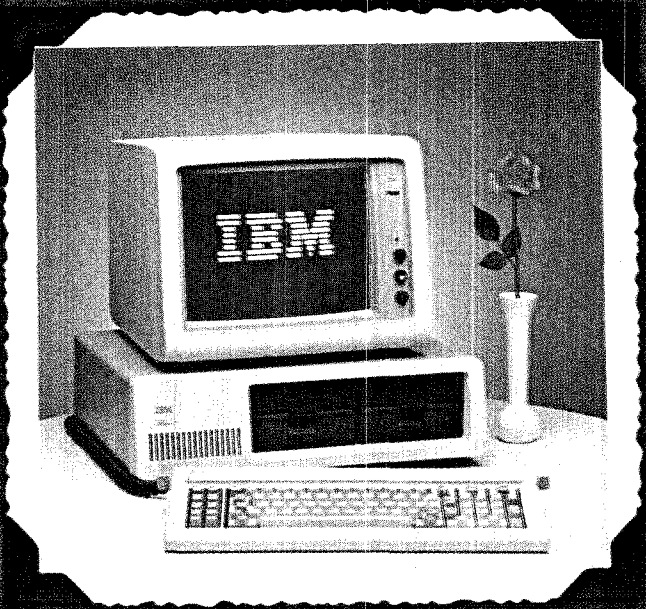
Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Ford's stay at the Amish farm is like a vacation from the real world. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir (filming in this country for the first time), the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. (Murder is treated as if it were a modern, sin-city invention.) And, of course, Ford comes to love McGillis and her bonnet too much to want to expose her to the ugliness outside. The picture is like something dug up from the earliest days of movies; it has a bland, seductive lyricism, and one familiar, "mythic" scene after another. Lukas Haas is a good little actor (even though the boy is so idealized it's as if the moviemakers had never been driven nuts by the antics of a real, live child), and Ford gives a fine, workmanlike performance. McGillis shifts uneasily between the heroic naturalness of Liv Ullmann and the dimpled simpering of the young Esther Williams. With Alexander Godunov as the widow's galumphing Amish suitor, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. The script is by Earl W. Wallace and William Kelley; cinematography is by John Seale. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



A Family Album

The IBM PC Family



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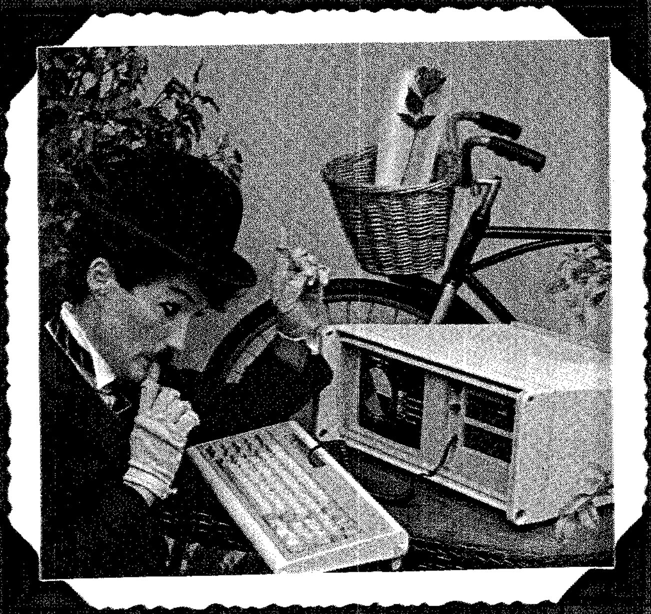

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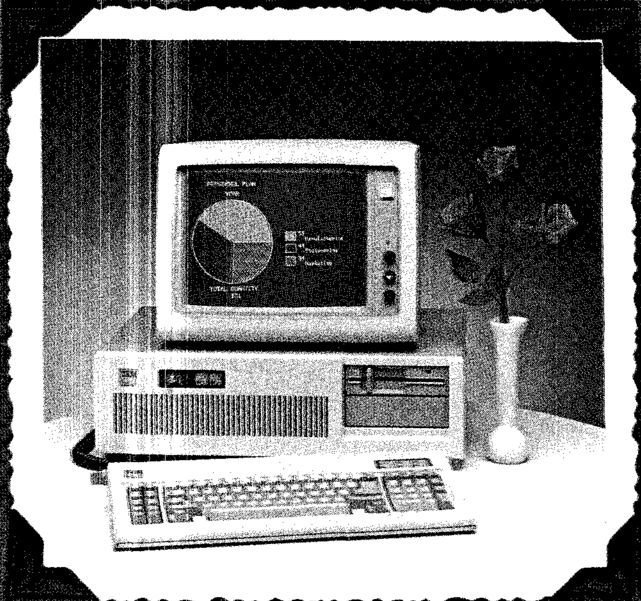

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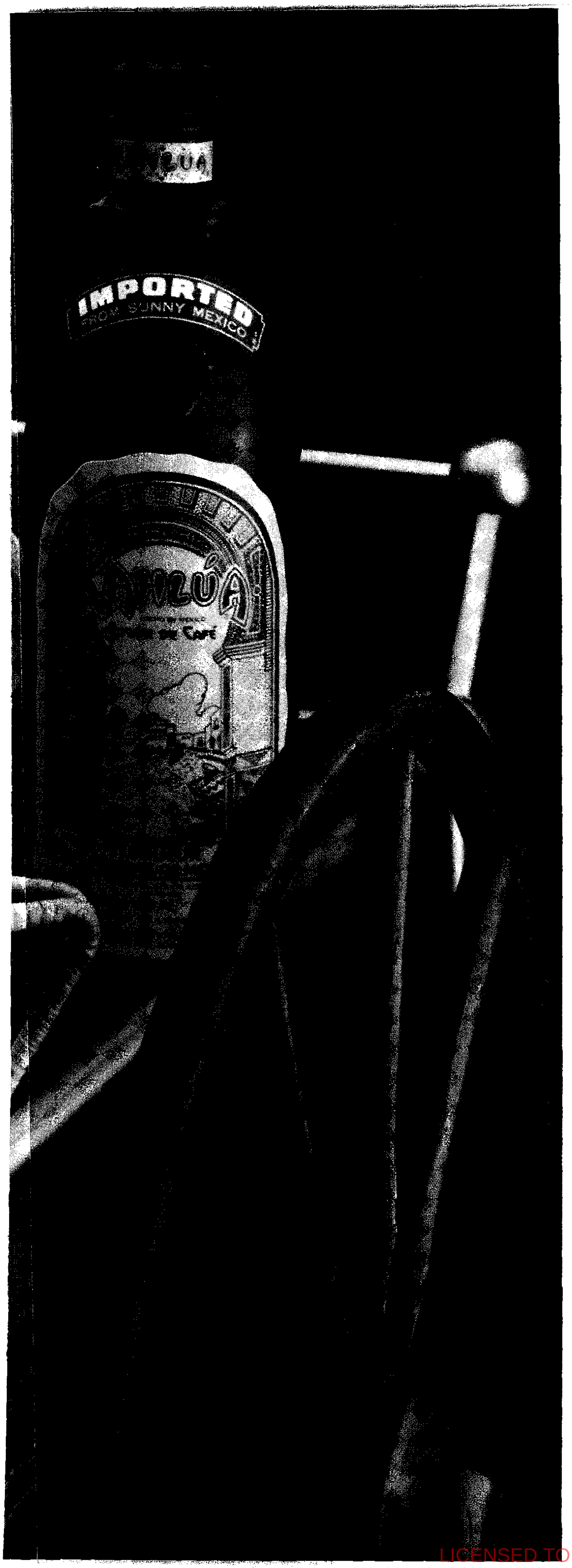

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR more than a decade, we have followed the debate over Westway—the proposal for a multibillion-dollar highway project that would dramatically and permanently alter the lower West Side of Manhattan, along the Hudson River. Recently, that debate has seemed headed toward a climax. A statement released last month by an official of the United States Army Corps of Engineers recommended allowing the construction of landfill in the river—landfill that is basic to the design of Westway. Then, last week, three other federal agencies—the Environmental Protection Agency, the Commerce Department's National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, and the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service—withdrew their formal opposition to Westway with only trifling qualifications. If New York City and New York State continue to support Westway, and if no other parties object, work on the landfill could begin this summer. As a result of these developments, however, the opponents of Westway will now go back to court to try to overturn the landfill permit (as they did in 1982), contending that it violates federal environmental laws. They will argue that high concentrations of several dangerous metals—river-bottom sediments, at the moment—would be exposed by the landfill, and that a toxic-waste-dumping permit should be required of Westway's master builders. The Westway opponents also intend to urge Congress and the state legislature to cut off funds for the project—to kill it, once and for all.

Virtually everything about Westway is enormous: its size (two hundred and forty-two acres of landfill; a six-lane roadway extending more than four miles, from the Battery to Forty-second Street), its cost (officially two and a quarter billion dollars, although the likelihood is that it could run to four billion, perhaps six billion), its capacity for disruption (three million two hundred thousand cubic yards of excavated river-bottom gunk—"dredgespoil," in civil-engineering parlance—to create the landfill), and its advertised benefits (sites for thousands of new housing units along the river; eighteen thousand man-years of new, on-site jobs; ninety-three acres of state-owned parkland on the landfill, above an underground portion of the highway).

Many of the groups opposed to Westway are not natural allies. The National Taxpayers Union dislikes the project because its official cost—never mind its probable cost overruns—would worsen the federal deficit. The Friends of the Earth, the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, and other defenders of the environment fight Westway because they believe that the landfill would destroy the nursery habitat of migrating striped bass, which spend winters in the lower Hudson before moving on to the ocean. The New York City Clean Air Campaign, Business for Mass Transit, the City Club of New York, and others oppose it because they do not see any logic in spending two or four or six billion dollars for a highway in one corner of a city whose entire mass-transit system has fallen into a condition beneath disgrace. What this particular coalition would like to do is to take advantage of a provision of the law which would permit use of the Federal Highway Administration funds appropriated for Westway—a billion and a half dollars—to build an alternative road and to make mass-transit capital improvements.

Judith Shahn

In 1982, a federal judge cited the Federal Highway Administration for "simply fraudulent" behavior because that agency and the United States Department of Transportation and the New York State Department of Transportation had ignored the effect that Westway would have upon the Hudson River's aquatic life. The judge, Thomas P. Griesa, ordered a new study of Westway's environmental impact, and that study resulted in last month's recommendation that the dredge-and-fill permit be granted.

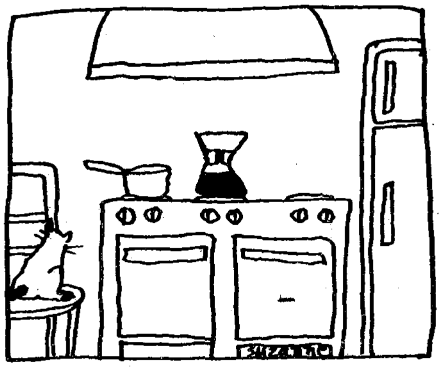
This development has compounded the ironies and the mythology that have been the main by-products of Westway thus far. All along, for instance, the supporters of Westway have regarded the striped-bass issue cynically—as another version of the snail darter, or, in other words, as a red herring. However, the striped bass is the premier commercial and recreational fish on the entire Atlantic Coast, and the Army Corps of Engineers received expert testimony that the landfill would be ruinous to the Atlantic Coast population of the fish. Another contribution to the mythology has been a well-executed effort—Westway has the support of Mayor Koch, Governor Cuomo, and

President Reagan and of the editorial boards of the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post*—to discredit the idea that federal money for Westway can be exchanged for federal money to spend on mass-transit rehabilitation. This myth has thrived even as the Federal Highway Administration and the Urban Mass Transportation Administration have made more than thirteen billion dollars available for just such trade-ins.

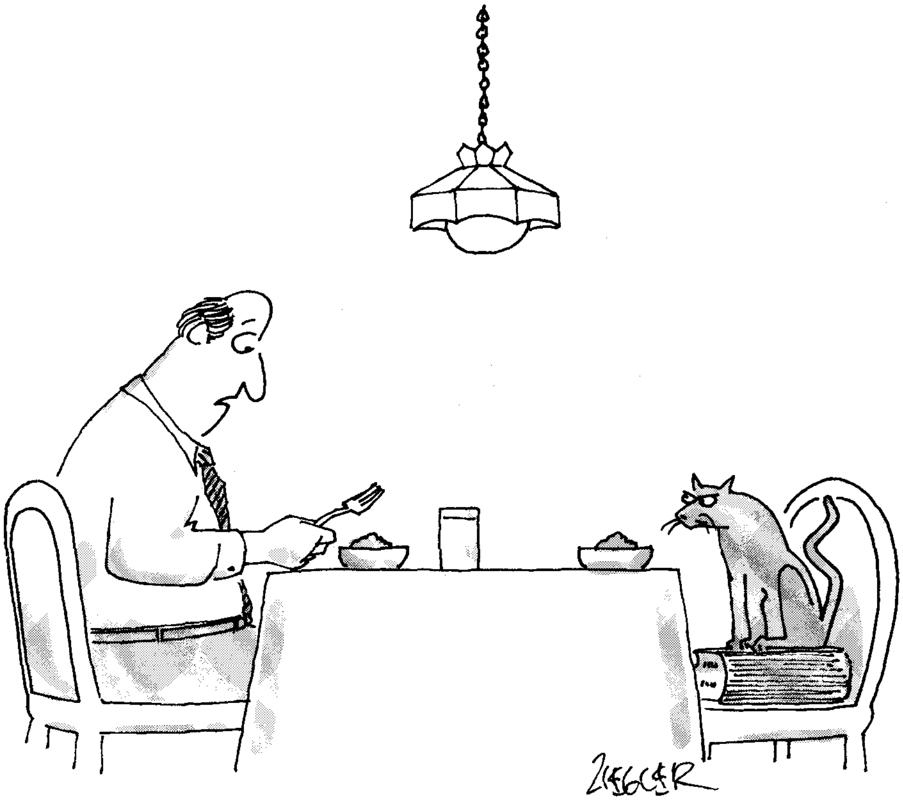
A provision of the Federal Clean Water Act stipulates that the sort of dredging and fill required by the present Westway design must be avoided "if there is a practicable alternative to the proposed discharge which would have less adverse impact on the aquatic ecosystem." Westway's advocates, in proclaiming its non-transportation benefits—jobs, real-estate development, new parkland—have avoided serious discussion of any of a number of "practicable alternatives" that would yield those same benefits and would also be less costly. Included in the public responses to the Westway studies conducted by the federal and state governments was testimony that a mass-transit trade-in would create as many jobs as Westway, and that the Westway right-of-way would eliminate roughly the same number of jobs that Westway would create. Building the Westway landfill would cost at least a billion dollars. The Westway project directors have estimated that the landfill would generate, in addition to the ninety-three acres of parkland, sites for more than seven thousand units of new housing. A practicable alternative to a huge and expensive-to-maintain park—an alternative that would cost a fraction of a billion dollars—would be a plan to rehabilitate existing piers, to build bicycle paths, to create dozens of small, manageable, community-involving open spaces along the river. A practicable alternative to spending a billion dollars building possibly toxic dredge-spoil to create housing *sites* would be to invest far less money in making livable once again the far more than seven thousand existing abandoned housing units in this city.

During the two-and-a-half-year interval that the Army Corps of Engineers spent reëxamining the effects of the landfill, the Westway myth that is perhaps most ironic percolated: the belief that Westway will never be built, simply because the argument over it has become so complex and has gone on for so long. One recent morning, we discovered that this myth is in excellent health. We circumnavigated the square block of commercial buildings which is bounded by Ninth and Tenth Avenues and Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. The area, which is occupied by wholesale businesses, retail businesses, and industrial lofts, contains nothing architecturally distinguished but much that is unmistakably vital and valuable. It is the home of a building-materials supplier, a couple of restaurants, an automobile-repair shop and filling station, a dim-sum factory, garment manufacturers and jobbers, printing plants, a photographic-equipment wholesaler, meat packers, a parking garage—in other words, the lower West Side polychrome. If Westway materializes, everything that we saw will have to make room for one of the highway's interchanges. We talked with some of the people who work there, and asked how they regarded the possibility that the neighborhood would be condemned.

In response we encountered antipathy, boosterism, indifference, ignorance, and irrelevance. On Fourteenth Street, a meat-market worker who had never heard of Westway said he was eager to be introduced to some good-looking eighteen-year-old women. A secretary at another business in the meat market said that she lived in Putnam County and didn't care what happened to Manhattan as long as she could drive to work in the morning and drive home at the end of the day. Guy Apicella, one of the owners of the Prince Lumber Company, on Fifteenth Street, said that he does not want Westway to happen, because he would have a difficult time relocating in Manhattan. He added, "But I've never really thought it was going to happen. I bought this building two years ago, and when I chose this spot I asked my lawyer about the highway. He told me not to worry, the chances are very slim that Westway will be built." Tony, the counterman at the D & J Coffee Shop, where free rice and beans come with the special of the day (stewed chicken, beef stew, pepper steak, fried chicken, and ground beef, on a rotating basis), said he knew that Westway would eliminate a lot of people's jobs on that block but he really shouldn't say more than that, because he wasn't the boss—the boss was at home in New Jersey. Tony's concern about all this was mitigated by the fact that he plans to become a professional boxer next year. A vice-president of Saks Fifth Avenue, which owns a ten-story building where some five hundred Saks people work, said that it has been several years since the company has seriously considered the chances that Westway would displace them. Around the corner, one of the owners of Rocky's Poultry said that he had been on the block for only a couple of weeks and didn't really have any thoughts about Westway but that the people at the Plymouth Beef Company, next door, probably would. When we knocked on the locked second-floor-office door at Plymouth Beef, a voice said, "There's no one here." Then came a pause, and then "Go away. We don't want to buy any magazines." Sam Weinstock, who runs M & W Packing ("Beef Cuts, Beef Patties, Chopped Meats, Trimmings, Shin Meats") along with his wife, Shirley, and his brother, Nathan, employs eleven people. The front room at M & W Packing has some four-color golf posters on the walls and a corrugated-cardboard sign above a grocery case that says "No Credit No Credit No No No No No No." Mr. Weinstock has a year and a half remaining on a ten-year lease. It is his opinion that the construction of Westway cannot begin until the lease expires. Right now, his plan is to renew.



One of Westway's ardent champions, Edward Koch, said in 1977, "The Westway will not be built. I will not build an environmental disaster." (This was before he became mayor and developed a proper appreciation of the way the real-estate industry operates in New York City.) Perhaps a good many people along West Fourteenth and West Fifteenth Streets remember that ancient statement by Ed Koch. Perhaps they closely followed the public hearings on Westway and can recall that fifty-nine of sixty-six public officials who submitted statements or testified about Westway opposed the project. What is more likely, however, is that they long ago stopped listening. We used to think that a proposal for a highway project —even a multibillion-dollar highway project—was the sort of thing that most people do not take personally unless they happen to be rooted in its path. Our walk the other morning modified that impression. If the damn thing is enormous enough and complicated enough, most people would just as soon ignore it even if it is headed right through their living rooms.



“Cat Yummies again?”

• •

Mystifier

“‘PRIMITIVE’ is a *dangerous* word to apply to Henri Rousseau,” said Carolyn Lanchner, a curator in the Museum of Modern Art’s department of painting and sculpture and one of the organizers of the stunning Rousseau retrospective that opened there last week. “Was he the naïve, self-taught painter who was mystified by everything? Or was he something of a mystifier himself—a man who managed to hold on to the freshness of childhood in a uniquely authentic, direct way? When Rousseau said, in 1910, that he could not lose his naïveté, the style that he had acquired by so much hard labor, what did he mean? A lot of people have concluded that he painted the way he did because he couldn’t paint any other way, but I find this impossible to believe. His major paintings are so skillful—they reflect a mature style that he developed over a long period. I don’t think it’s credible that he painted this way in innocence for twenty years, regularly producing masterpieces.”

We were talking to Miss Lanchner—a very pretty, small-boned woman with curly brown hair and hazel eyes—at the entrance to MOMA’s cavernous new exhibit space, where fifty-nine Rousseaus, gathered from all over the world, were being mounted on the walls by a small but noisy army of carpenters, painters, and electricians. Directly in front of us was a riveting self-portrait: the black-bearded, black-suited artist standing in front of a precisely painted view of the River Seine. The landscape contained an arching bridge, a line of gray houses, a flag-decked ship, two brown smokestacks, and a tiny gray balloon floating weightlessly through a bank of solid-looking pink clouds. “We introduce the show with ‘Myself, Portrait-Landscape,’ which we borrowed from Czechoslovakia, because in it Rousseau announces himself to the world,” Miss Lanchner said. “It was painted in 1890, after he’d been showing at the Indépendants for four years, and it marks the beginning of his fully developed, mature style, which he used until his death, twenty years later. Here he’s saying, ‘I’m a painter who paints Paris. I paint the age I live in, and I like the modern urban environment.’ Rousseau’s Paris is a utopian Sunday Paris: he shows us the outsides of shops and houses; people strolling in parks or fishing on riverbanks. He is also one of the few painters of the period who really admired technological achievement; many of his pictures are full of balloons, dirigibles, airplanes, factory smokestacks, telephone poles, and, of course, the Eiffel Tower.”

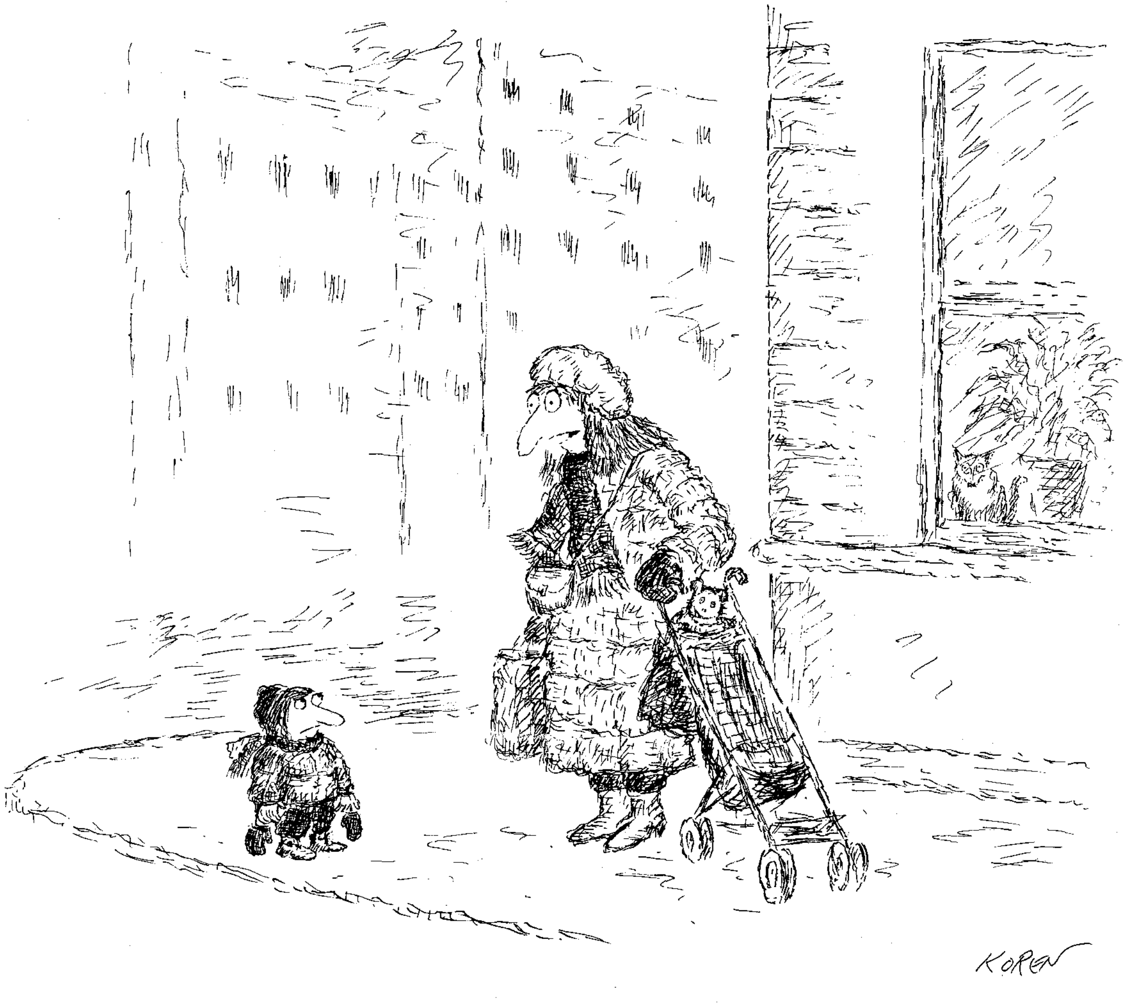
Miss Lanchner hurried off to deal with a lighting emergency, and we took the opportunity to glean some facts from a handsomely illustrated catalogue: Henri Rousseau was born in Laval, France, in 1844. After four years of military service, he settled in Paris, where he married twice, fathered seven children (only two survived), and spent his entire working life as a *gabelou*, or municipal toll collector. He taught himself to paint in his spare time, and by 1884 he was skillful enough to obtain a copyist’s permit for the museums of the Louvre, Luxembourg, and Versailles. Two years later, he exhibited his work at the Salon des Indépendants, an anti-establishment group that included Seurat, Redon, Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec. When Rousseau retired from government service, in 1893, he gave art and music lessons (he was an enthusiastic violinist) to augment his meagre pension. He also wrote three plays, one of which, “The Revenge of a Russian Orphan,” has a plot that resembles Pushkin’s “Eugene Onegin.” During the last decade of his life (he died in September, 1910, of blood poisoning), he was enormously productive and increasingly successful. He sold paintings to friends and dealers; he exhibited at the Salon d’Automne, with an influential group of young artists; and he gave a famous series of “*soirées familiales et artistiques*,” at which he mixed his working-class neighbors with his bohemian friends Picasso, Braque, Apollinaire, Delaunay, Jacob, Vlaminck, Weber, Romains, and Gertrude and Leo Stein. After his death, his poetic images influenced the work of Picasso, Weber, Beckmann, de Chirico, and Kandinsky.

Rejoining Miss Lanchner in the first room of the exhibit, we looked at “A Carnival Evening,” a wintry moonscape that showed a couple in luminous white costumes standing in the center of a mysterious leafless forest. “This is one of the rare early pictures,” she told us. “It was submitted to the Indépendants in 1886, and it’s remarkable because it shows that the emphasis on fine detail and the strange white light that doesn’t seem to come from anywhere were there at the beginning. Rousseau backlights figures almost as a modern stage-lighting designer would.”

We asked Miss Lanchner how many genuine Rousseaus there are in the world, and she replied that the subject is a matter of continuing debate. “There are perhaps a hundred and ten pictures of unquestioned authorship, and a hundred and fifty or so—mostly small ones—that are dubious,” she said. “My colleagues William Rubin and Michel Hoog are convinced, as I am, that everything in this show is authentic, although some of the pictures have been buried in private collections for many years. There is a theory that some of the questionable pictures that were published in books and monographs shortly after his death may have been the work of his students. The painter Robert Delaunay, a loyal friend, may have rescued them from Rousseau’s studio along with some of the genuine paintings.”

We moved on to look at a powerful portrait of a woman in a black dress (“Picasso bought this and kept it in his studio until his death”), a crouching tiger in a rain-swept jungle (“The earliest of the jungle pictures, and absolutely unique in its sense of movement”), and “War,” a nightmare image of a grimacing female figure galloping a black horse across a field littered with bloated bodies. The rooms beyond were filled with Rousseau’s later work: brilliant-green tropical jungles inhabited by strange-looking animals and enigmatic female figures; portraits of stolid French families; and the mysterious, brooding “Sleeping Gypsy,” which, Miss Lanchner told us, Picasso both admired and found disturbing. There were also three skillful Impressionistic landscapes, which turned out to be sketches for flatter, more “primitive” oil paintings next to them. “In the sketches, Rousseau is recording his optical sensations, which he then turned into highly finished, stylized concepts,” Miss Lanchner said. “The depth that he gets in the sketch of the bridge with Notre-Dame in the background is certainly proof that he knew his trade.”

The last picture in the show—and the last one painted by Rousseau—is “The Dream,” a huge, brooding canvas that shows a naked woman reclining on a red couch. Surrounding her is a mysterious jungle inhabited by birds, animals, a red snake, and a black musician. “The female figure is Yadwigha, a Polish woman who turns up in Rousseau’s painting and writing throughout his life,” said Miss Lanchner. “We don’t know, however, whether she was a real person or a figment of his poetic imagination. What we do know is that he was a deliberate artist who painted many small canvases—*peintures*, he called them—a number of which went as payments to shopkeepers, because he was always in debt. But when he set out to paint a masterpiece he always used a very large canvas and called it a *création*. This was his last, and possibly his greatest, *création*.”



“Catherine, we agreed—you would put on your mittens when your hands got cold.”

Hungarian

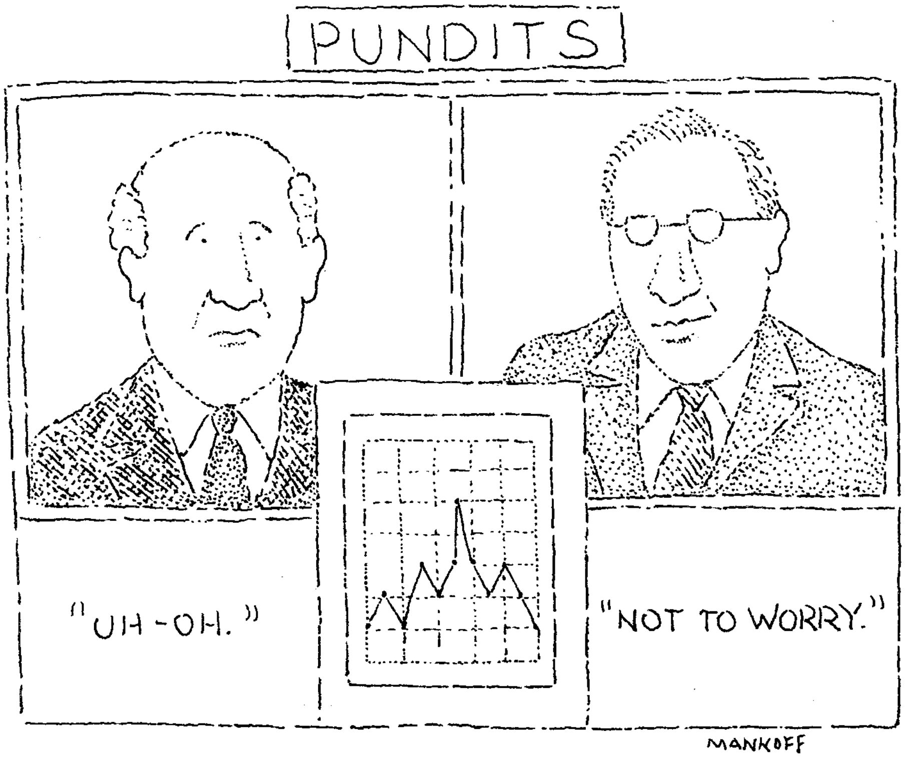
THE other day, in the clandestine, two-hours-before-opening atmosphere of the Red Tulip, a little Hungarian restaurant on East Seventy-fifth Street, we met with three Hungarians: István Zelenka, László Kőrös, and Dr. László Ránky, who are respectively designated on their business cards as “Commercial Secretary, Hungarian Embassy, Office of the Commercial Counsellor,” “Degreed Agricultural Engineer, Director, Company for Livestock Sale and Meat Processing Industry in County Győr-Sopron,” and “Directeur Général Adjoint, TERIMPEX, Exportation et Importation de Bétail et de Produits Agricoles, Budapest.” Also present, sitting around like everybody else on high-backed wooden chairs with little hearts carved in the backrests, at one of a couple of dozen tables uniformly covered with white cloths and uniformly set with beige plates decorated with brown flowers; heavy silver; and single, long-stemmed red tulips in long-necked vases, were Ted Koryn and Charles Lawner, representatives of Liberty/Ramsey Imports, of the Universal Foods Corporation, in Carlstadt, New Jersey. We were being slipped information about Pick Hungarian salami, which had just arrived in the United States—with the help of the aforementioned gentlemen—for the first time since the start of the Second World War. And everyone was eating Pick salami—thin-sliced, on thin slices of rye bread or pumpernickel, with sweet butter and with green or red peppers on top—and washing it down with a Hungarian red wine called Egri Bikavér. Delicious.

"In Hungary, you grow up knowing this salami," said Dr. Ránky, speaking in a deeply growling accented English—"w"s became "v"s, "th"s became "t"s, and so on—that conveyed a peculiarly carefree, yet conspiratorial, air. He was a tall, lanky man of forty with curly black hair, and he was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles and holding on tightly to a black leather briefcase in his lap.

"We take to school, we eat for breakfast, we eat at night," said Mr. Zelenka, who was tall and broad-shouldered, with a large, oblong-shaped head, and looked a little older than Dr. Ránky. Mr. Zelenka sat in his high-backed chair with his hands folded over his midriff. He would reach out quickly to scoop up a bite and a drink, and then settle back again. He kept his attention fixed watchfully on Dr. Ránky.

"In America are Hungarians making salami and calling salami 'Hungarian-style salami,' but is not official, not genuine, not good like Pick salami," said Mr. Kőrös, who was a smaller version of Mr. Zelenka—except that he regularly gave a flicker of a smile.

"We received twelve and a half tons of this salami yesterday," said Mr. Koryn, a volatile, highly enthusiastic gentleman in a gray tweed suit. "Eleven hundred cases of three-pound and one-pound salamis—all grabbed up by only fifty customers. Gone. We're trying to fly more in. We need a couple of *thousand* tons a year. This deal took two years to nail down. Dozens of trips. Back and forth. Special regulations demanded by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Stainless-steel sinks. Ceiling heights. You wouldn't believe what else."


PUNDITS
"UH-OH."
"NOT TO WORRY."
MANKOFF

Mr. Lawner looked distraught. He said, "We bring in Pommery mustard, we bring in Amore pasta, we bring in herbs, pâté, chocolate, over fifteen hundred gourmet items—"

"*Specialty* items," Mr. Koryn interrupted. "I hate the word 'gourmet.' "

"No other *specialty* item required so many trips," Mr. Lawner said. He seemed to calm down.

"TERIMPEX is the Hungarian-government export organization for meat products, and Pick is now a government company," Mr. Koryn said. "But the Hungarians are more free-enterprise-oriented than any of the other Communist countries. They're free souls by nature."

"Gypsy fiddlers," Mr. Lawner said, raising his arms and snapping his fingers over his head.

"Pick salami made in biggest salami factory in world, in Szeged, beautiful farmlands on River Tisza, one hundred miles south of Budapest," Dr. Ránky said. "In ordinary salami, pork trimmings used, lactic-acid starters used, casing not natural. Nobody else has our formula for spicing. Our formula is guarded in vault. Only *der Meister* of factory sees our formula."

"Mr. Pick?" we asked.

"*Der Meister*," Mr. Zelenka said firmly. "All Mr. Picks, all Pick children now in West. One Pick now lawyer in America."

"It's not only the formula," Mr. Koryn said quickly. "It's the mold. Like a special cheese. Nobody else has the Pick mold."

"White mold," Mr. Lawner said. "Nothing like it. I could take the blindfold test in salami and pick Pick."

"Good slogan," Mr. Kőrös said, with his flickering smile.

"Mold in big, big tower where Pick dries. Ages for ninety days. Called Noble Mold," said Dr. Ránky.

"The casing is porous," Mr. Koryn explained to us. "And they use no starters. Pick has the lowest preservative content, it's the lowest in nitrites. And it has a long shelf life. Unopened, it can keep for months without refrigeration. Tons of it are imported by almost all the countries in Europe. Pick can't keep up with the demand. You should have seen our warehouse when the Pick arrived. Everybody was drinking champagne and eating the salami."

"If the demand is so great over there, why send it here?" we asked.

"Prestige," Dr. Ránky said.

"Dollars," Mr. Zelenka said, regarding him watchfully through half-closed eyes.

VIRGINS

LIKE a wasp, Laura says to herself, as she invariably does in the cathedral of Siena, with its violent argument of stripes. An uneasy place, her husband had been remarking only the other night, informing some other tourists in the Palazzo Ravizza.

In several languages, guides draw attention to the pulpit and Pastorino's "Last Supper." Wilting Americans rest on chairs, Germans work their cameras. An old Italian woman lights a candle, children chatter and are silenced. With dark glasses dangling from her fingers, Laura makes her way through the cathedral crowds, having quickly verified that Francesco Piccolomini became Pius III. She knew she'd been right; her husband had said it was Pius II. Her husband is often wrong about all sorts of things.

"Laura? Is it Laura?"

She stares at the round face, all freckles from the August heat. Hair, once coppery red, Laura guesses, is peppered now with gray; a dress is less elegantly striped than the architecture, in lettuce green and blue. Laura smiles, but shakes her head. She passes her glance down the tired dress, to legs on which mosquitoes have feasted, to sandals whose shade of blue once matched the blue of the cotton above. She smiles again, knowing she knows this woman of fifty or so.

"You haven't changed a bit!" the woman says, and immediately Laura remembers because the voice is as it has always been. Polite to say she hasn't changed a bit: politely she lies herself.

"Nor you, now that I look, Margaretta."

But her tone is nervous, and her confidence melts as they stand among the tourists and the angry stripes. How odd to meet here, she says, knowing it is not odd at all, since everyone's a tourist nowadays. She wishes they had not met like this; why could not Margaretta just have seen her and let her pass by?

"It's lovely to see you," Margaretta says.

They continue to look at one another, and simultaneously, in their different moods, their distant friendship possesses them. Two marriages and their children are irrelevant.

THE Heaslips' house was in a straggling, grassy square, dusty in summer. A brass plate announced the profession of Dr. Heaslip; the oak-grained hall door was heavy and impressive, with brass that matched in weight and tone the nameplate. Nearby, the Bank of Ireland was ivy-covered, less gaunt because of it than the Heaslips' gray stone façade. Other houses, each detached from its neighbor, were of gray stone also, or color-washed in pink or cream or white. In the approximate center of an extensive area of shorn grass, green railings protected an empty pedestal, which Queen Victoria in her day had dominated. A cinema—the De Luxe Picture House, as antique as its title—occupied a corner created by the edge of the square and the town's main street. Hogan's Hotel filled the corner opposite.

The Cut-Glass Decanter

One day in June, during the Second World War, a day when the brass plate shimmered in warm sunshine, a day Laura for all her life did not forget, Mrs. Heaslip said in the drawing room of the house, "Laura, this is Margaretta."

Laura held out her hand, as she had been taught, but Margaretta giggled, finding it amusing that two small girls should be so formal.

"Margaretta! Really, what will Laura think? Now, do at once apologize."

"We're all like that in Ireland," Margaretta said instead. "Bog-trotters, y'know."

"Indeed, we're not," protested Mrs. Heaslip, a thin, tall woman in a flowery dress. With some panache she wore as well a straw hat with a faded purple ribbon on it. The skin of her face, and of arms and legs, was deeply brown, as if she spent the greater part of her time outside. "Indeed, indeed, we're not," she repeated, most emphatically. "And do not say 'y'know,' Margaretta."

They were almost ten, the girls, in 1941. Laura had been sent from England for the remainder of the war, called in Ireland "the emergency": there was more nourishment to be had in Ireland, and a feeling of safety in an Irish provincial town. Years before Laura was born, her mother, living in Ireland then, had been at a boarding school in Bray with Mrs. Heaslip. "I think you'll like it in Ireland," her mother had promised. "If I didn't have this wretched job I'd come with you like a shot." They lived in Buckinghamshire, in a village called Anstey Rye. In December, 1939, when the war had scarcely begun, Laura's father had been killed, the Spitfire he'd been piloting shot down over the sea. Her mother worked in the Anstey Rye clothes shop, where she was responsible for the accounts, for correspondence with wholesalers, and for considerable formalities connected with clothing coupons. It was all very different from Ireland.

"That's what's called a monkey puzzle, y'know," Margaretta said in the garden, and Laura quietly replied that she knew a monkey puzzle when she saw one.

Unlike Mrs. Heaslip, Margaretta wasn't thin. Nor was she brown. She was pretty in a sleepy, careless kind of way: her eyes were sleepily blue, her cheeks carelessly dimpled, her red jumble of hair the most beautiful Laura had ever seen. Margaretta would be astonishing when she grew up—what, Laura imagined, looking at her on that first afternoon, Helen of Troy must have been like. She felt jealous of the promise that seemed to be in every movement of Margaretta's body, in every footstep that she took as she led the way through the garden and the house.

"I am to show you everything," Margaretta said. "Would you be enormously bored to see the town?"

"No, no, of course not. Thank you, Margaretta."

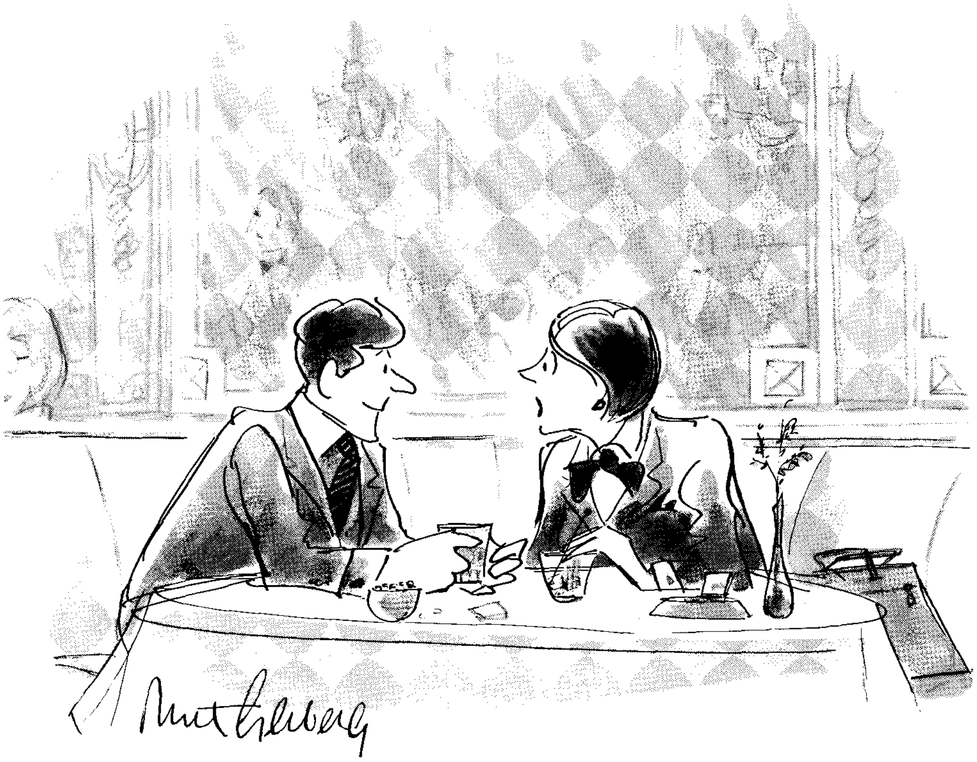
"It isn't much, I'll tell you that."

The girls walked slowly through the wide main street, Margaretta drawing attention to the shops. All of them were cluttered, Laura noticed, except one, connected with a bakery, which seemed to sell not bread but only flour and sugar. They passed Phelan's Café, Jas. Ryan's drapery, Shannon's Medical Hall, Clancy's grocery, which Margaretta said was a public house as well as a grocer's, the Home and Colonial, a hardware shop and a shoeshop, other public houses. They paused by a window full of exercise books and bottles of Stephens' ink, which Margaretta said was her favorite shop of all. The window was strewn with packets of nibs and pencils, packets of rubber bands, rulers, pencil sharpeners, and Waterman fountain pens in different marbled colors. There was an advertisement for Mellifont Books, and some of the books themselves, with garish paper covers: "Angela and the Pixies" in the Children's Series, "Murder from Beyond" in Crime and Detection. The shop, Margaretta said, was called Tracy's, although the name over the door was T. MacCarthy. She liked it because it smelled so pleasantly of paper. Clancy's smelled of whiskey and sawdust, the butcher's of offal.

"How're you, Margaretta?" Mr. Hearne greeted her from his doorway, a heavy man in a bloodstained apron.

"Laura's come from England," Margaretta said by way of reply.

"How're you, Laura?" Mr. Hearne said.



"And us, Gordon? Are you enthusiastic about four more years for us, too?"

In the weeks and months that followed, Laura came to know Mr. Hearne well, for she and Margaretta did all the shopping for the household. "Meat and women," the butcher had a way of saying, "won't take squeezing." He used to ask riddles, for which he did not know the answers. His wife, Mrs. Heaslip said, was frequently pregnant.

The sweetshops of the town became familiar to Laura also—Murphy's, O'Connor's, Eldon's, Morrissey's, Mrs. Finney's. Different brands of ice cream were sold: H.B., Lucan, Melville, and Eldon's own make, cheaper and yellower than the others. Murphy's sold fruit as well as confectionery, and was the smartest of the sweetshops. Margaretta said it smelled the nicest—a mixture of vanilla and grapes. They all sold scarlet money balls, in which, if you were lucky, you got your money back, a brand-new ha'penny wrapped in a piece of paper. They all sold boxes of Urney chocolates, and licorice pipes and strips, and Lemon's Nut-Milk Toffees and Rainbow Toffees. In their windows, boxes of Willwood's Dolly Mixtures were laid out, and slabs of Mickey Mouse Toffee, and jelly babies. Best value of all was the yellow lemonade powder, which Margaretta and Laura never waited to make lemonade with but ate on the street.

That first summer in Ireland was full of such novelty, but most fascinating of all was the Heaslip family itself. Dr. Heaslip related solemn jokes in an unhurried voice, and his equally unhurried smile came to your rescue when you were flustered and didn't know whether it was a joke or not. Mrs. Heaslip read in the garden—books that had their covers protected with brown paper, borrowed from the library the nuns ran. Margaretta's two younger brothers, six and five, were looked after by Francie, a cross-eyed girl of nineteen who came every day to the house. Eileen and Katie between them did the cooking and cleaning, Katie forever up and down the basement stairs, answering the hall door to Dr. Heaslip's patients. Eileen was quite old—Margaretta said sixty, but Mrs. Heaslip, overhearing that, altered the estimation to forty-five—and made brown bread that Laura thought delicious. Katie was keeping company with Wiry Daly from the hardware's. Margaretta said she'd seen them kissing.

Dr. Heaslip's motorcar, unlike the others in the town, which for the most part were laid up because of the emergency, was driven every day out of the garage at the back by a man called Mattie Devlin. He parked it in front of the house so that Dr. Heaslip could hasten to it and journey out into the country to attend a childbirth or to do his best when there'd been an accident on a farm. "Ah, well, we'll do our best" was a much-employed expression of his, issued in a tone of voice that did not hold out much hope of success, though in fact, as Laura learned, he often saved a life. "She's out there ready, Doctor," Mattie Devlin every morning shouted up through the house at breakfast time. He then began his day's work in the garden, where, to Mrs. Heaslip's displeasure, he refused to grow peas, broad beans, or spinach, claiming that the soil was unsuitable for them. He grew instead a great number of turnips, both swedes and white, potatoes, and a form of kale which nobody in the family liked. He was a man in a striped brown suit, who wore both belt and braces and tucked the ends of his trousers into his socks when he worked in the garden. He never took off either his jacket or his hat.

Sometimes when Dr. Heaslip was summoned on a call that involved a journey in his car he would invite the girls to accompany him, but he was insistent that they should make themselves as inconspicuous as possible on the back seats in case their presence should be regarded as a misuse of his petrol allowance. When they arrived at whatever house it was that required his skill he relaxed this severity and permitted them to emerge. "Go and look at the chickens and the cows," he'd urge. "Show Laura what a chicken is, Margaretta." If the day was fine and the farmhouse not too far from the town, they'd ask if they might walk home. Later he would pass them on the road and would blow his horn, slowing down to give them a lift if they wanted one. But they usually walked on and no one particularly minded when they were late for whatever meal it was. Their plates of meat and vegetables would be taken from the oven and they'd eat at the kitchen table, gravy dried away to nothing, mashed potatoes brown. Or tea, at teatime, would have gone black almost, keeping hot on the range.

Headstrong and impetuous Dr. Heaslip described his daughter as. "Not like yourself, Laura. You're the wise virgin of the two." He repeated this comparison often, asking Mrs. Heaslip and sometimes Katie or Eileen, even Mattie Devlin, if they agreed. Margaretta ignored it, Laura politely smiled. Nothing much upset the Heaslip household and nothing hurried it. Mrs. Heaslip's only complaints were the manner in which her daughter spoke and Mattie Devlin's ways with vegetables.

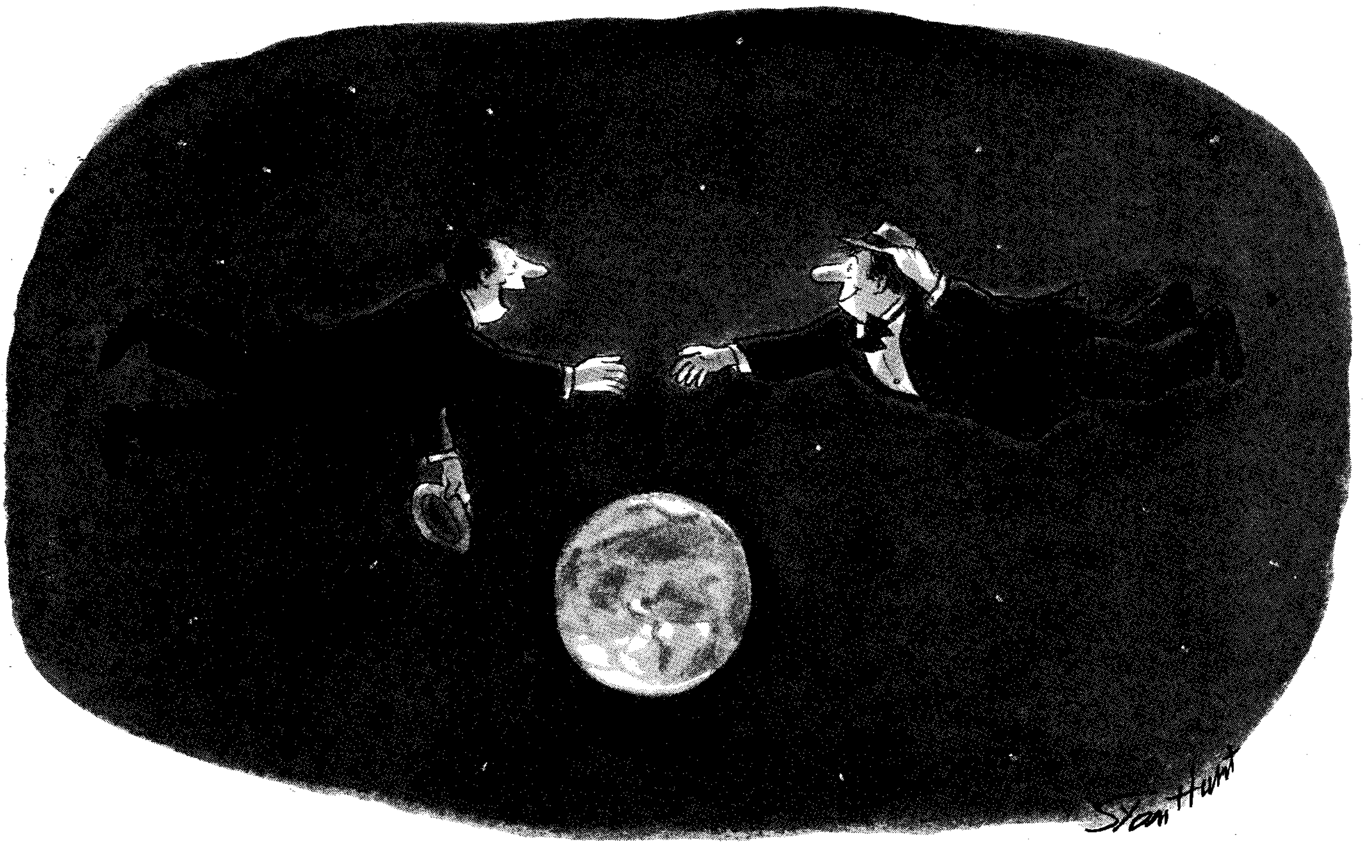
" 'The Rains Came,' " Margaretta said. "All about India, y'know."

They went to it, as they did to all the films at the De Luxe Picture House, which hadn't yet acquired Western Electric Sound, so that the voices were sometimes difficult to hear. Dr. Heaslip and Mrs. Heaslip attended the De Luxe almost as regularly as Margaretta and Laura, who went three times a week, every time there was a change of program. At breakfast the next day the girls reported on what they'd seen. Dr. and Mrs. Heaslip then made up their minds. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" had for years been Mrs. Heaslip's favorite, and "The House of Rothschild" her husband's. Margaretta thought "The House of Rothschild" the most enormously boring picture she'd ever seen in her life, worse even than "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." For her, and for Laura, the highlights of that first summer were "Fast and Furious," "Test Pilot," and "Naughty Marietta;" and best of all, they easily agreed, was "The Rains Came." On Saturdays there was a serial called "Flaming Frontiers," and there were travelogues and the news, and shorts with Charlie Chase or Leon Errol. "Don't you love the *smell* of the De Luxe?" Margaretta used to say after they'd dwelt at length on a performance by Franchot Tone or Deanna Durbin, exhausting the subject and yet unwilling to leave it. "Hot celluloid, I think it is, and cigarette butts."

Lenin in Wyoming

THE war ended in May, 1945, and Laura brought back to England these memories of the family and the town, of the school she had attended with Margaretta, of the people and the shops. Margaretta wrote from time to time—a huge sprawling hand, words grotesquely misspelled: Mrs. Hearne had called her latest baby Liam Pius, after the Pope; "Random Harvest" was on at the De Luxe, "The Way to the Stars" was coming.

Laura wrote neatly, with nothing to say, because Margaretta couldn't be expected to be interested in all the talk about building things up again and descriptions of utility clothes. Margaretta had become her best friend and she Margaretta's. They had decided it the night before she'd returned. They'd shared Margaretta's bed, talking in whispers from ten o'clock until the Donald Duck clock said it was twenty past two. "We'd better go to sleep, y'know," Margaretta had said, but Laura had wanted to continue talking, to make the time go slowly. After Margaretta put the light out she lay in the darkness thinking she'd never had a friend like Margaretta before, someone who found the same things as boring as you did, someone you didn't have to be careful with. A wash of moonlight for a moment lightened the gloom, catching the untidy mass of Margaretta's hair on the pillow. She was breathing heavily, already asleep, smiling a little as if from some amusing dream. Then a cloud slipped over the moon again and the room abruptly darkened.



"Hi! I'm Hank Munson. I was tossed out of Al's Bar-and-Grill in Chicago and just kept on going. How about you?"

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It was that night that Laura afterward remembered most. "You can't find friends in a town the like of this," Margaretta had said. "Well, I mean you can, y'know. Only it's different." And she mentioned the girls she knew in the town, whom Laura knew also. None of them would have been fascinated, as they were, by the way Mrs. Eldon, of the sweetshop, made her lips seem larger with the outline of her lipstick. None of them would have wondered how it was that Mr. Hearne always had the same amount of stubble on his face. "One day's growth," Dr. Heaslip had told them when they'd asked him. How could a man, every day, have one day's stubble? "They want to be nuns and things," Margaretta said. These girls went to the De Luxe also, but they didn't take much interest in the performances; nor in the trademarks of the films—the roaring lion, the searchlights, the statue with the torch, the snowcapped mountain, the radio aerial with electricity escaping from it. The girls of the town didn't go in for finding things funny. Sometimes Laura and Margaretta found a remark a shopkeeper had made so funny that they had to lean against some other shopkeeper's window, laughing so much it gave them a stitch. Sometimes the very sight of people made them laugh. Entranced, Margaretta listened when Laura had told her how her Uncle Gilbert had taken her onto his bony knee on her sixth birthday and softly spanked her for no reason whatsoever. Afterward he'd given her a sweet and said it was their secret. "Keep well away from that fellow," Margaretta had sharply advised, and both of them had giggled, not quite knowing what they were giggling at. It was something Laura had never told anyone else.

It is so drab, Laura wrote. *As you would say, enormously drab. Everyone said at first, you know, that the war would be over by Christmas. I remember people saying Hitler was a knut and didn't know what he was doing. But now everything's so drab after Ireland that you'd think he had won the thing. I haven't had an egg for months.*

And so, for nourishment only, since safety wasn't in question anymore, Laura's mother sent her to stay again with the Heaslips. Mrs. Heaslip had pressed for this, had pressed that Laura's mother should accompany her.

"They can't spare her," Laura explained when she arrived, reiterating what her mother had written. "She'd really have loved to come." The drab austerity was as confining as the war there had been.

For Laura, that summer had the pleasure of familiarity revisited in place of the novelty there had been when she'd first arrived in the town. Mrs. Hearne might possibly be pregnant again, Mrs. Eldon's lipstick still generously re-created her lips. "Murder from Beyond," with curling, yellowed edges, was still in the window among the nibs and rubber bands.

Margaretta had acquired a bicycle during the year, and the saddle of Mrs. Heaslip's Humber was lowered for Laura. For mile after mile of flat, undramatic landscape they talked, as they cycled, of past performances at the De Luxe Picture House: Claudette Colbert in "Boom Town," William Powell and Myrna Loy in "The Shadow of the Thin Man," Ray Milland in "The Doctor Takes a Wife." They turned off the tarred roads that were so easy to go fast on and explored countryside that was hilly and more interesting. Eileen made them sandwiches, which they carried in Margaretta's saddlebag, and they were given money for lemonade. They usually ate the sandwiches in a field, leaving their bicycles by the roadside and chattering for ages in the sunshine. Once they took all their clothes off and bathed in a stream, shrieking because it was so cold. But what they liked best of all was to call in at some cottage and ask for a drink of water. They would be invited into the kitchen and two cups of water would be fetched from a bucket or a pump. On one occasion a very old woman insisted on giving them tea, with boiled eggs and bread, although they kept telling her they'd just eaten a lot of sandwiches. She showed them photographs of her son, who was in Chicago, and made them promise they would call at her cottage again. But even if all they received was the water they asked for there was always the excitement, afterward, of talking about whoever had given it to them. Scrutinizing people, remembering every word that was spoken and every detail of a kitchen—all that became a kind of game. If they were far enough away from the town they called themselves by names that were not their own. "Annabella Morrissey," Margaretta replied when asked, and Laura gave the name of a girl she knew in England, Isabel Batchelor-Tate. They were Dublin girls, Margaretta once added, on holiday in Hogan's Hotel. Her father was a hay merchant and Laura's a taster of teas. "I shouldn't tell people stuff like that," Dr. Heaslip reprimanded them one lunchtime. "I'm quite well known, you know." He went on humming after he'd spoken and they were unable to hide their fiery red faces, made to feel foolish because he had not been cross. Afterward Mrs. Heaslip looked at them amusedly, and suggested they should visit the de Courcys if they were bored.

"Oh, but we're not, Mrs. Heaslip," Laura protested vehemently. "Not in the very least."

"Take her to the de Courcys, Margaretta. I don't know what we've been thinking of not to introduce Laura to the de Courcys before this."

"But, God, they're miles away."

"Do not say 'God,' Margaretta. There is an invalid in that house. Of course a visit must be made. Eileen will make you salad sandwiches."

They went the next morning. They cycled for nine miles and then they turned into an avenue with a gate lodge from which a man carefully eyed them, from their sandals and white socks to their straw hats. He stood in the doorway, seeming to be listening to their conversation about Wiry Daly's courtship of Katie. He was wearing a Guard's uniform, the coarse navy-blue tunic open at the neck, a cigarette in the middle of his mouth. He had gray hair and a gray, mournful face. When Margaretta said hullo he wagged his head but did not speak. They began to giggle when they'd cycled on a bit.

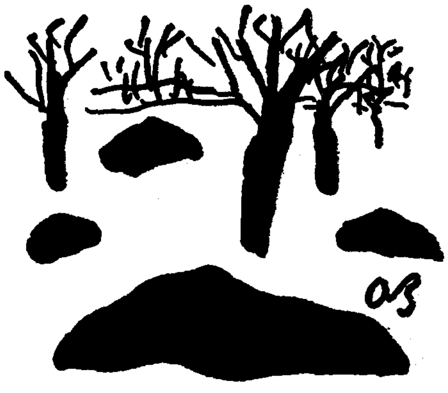
The avenue was long, its surface badly broken, but pleasantly cool because the trees that lined it kept out the sun. Laura considered it romantic, like the avenue in "Rebecca." But Margaretta said that was only wishful thinking: there hadn't been an avenue in "Rebecca" encased with trees and foliage. An argument began, which continued until the pink-washed house appeared, with white hydrangeas on either side of it, and tall windows, and an open hall door. The bicycles crunched over gravel that made cycling difficult. The girls dismounted and walked the last bit.

"I'm Margaretta Heaslip," Margaretta informed a maid who was winding a clock in the hall. "We've been sent to see the de Courcys."

The maid stared, appearing to be alarmed. She continued to wind the clock, which was on a table at the bottom of the stairs, and then she closed the glass of its face and put the key on a brass hook in an alcove: the time was half past eleven.

Tapestries hung by the staircase, curving with it as it ascended. Rugs were scattered on the darkly stained boards of the floor, as threadbare as the stair carpet and the tapestries, which were so faded that whatever scenes they depicted had been lost. There was a smell in the hall, as Margaretta said afterward, of flowers and bacon.

"Will you tell the de Courcys?" she



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A FINISHED MAN

Of the four louts who threw him off the dock,
Three are now dead, and so more faintly mock
The way he choked and splashed and was afraid.
His memory of the fourth begins to fade.

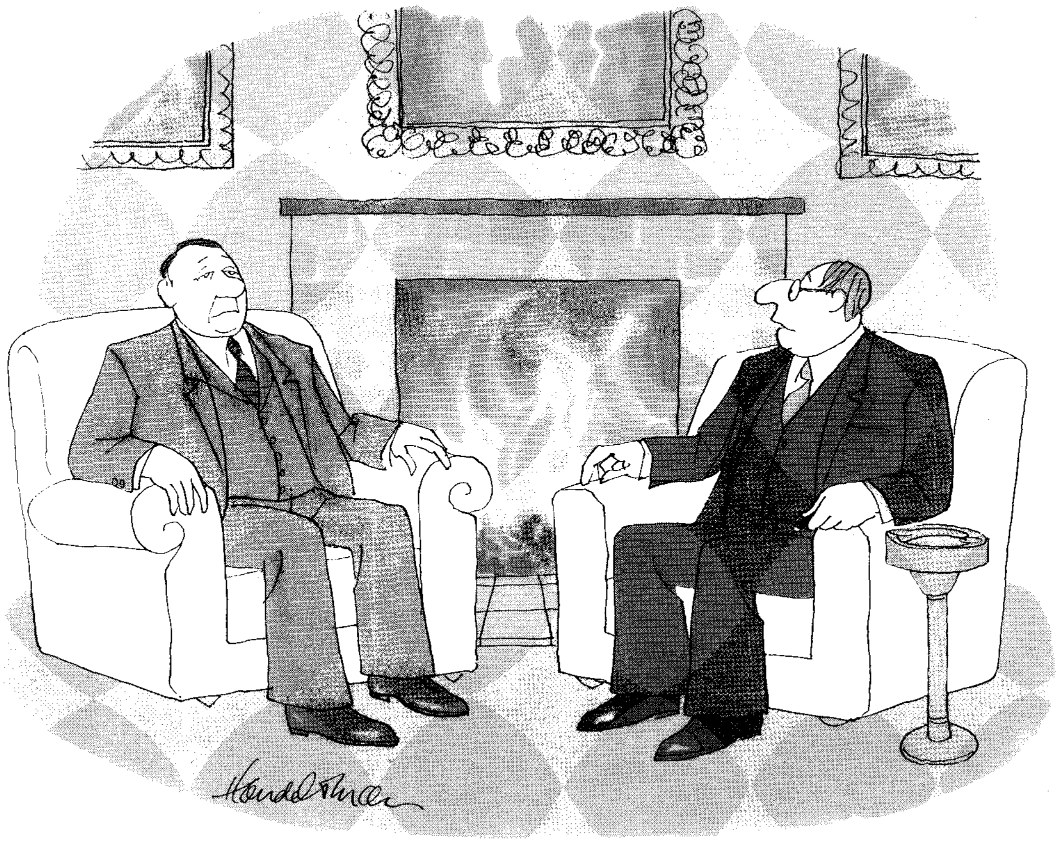
It was himself whom he could not forgive;
Yet it has been a comfort to outlive
That woman, stunned by his appalling gaffe,
Who with a napkin half suppressed her laugh,

Or that gray colleague, surely gone by now,
Who, turning toward the window, raised his brow,
Embarrassed to have caught him in a lie.
All witness darkens, eye by dimming eye.

Thus he can walk today with heart at ease
Through the old quad, escorted by trustees,
To dedicate the monumental gym
A grateful college means to name for him.

Seated, he feels the warm sun sculpt his cheek
As the young president gets up to speak.
If the dead die, if he can but forget,
If money talks, he may be perfect yet.

—Richard Wilbur



"Feeling poorly? Thank heaven! I thought you said you were feeling poor."

• •

suggested to the maid, since the maid appeared hesitant about how to proceed. "Just say Margaretta Heaslip and a friend are here."

"The de Courcys went up to Punchestown Races, Miss."

"Is Ralph de Courcy here?"

"He is of course."

"Will you tell him, then?"

"He didn't go up to the races, Miss, in case they'd strain him."

"Will you tell him Margaretta Heaslip and a friend are here?"

The maid was as young as Katie, but not as pretty. She had protruding teeth and hair that was in disarray beneath her white cap. She hesitated again, and then visibly reached a decision. "I'll tell him so, Miss. Will ye sit in the drawing room?"

She left them where they stood. One door they opened led to a panelled room, too small and businesslike for a drawing room. Another, with blue blinds pulled down, had dining chairs arranged around a long table, its other furniture shadowy in the gloom. The drawing room itself had a fire, although the day was so exceedingly warm that the windows were open. There were vases of flowers on the mantelpiece and on tables and on a grand piano, and family portraits were close to one another on the walls. An old black-and-white dog was lying on the hearthrug and did not move when the girls entered. It was the most beautiful room, Laura considered, she had ever been in.

They sat cautiously on the edge of a sofa that was striped in two shades of faded pink. They spoke in whispers, discussing the maid: would she be keeping company with the uniformed man at the gate lodge?

"Will ye wait awhile?" the maid invited, appearing at the door.

Margaretta giggled and put her hand up to her mouth; Laura said they'd wait. "I wonder what her name is," she added when the maid was gone.

"Ludmilla, I'd say."

The giggling began again; the dog snorted in his sleep. Through the open windows came the sound of pigeons.

"Well, this is an honor," a voice said. "How do you do?"

He was older than they were by maybe as much as three years. He was pale and dark-haired, his face hatchet-shaped, his eyes brown. He was dressed in flannel trousers and a green tweed jacket.

"Margaretta Heaslip," he continued, smiling extravagantly. "I remember you when you were little."

He spoke as if she still were, as if they were both not in the least grown up. His manner insisted that he himself belonged to the adult world, that he had long ago passed through theirs.

"My mother said to call," Margaretta explained, disowning responsibility for their presence. "To inquire how you were, and to introduce Laura."

"How do you do, Laura?"

He held out a hand, which Laura received, allowing her own to be briefly clasped. His touch was cold. Like marble, she thought.

"Laura's English, y'know."

"Well, now, and whereabouts in England, Laura?"

"A village called Anstey Rye. In Buckinghamshire."

"How attractive that sounds!"

"Dead as old mutton, Laura says. The war, y'know."

"Ah, yes. The horrible war. But at least the Allies won. You're pleased, Laura?"

He had a precise way of speaking, his Irish accent drawling out his sentences, a smile rarely absent from his face. Set in hollows, his dark eyes were fixed on Laura's, insistent that his interest in all she had to say was genuine.

"Well, yes, I am pleased."

"I used to listen to Lord Haw-Haw. He's most amusing."

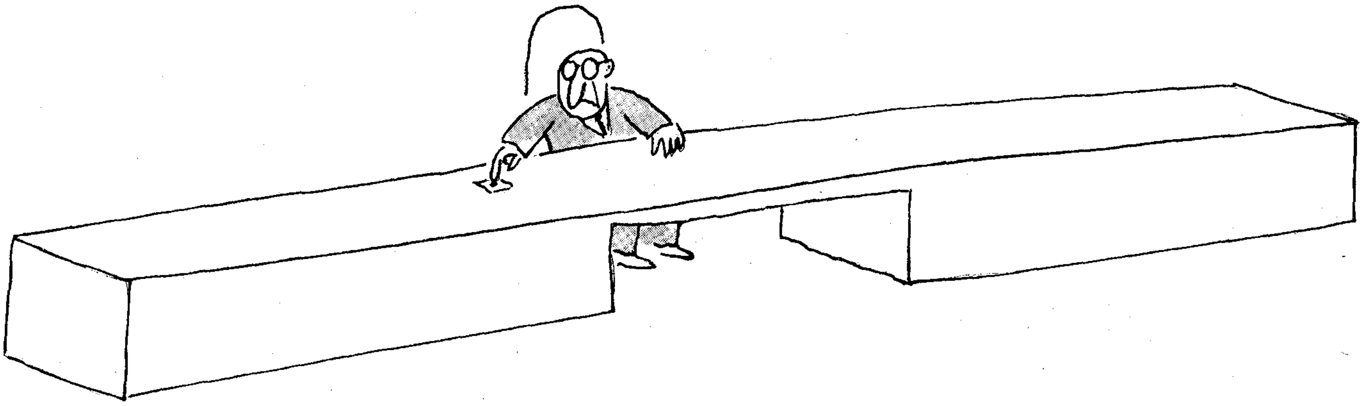
The maid returned with a tray of teacups, a teapot, and biscuits on a plate.

"Thank you, Mary."

As he spoke, Margaretta put her hand up to her face. But already he had noticed.

"What's the joke?" he politely inquired.

The maid left the room, and be-



cause she knew that she, too, would begin to giggle if she did not speak Laura said, "Margaretta thought her name was Ludmilla."

"Ludmilla?"

It wasn't funny anymore, as it hadn't been when Dr. Heaslip had not been cross. Politely, Ralph de Courcy handed them their cups of tea. He was right: they were children and he was not.

"Have a Marietta biscuit?"

They each took one. They felt silly and ashamed. Margaretta said, "Are you feeling better these days?"

"I never feel ill at all." He turned to Laura. "My heart was weakened when I stupidly caught rheumatic fever as a boy. I'm meant to go carefully in case I die."

They wanted to gasp in wonder at this reference to death, but they did not do so. Margaretta said, "Are you getting better all the time?"

"Indubitably. I'm reading Thomas Mann. 'Buddenbrooks.' Do you like Thomas Mann?"

They had never heard of this German author. Vaguely, they shook their heads. They had not yet read, Laura admitted, the book called "Buddenbrooks."

"Shall I show you about the garden when you've finished your Marietta biscuits?"

"Yes, please," Laura said. "If you don't think the strain—"

"Strain is just a word they use. Your father came here once or twice, Margaretta, when I was at death's door—called in to offer a second opinion. It wasn't as disagreeable as it sounds, you know, being at death's door. Though nicer, perhaps, to be a few footsteps farther off."

His conversation was extraordinary, Laura considered. In a way everything about him was extraordinary, not least his detached smile and his eyes. His eyes did not flit about. They were the steadiest eyes she had ever seen, especially when he spoke of death.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they make a frightful fuss. Do you play tennis? You could stay to lunch and then we might play tennis."

"But surely—" Margaretta began.

"I may play a *little* tennis. If I agree, and promise, not to sit about afterwards without a sweater and a blazer, then I may play a little tennis. Or at least that's what I say."

Suppose he dies, Laura thought. Suppose he falls down on the tennis court and is unable to get up again. Imagine having to tell about that! Imagine Dr. Heaslip saying nothing but thinking what fools they were and how much they were to blame!

He took them to the garden. He didn't appear to know the names of any plants or flowers, but with his pale, cold hands he pointed about. He led them through a glasshouse full of tomatoes and out the other end. He pointed again: peaches flourished on a brick-lined wall. "*À la* Dean Swift," he said; they'd no idea what he was talking about.

He sat between them on a wooden seat. A lawn stretched all around, bounded by white hydrangeas in front of towering cedar trees. Another dog, a brown spaniel, ambled from some corner and sat with them. Margaretta said the garden was beautiful.

"Sergeant Barry does it. Did you see Sergeant Barry by the gate lodge?"

They said they had.

"He resigned from the force because he couldn't learn the Irish. He feared they might demote him and he couldn't bear the thought of that. So he resigned as sergeant."

In the drawing room, when she'd brought the tea and biscuits, he'd told the maid that they would stay to lunch. They hadn't dared to say that there were salad sandwiches in Margaretta's saddlebag.

"You must be starving," he said now, "after such a journey. Heaven knows what they've managed to scrape together. Shall we go and see?"

He led the way back to the house and to the dining room. The blinds had been raised, and places laid at the table. He pulled at a bell in the wall, and some minutes later the maid brought in three soup plates on a tray.

"Crosse and Blackwell's," he said. "Leave it if you don't like kidneys."

All through the meal he asked questions, about Buckinghamshire and Anstey Rye, and if bombs had fallen nearby, about the De Luxe Picture House, which he had been to once. There was a larger town, nearer to the de Courcys' house than their own, which had a cinema called the Palace, with Western Electric Sound. He'd seen "Gone with the Wind" there, which he described as "light." He'd like to see some German films, which he'd read about, but he doubted if they'd ever come to the Palace or the De Luxe. He related the plot of one, to do with the crimes committed by a man who was not sane, and enthusiastically they both said it sounded interesting. Perhaps now that the war was over these German films might be on in England, Laura added, and he agreed that that might be so. Then, quite abruptly, when they had all three finished their sago and stewed gooseberries, he said he was feeling a little tired. His smile continued. He was supposed to rest after lunch, he explained: it would perhaps be asking for trouble not to, today.

They stood up. They thanked him and hoped he would be completely better soon. It was as though tennis had

never been mentioned; it was as though he had never said that people made a fuss. He did not move from where he sat at the head of the long table but said that he had enjoyed their visit, that they were good to come all this way to bore themselves with the company of an invalid. Would they come again, he almost meekly asked.

"Yes, of course," Laura replied, her assurance only moments ahead of Margaretta's.

"Please be careful," Margaretta said. "Please take a good rest."

They rode in silence down the avenue, past the gate lodge, where Sergeant Barry was reading a newspaper in his garden. He looked up from it to scrutinize them, another cigarette in the middle of his mouth. Again he wagged his head at them but did not attempt to speak.

"God!" Margaretta said when they were out of earshot. "God, did you ever!"

"I hope we didn't cause a strain."

"God, I know! I thought of that."

When they next saw Dr. Heaslip they asked him. "Oh no, no," he said. "Company probably does the poor fellow good." But neither Laura nor Margaretta could think of Ralph de Courcy as a poor fellow. A fortnight later they rode over to the de Courcys' house again, and Sergeant Barry, apprehending them as they turned into the avenue, told them the de Courcys were all away in Dublin.

"When will they be back?" Margaretta asked.

"Ah, not for a while. Not till the end of the month."

A week later Laura returned to England. This time among the images she carried with her were the vivid ones of the hours they had spent in the de Courcys' house and in their garden. The indistinct tapestries, the key of the clock hanging in the alcove in the hall, the black-and-white dog asleep on the hearthrug: such images came and went in her mind, giving way to the face of the maid, and the sergeant at the gate lodge, and Ralph de Courcy in his flannels and green tweed jacket. She dreamed that she and Margaretta walked among the white hydrangeas and the cedar trees, that they sat again on the pink-striped sofa. In her dream the hands fell off the clock in the hall, which Dr. Heaslip said sometimes happened, owing to strain.

Margaretta wrote to say that the de Courcys had returned from Dublin, so she'd heard, but on her own she naturally hadn't had the nerve to cycle over. The De Luxe had at last acquired Western Electric Sound, and the difference was tremendous. Wiry Daly had been to the house to see about marrying Katie, and when Mrs. Heaslip suggested that they should wait a little longer he'd gone red in the face and said he thought waiting wasn't a good idea. Mr. Hearne was dealing in black-market sugar and tea, making more than he'd ever made out of meat. But soon, so people said, he'd be arrested.

THE following summer, to her great disappointment, and to Margaretta's, Laura did not visit Ireland. The reason for this was that her mother, suffering a bout of pneumonia in the early part of the year, did not recover quickly. She struggled back to her desk in the cubbyhole behind the Anstey Rye clothes shop, but an exhaustion that the illness had left her with would not lift, and when Laura's summer holidays came Dr. Pace advised that she should be responsible for all the housework and all the cooking, taking this burden, at least, from her mother. Had it not been for the postwar effort that was still required of everyone, he would have stipulated total rest for her mother, three months simply doing nothing. And he knew that ends had to be made to meet.

So Laura cooked her mother's meals and her own, and Hoovered the rooms of their cottage. She made her mother rest on Sundays, bringing her trays in bed. She was conscientious about taking the wet battery of the wireless to be recharged once a week, she weeded the garden and transplanted the lettuce plants. All the time she cherished the hope that at the end of the summer, even for a week, she might be permitted to visit Margaretta. Her mother was clearly regaining her strength. She stopped spending Sundays in bed and instead sat in the garden. By mid-August she began to do the cooking again.

Letters from Margaretta asked if there was any chance, but in Anstey Rye Ireland was not mentioned. Instead, Laura's mother spoke of their straitened circumstances this year: owing to her pneumonia, she had not earned as much for those few months as she might have; ends had not yet begun to meet again. So Laura wrote to Margaretta, explaining.

Isn't it strange, Margaretta herself wrote, long after that summer had passed and Laura's mother had entirely recovered, *that there should have been two invalids, your mother and Ralph de Courcy?* Her handwriting was less wild than once it had been, her spelling much improved. *My father says he's only slowly mending.* And in a daydream Laura allowed herself to pretend that it was he she had looked after, carrying trays up the curving staircase, carrying cushions to a chair in the garden. She wondered if she'd ever see that house again, and

LOSING ALTITUDE

Plummeting past the birds,
millions of them flapping by,
the orange cloudbank a warren of ghosts,
of ghostly chatter still audible
above the whine of our twin engines,
our racing four-chambered hearts.

Is this the way to Xanadu—
slicing through the earth in seconds
to emerge upside down in China?
Or, rather, the route Elijah took,
fooling us with mirrors
as he fell to Heaven?

There is no way of knowing anything.
And no one here to soothe us.
The only consolation is Zeno's:
each of our few remaining seconds
halved infinitely until we are left
with sunlight, sky, and eternity.

The altimeter keeps the time,
running down to zero o'clock
when the merciful angels
will ring their golden bells
and the flamethrower angels
douse us with immortality.

In these last miles the air
thickens to blue mist
riddled with flickering windows
in which impassive faces ebb and flow,
peering past their own shadows,
all of them vaguely familiar . . .

A lifetime of faces, from cities
we walked, stations and terminals,
all the journeys that led us here—
without parachutes or prayers—
where the white sea rushes up
at breakneck speed to welcome us.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

• •

Sergeant Barry at the gate lodge. *Isn't Linda Darnell beautiful?* Margaretta wrote. *I'd love to look like that. Have you seen "Tortilla Flat"?*

In 1947, when they were both fifteen, Laura went again to Ireland. Katie had married Wiry Daly and had had a baby. There was a new maid with Eileen in the kitchen—Mattie Devlin's daughter, Josie. The shopkeepers said Laura was getting prettier all the time, but Laura knew that it was Margaretta who was the beautiful one and always would be, with her marvellous hair and her headstrong manner that Laura admired so. She'd been going to a boarding school ever since Laura had last visited the Heaslips, the one in Bray where Mrs. Heaslip and Laura's mother had met. "You're better-looking than Linda Darnell," Laura said, meaning it.

They were too shy to cycle to the de Courcys' house. They didn't realize at first that such a shyness had developed in them, but when they talked about that warm day two summers ago they realized that they could not attempt to repeat it. Two children, with white socks and straw hats, had cycled up the avenue, chattering and giggling: it would be awkward now. But one evening, watching "Thunder Rock" at the De Luxe, they saw Ralph de Courcy two rows in front of them, with a blond-haired girl. "You're never Margaretta and Laura?" he said when the film had come to an end and they met him face to face in the aisle.

"Yes," Laura said, aware that she reddened as she spoke. When she glanced at Margaretta she saw that she had reddened also.

"This is a sister of mine," he introduced. "Hazel."

Margaretta said, "I think I met you, Hazel, years ago when we were kids."

"Yes, you did."

"This is my friend Laura."

"I've heard about the day you both came to see us, when we were all at Punchestown except Ralph."

"You never came again," he chided, through the smile that was always there. "You said you would, you know."

"Laura didn't stay with us last year."

"You could have come on your own."

Margaretta laughed, blushing again.

"That was really an appalling film," he said. "A waste of money."

"Yes," Laura agreed, although she did not think so. "Yes, it was."

The de Courcys had driven to the town in a car powered by propane gas, a relic of the emergency. To Laura and Margaretta it looked like any other car except for an attachment at the back. Although the night was warm, Ralph put on a muffler and an overcoat before taking his place at the driver's wheel. Unlike her mother, Laura thought, he was not totally well again.

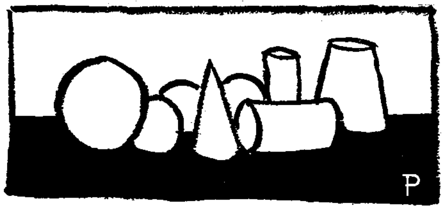
"Come and play tennis one day," his sister invited. "Come in the morning and stay to lunch."

"Come on Friday," he said.

"MY husband is an antiquarian bookseller," Laura says in the cathedral.

"Mine makes radio components."

Margaretta had remained in the town, marrying Shulmann, who had set up his factory there in 1955.



Shulmann is with her in Siena, resting now in their pensione. Their three children are grown up.

"I guessed you would have married," Laura says.

"And I you."

What does the antiquarian bookseller look like? Is Shulmann thin or fat? Laura remembers Margaretta's hair on the pillow, spread out in the moonlight, and Margaretta saying that the smell in the De Luxe Picture House was of hot celluloid and cigarette butts, and how they had giggled because they'd considered Sergeant Barry comic. How different would their lives have been if the friendship had continued? Some instinct tells her as they stand there among the tourists that their friendship in its time went deeper than the marriages they have mentioned. She sees them on their bicycles, and the curiosity of Sergeant Barry passing from their sandals and their white socks to their beribboned straw hats. "Ludmilla," Margaretta says on the pink-striped sofa. Is friendship more fragile, Laura wonders, the more precious it is? And Margaretta reflects that in the thirty-eight years that have passed the friendship might have made a difference in all sorts of ways. They are tourists like the others now, strangers among strangers.

THEY rode over early on the Friday of the tennis party, but as they arrived at the de Courcys' house

TREASURE ISLAND
BY
R.L.STEVENSON
Noel Watson

rain began to fall. Other people were there, friends of Hazel de Courcy who had also come to play tennis but who now stood about forlornly because the rain persisted. Then someone suggested whist, and the occasion became a different one from the occasion the visitors had anticipated. The fire blazed in the drawing room, there was tea and Marietta biscuits at eleven o'clock, and lunch at one; there was tea and cake, with bread and butter and scones, at four. Ralph de Courcy rested after lunch but soon appeared again. He talked to Margaretta alone, questioning her about the boarding school at Bray, about the buildings and the playing fields and the food. He asked her if she was happy there.

"Oh, it's all right," Margaretta replied, and she described the big assembly hall that was known as the ballroom because that was what it had been before the house became a school. A drafty conservatory served as the senior lounge; cold, gaunt dormitories contained rows of beds, each with its narrow pine cupboard and washstand. The two headmistresses were sisters, in tweed skirts and jumpers on which necklaces bounced. The food was inedible.

"Poor Margaretta," he murmured.

She was about to say it wasn't as awful as it sounded but changed her mind because his sympathy was pleasant. He said he would think of her at the school, eating the inedible food, being polite to the headmistresses. She felt a shiver of warmth, in her head, or her body, she wasn't sure which: a delicious sensation that made her want to close her eyes.

"It'll be lovely for me," Ralph de Courcy said, "being able to imagine you there, Margaretta."

The rain ceased after tea but the tennis court was too sodden by now to permit play that day, and soon afterward the party broke up. Hardly speaking at all—not once commenting as they might have on Hazel de Courcy's friends—the girls cycled back to the town, and when Dr. Heaslip asked at supper how Ralph de Courcy had seemed neither at first replied. Then Margaretta said that he was quite recovered from his illness, even though he'd had his usual rest. Every day he was recovering a little more. Soon he would be just like anyone else, she said.

Laura cut her ham and salad into tiny shreds, not wanting to hear anything in the dining room in case it impinged on what the day already meant to her. The sun had been warm during their ride back from the de Courcys' house; the damp fields and hedges had acquired a beauty as if in celebration of what had happened. "Shall we write to one another?" he had suggested in the moments when they'd been alone. He had asked her about England, about Anstey Rye and her mother. He smiled while he spoke, making her feel complimented, as if smiling was natural in her presence.

"I didn't know till now," Margaretta said a few days later, "that I fell in love with him the first time we rode out there."

They were walking together on a dull road, just beyond the town. Margaretta did not add that he'd asked her about her school, that he had been interested in all that ordinary detail so that he could picture her there that autumn. She refrained from this revelation because she knew that Laura was in love with him also. Laura had not said so but you could see it in her face, and it would hurt her horribly to know that he had asked—passionately almost—about the gaunt dormitories and the ballroom that had become an assembly hall.

"Well, of course," Laura said, "he's very nice."

There was nothing else she could say. Bidding her goodbye, he had clasped her hand as though he never wanted to let it go. His deep, brown eyes had held hers in a way she knew she would never forget; she was certain he had almost kissed her. "Are you good at secrets?" he had asked. "Are you, Laura?" She had only nodded in reply, but she'd known that what he meant was that all this should be kept between themselves, and she intended to honor that.

"I simply think he's a marvellous person," Margaretta said, possessively.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Already it was September, and they did not speak of him again. Laura, within a week, returned to England and a few days after that Margaretta began another term at the boarding school in Bray.

I see you so very clearly, he wrote. *I think of you and wonder about you. I'll never forget our being in the garden that day. I sometimes imagine I can still taste the tinned soup we had for lunch. What ever can you have thought of me, going away to rest like that? Was it rude? Please write and* *tell me it wasn't rude and that you didn't mind. I rested, actually, with your face beside me on the cushion.*

He did not beg for love in vain, and in Bray and Buckinghamshire they exulted in their giving of it, though both felt saddened that in their own communications, one to another, they did not mention Ralph de Courcy or his letters. *I was glad when it rained because, actually, I don't play much tennis. Oh, heavens, how I should love to be walking with you beneath the beech trees! Did you think I was at death's door that first day—the day when I said to myself you were an angel sent to me? When we met in the De Luxe it was marvellous. Was it for you? Please write. I love your letters.*

In Bray and Buckinghamshire they loved his letters also. They snatched at them impatiently: from the letter table in the senior lounge, from the hallstand in Anstey Rye. They bore them away to read in private, to savor and learn by heart. They kept them hidden but close at hand, so that when the yearning came they could raise them to their lips. *Shall I come and see you in the holidays?* Margaretta wrote. *Or could you drive over in your father's gas contraption and maybe we'd go to the De Luxe? I can't wait till the holidays, to tell the truth. December the sixteenth.*

These suggestions provoked a swift response. Their friendship was a secret: if Margaretta came to the de Courcys' house would they be able to disguise it beneath the eye of the family? Of all absurd things, the family might mention strain, and a visit to the Picture House was out of the question. *Dear Margaretta, we must wait a little while yet. Please wait. Please let's just write our letters for the moment.*

But Margaretta, on the eighteenth of that December, was unable to prevent herself from cycling out of the town in the direction of the de Courcys' house. It was a cold morning, with frost heavy on the hedges and beautifully whitening the fields. All she wanted was a single glimpse of him.

I cannot tell you the confusion it caused, he wrote, weeks later, to Laura, *and how great the unhappiness has been for me. It was so sad because she looked bulky and ridiculous in the trousers she had put on for cycling. They thought she was a thief at least. Why on earth did she come?*

Sergeant Barry found her among the rhododendrons and led her, weeping, to the house. "Goodness, Margaretta!" Hazel de Courcy exclaimed in the hall while Margaretta tried to pull herself together. She said she'd just been passing by.

She seemed a different person from the girl who'd first come here with you, but that was perhaps because you were with her then. No one knew what to say when she stood there in the hall. I turned away and went upstairs. What else could I do?

Margaretta rode miserably back to the house in the square. She wrote immediately, apologizing, trying to explain, but her letter elicited no reply. She was unable to eat properly all that holiday, unable in any way to comfort herself. No letter arrived at the boarding school in Bray. No letter, ever again, arrived for Margaretta from Ralph de Courcy.

Oafish, my sister said, and although it's hard I thought the same. Not beautiful in the least, her cheeks all red and ugly. I had never thought Margaretta stupid before.

Laura was hurt by this description of her friend, and she wished she might have sent her a line of consolation. Poor Margaretta had ridden out that day with no companion to lend her courage, and to everyone in the de Courcys' house it must have been obvious that she was a lovesick girl. But by the summer she would have recovered, and Laura could gently tell her then that she and Ralph loved one another, because secrets could not remain secrets forever.

But the summer, when it came, was not like that. In the February of that year Laura had become upset because her letters from Ralph de Courcy had ceased. A month later she received a note from Margaretta. *I thought I'd better tell you. Ralph de Courcy died.*

That summer, Margaretta and Laura were sixteen; and Mr. Hearne, who had survived his years as a black marketeer, was once again an ordinary butcher. "Women and meat won't take squeezing," he said, eying the girls with lasciviousness now. At the De Luxe Picture House they saw "Blithe Spirit" and "Green for Danger." Laura asked about Ralph de Courcy's grave.

"God knows where it is," Margaretta replied. "He could be buried under a road for all I care."

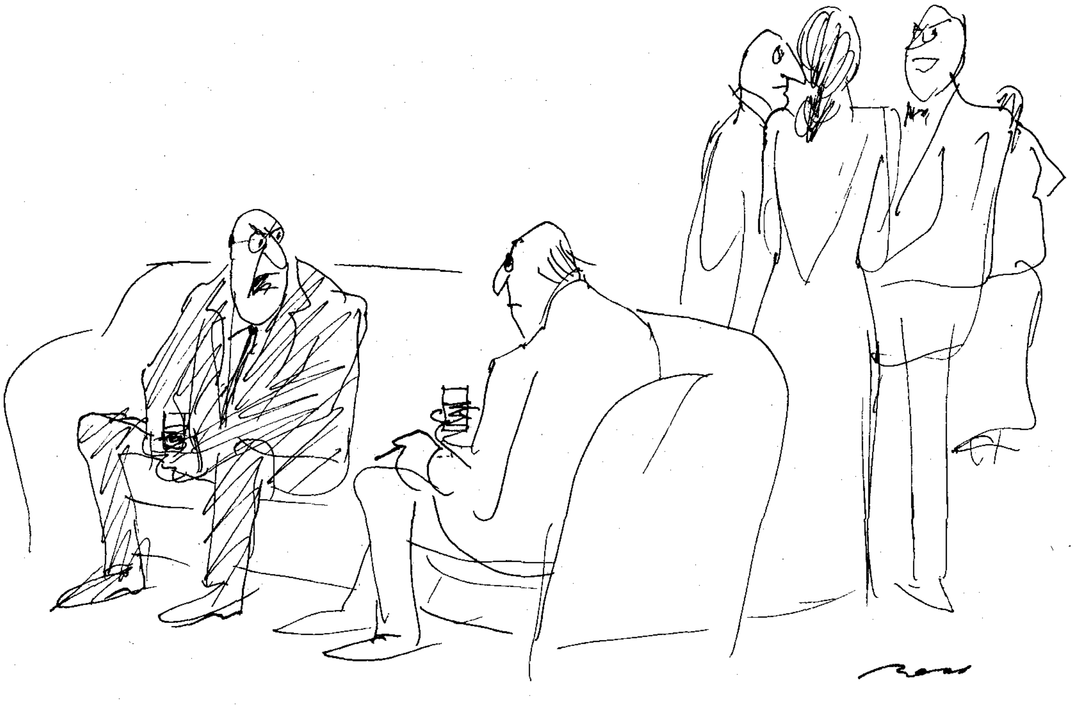
"We liked him."

"He was cheap."

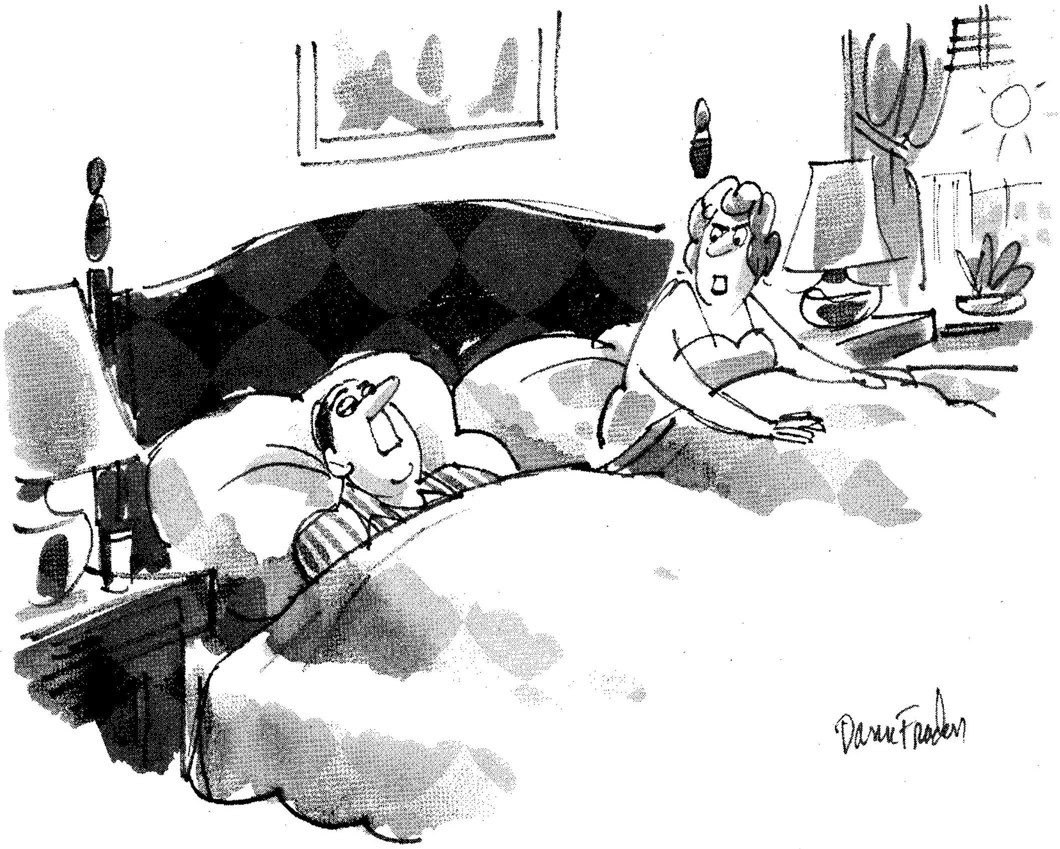
"He's dead, Margaretta."

"I'm glad he's dead."

Still Margaretta had not



"What do you mean my statement has some merit? My statement is loaded with merit!"



"I don't mind your making noises like a mayoral candidate during the day, but do you have to make them all night long, too?"

• •

told her about her cycle ride on that bitter morning. She offered no explanation for this violent change of heart, so Laura asked her.

"Well, something happened if you must know."

She related all of it, telling how she had begun to receive letters from Ralph de Courcy, how they had come, two and three a week sometimes, to the boarding school at Bray.

"I didn't mean any harm, Laura. All I wanted was a glimpse of him. Of course I should have gone at night, but how could I? Nine miles there and nine miles back?"

Laura hardly heard. "Letters?" she whispered in a silence that had gathered. "Love letters, you mean?"

The conversation took place in Margaretta's bedroom. She unlocked a drawer in her dressing table and produced the letters she spoke of, tied together with a piece of red string. "You can read them," she said. "I don't mind."

I rested, actually, with your face beside me on the cushion. In Laura's own bedroom, among the love letters she had so sadly and so fondly brought with her to Ireland, were those words also. *I said to myself you were an angel sent to me.*

"What kind of love was it," Margaretta cried, "that could evaporate in a second? Just because I made a mistake?"

The letters were returned to the dressing-table drawer, the key turned in the lock, the key itself secreted beneath a frilled cloth. Laura, catching a reflection of herself in the dressing-table looking glass, saw that she had turned as white as powder. She felt weak, and imagined that if she stood up she would faint.

"I don't know why I keep his old letters," Margaretta said. "I honestly don't know."

That it had been Margaretta and not she who had been foolish was no consolation for Laura. That it was she, not Margaretta, to whom he had written for longer, until the day before his death, was none, either. His protestations of passion seemed like mockery now.

"Except I suppose," said Margaretta, "that I went on loving him. I always will."

And I, too, thought Laura. She would love him in spite of the ugly pain she felt, in spite of not understanding why he had behaved so. Had two girls' longing simply been more fun than one's? Had he been as cruel as that?

"I have a headache," she said. "I think I'll lie down for a little."

THE days that followed were as unbearable for Laura as the days that followed her foolishness had been for Margaretta. Dr. Heaslip said twice that their guest was looking peaky; she did her best to smile. "It's all right, really," Margaretta reassured her, assuming that Laura's lowness was a kind of sympathy. "It's over now. He's dead and gone."

He was buried in a country churchyard a mile or so from the de Courcys' house: that much at least Laura had elicited from Margaretta. One early morning, as dawn was just beginning to glimmer, she let herself out of the tall wooden doors through which Matt Devlin every day drove Dr. Heaslip's car, and cycled out into the countryside. Trees that were at first only shadows acquired foliage as dawn advanced, hedges and fields softened into color, stone walls and gates offered again the detail that night had claimed. Around the churchyard, rooks were noisy, and on the grave of Ralph de Courcy there were fresh flowers that Laura knew were Margaretta's, conveyed there secretly also. She picked honeysuckle and laid it on the earth above his head. She knelt and spoke his name: she repeated what so often she had written in her letters. She couldn't help loving him in spite of still not understanding.

"You went, didn't you?" Margaretta accused a few days later. "You went in the middle of the night?"

"In the early morning."

"He loved me, y'know, before I was so stupid. It was me he wrote letters to."

The summer crept by. They talked much less than they had talked before. Politeness began between them, and smiles that were not meant. They missed the past but did not say so, and then—on the night before Laura was to return to England—Margaretta said, "I've hated you this summer."

"There is no reason to hate me, Margaretta."

"It has to do with him. I don't know what it is."

"Well, I don't hate you, Margaretta, and I never could."

"That's nice."

"Don't be unhappy, Margaretta."

Why could she not have shared the truth? Why could she not have said that in the game he'd played he'd wanted to know all about Anstey Rye also? She might have pointed out that when you scraped away the superficialities of her early-morning journey—the peaceful dawn, the rooks, the honeysuckle—it had been less honorable and less courageous than Margaretta's. She had taken no chances in visiting only the dead.

"Margaretta . . ."

She hesitated, unable to go on. And Margaretta said, "I'll never forgive you for going to his grave."

"I only went to say goodbye."

"It was me he wrote to."

Again Laura tried to say that she, as much as Margaretta, had been shamed. Sharing their folly, would they have laughed in the end over Ralph de Courcy, she wondered, as they had laughed over so much else? Would they have talked for half the night in Margaretta's bedroom, exorcising that lingering pain?

"Margaretta," Laura began, but still could not go on.

THE De Luxe Picture House has gone. Mr. Hearne is dead. So is Mrs. Eldon, her lips trimmed down to size. But Tracy's still smells pleasantly of paper, and Murphy's of vanilla and grapes. Wiry Daly and Katie are grandparents now.

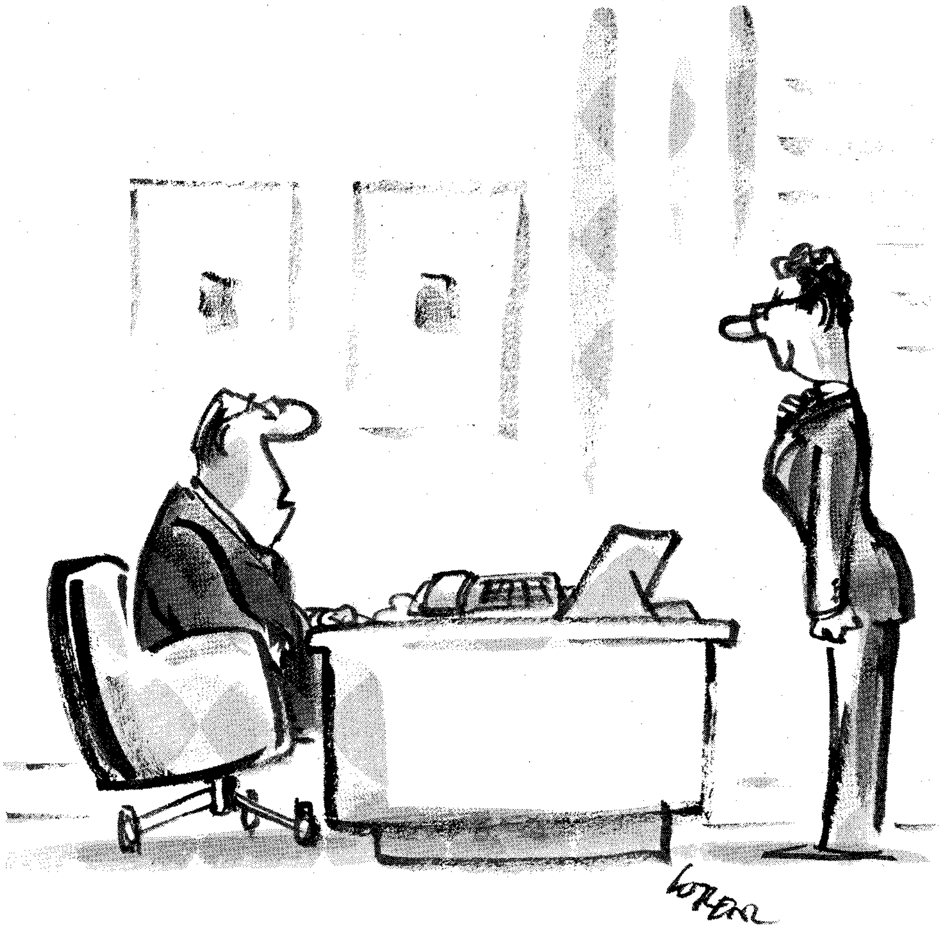
"But oh, it's not much changed, y'know."

Dr. Heaslip and his wife might or might not be dead also: this is not mentioned in Margaretta's news. Her voice is spiritless, and Laura has to think as each name is mentioned. Margaretta's features mourn the loss: a conversation, through desuetude, has lost its savor. It was harsh, so casually and so swiftly to have considered her bland and fat, implying insensitivity. Laura should reach out and kiss her, but the gesture would be false.

Margaretta remembers the flowers that year after year she had placed on the grave, and the bitterness she felt when she thought of Laura. She cycled in that same secret way to the churchyard, not caring if the de Courcys guessed that it was she who had picked the weeds from the mound that marked his presence. When she ceased to make the journey she had at first felt faithless, but the feeling had worn away with time.

For Laura there is the memory of the guilt that had remained for so long, the letters she had tried to compose, her disappointment in herself. *Dear Margaretta:* so many times she had begun her message, certain that there were words to soften her treachery and then discovering that there were not. In time she ceased also, weary of the useless effort.

Regret passes without words between them; they smile a shrugging smile. If vain Ralph de Courcy had chosen their girlish passion as a memorial to himself, he might have chosen as well this rendezvous for their middle age, a waspish cathedral to reflect a waspish triumph. Yet his triumph seems hollow now, robbed by time of its drama and the confusions of an accidental cruelty. Death's hostage he had been, a ghost who'd offered them a sleight of hand because he hadn't the strength for love. —WILLIAM TREVOR



"You do have a hard, flat tummy, Gilgore, but here at Peavy/Trenton we also require a minimal level of competence."

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Savannah* (*Ga.*) *News-Press*]

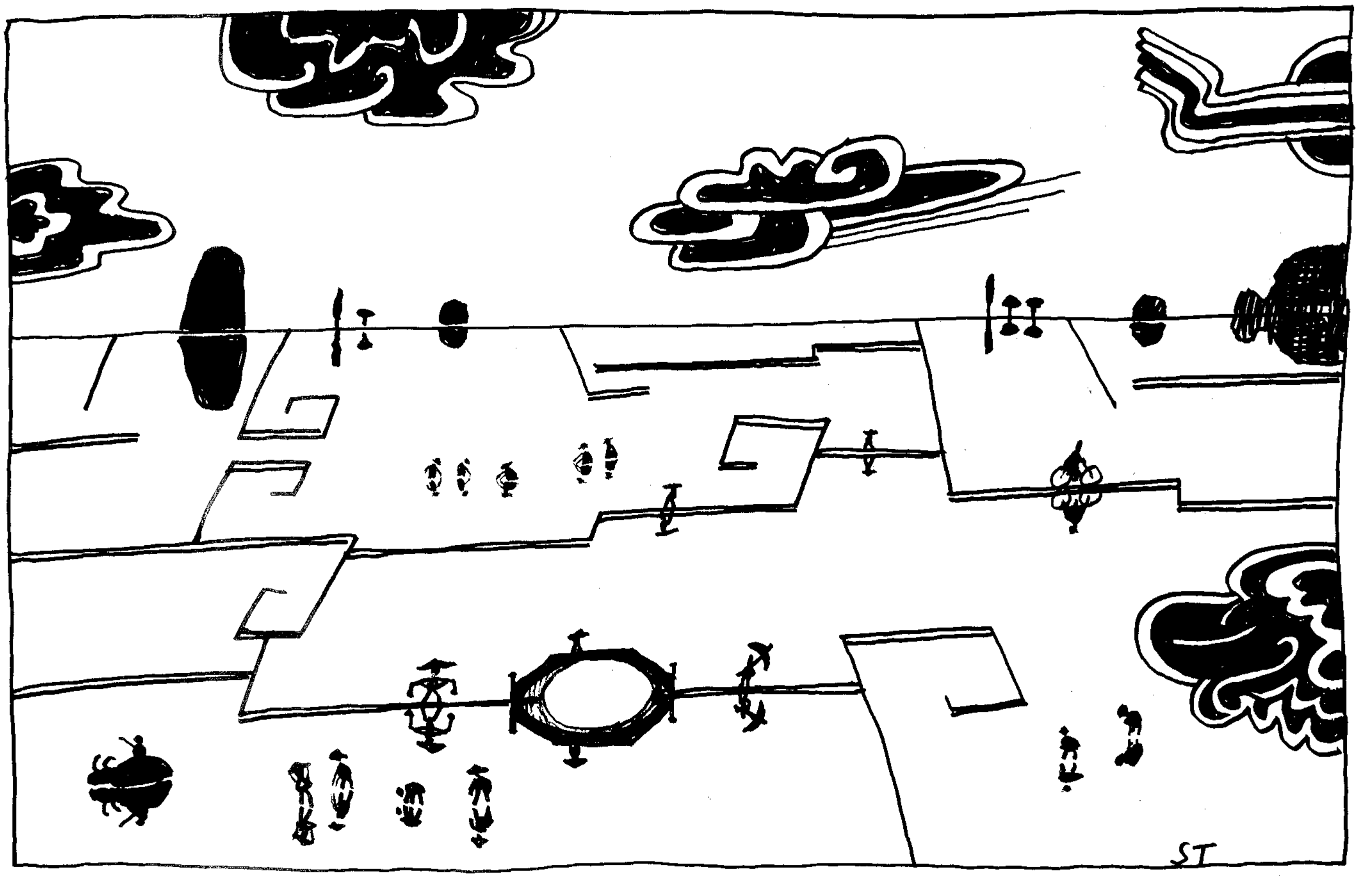
Jane Feiler gave Ed a 50th-birthday party last Saturday at the College of Art and Design. Guests wore costumes less than 50 years old, and the hors d'oeuvre table centerpiece was a 10-foot-high pyramid of shelves heaped with such paraphernalia as aluminum baseball bats, metal tennis racquets, "Gone with the Wind," Dr. Seuss books, computer calculators and Polaroid cameras, topped with aluminum balloons.

Ed came dressed as a Monopoly set (copyright 1935) and Jane as a Social Security card (signed into law in 1935). Peggy Harris wore a red paper heart slashed down the middle (open-heart surgery), Lee Forbes and Clara Levy (with chartreuse wig) came as punk-rock singers, Gloria Tucker was in hot pants, Nancy Hooten in a silver-gray plastic garbage bag, and Betty and Norton Melaver wore disposable diaper vests.

PROFILES

THE STAFFS OF LIFE

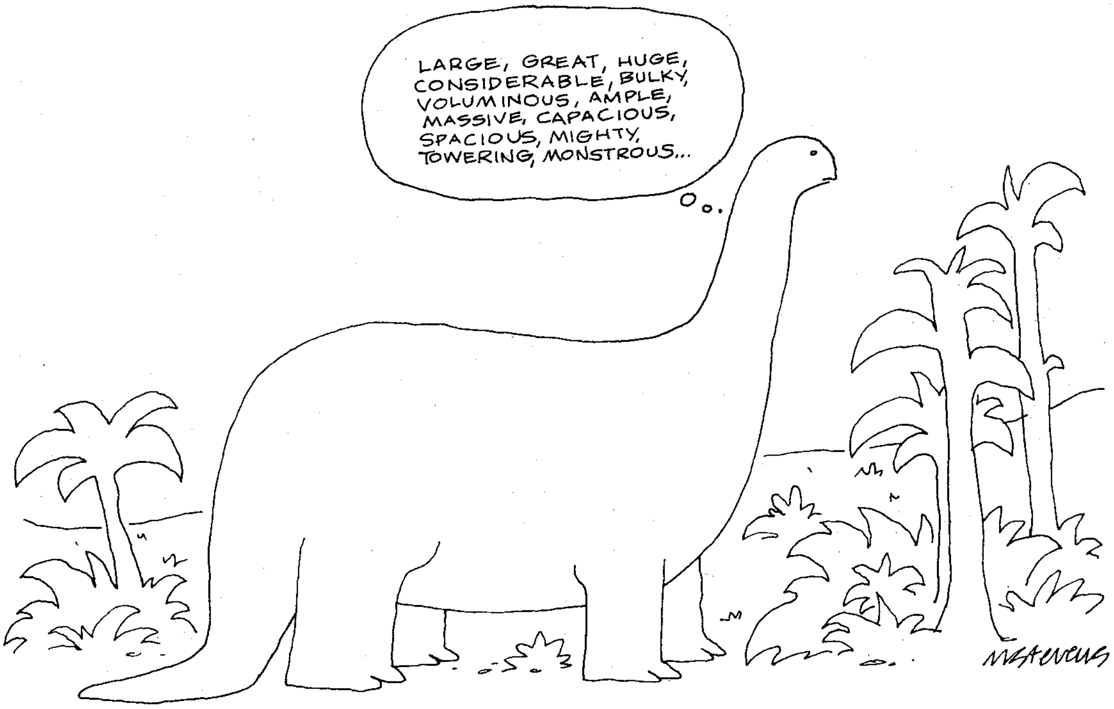
IV—EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS



Planting rice is never fun;
Bent from morn till set of sun;
Cannot stand and cannot sit;
Cannot rest for a little bit.
—*From an old Filipino song.*

AT a gathering of plant scientists in Washington in the fall of 1982, Dr. Amir Muhammad Khan, the chairman of the Agricultural Research Council of Pakistan, recounted an incident that had occurred during a meeting of his country's Cabinet in 1978. Pakistan's production of wheat was then running at an annual rate of more than nine million tons—a billion three hundred million dollars' worth. But that year rust, a fungus that has been ravaging wheat just about since human beings started keeping records, had wiped out a million three hundred thousand tons of the vital Pakistani crop in three weeks. Food plants, which are infrequently discussed at high-level government conclaves in Pakistan, made the 1978 agenda. Dr. Khan told the Cabinet Ministers that urgent steps were needed to stop rust before it overran the nation. A military man proffered a solution: Ban the use of metal fencing near wheat fields. It took Dr. Khan half an hour, he told his confreres in Washington, to make everyone understand what kind of rust he was talking about. Then the Finance Minister, who the previous year had turned down a recommendation to spend a hundred thousand dollars on rust-resistant wheat seed, said he guessed he could come up with five million dollars to save the next year's crop. "It's only when a disaster hits that people think of money for agriculture," Dr. Khan said.

Not all national leaders are indifferent or obtuse. The late Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, of India, where about seventy-five per cent of the population devotes most of its waking hours to the sowing, cultivating, harvesting, and processing of food plants, observed at a November, 1981, conference of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization that for the price of a single intercontinental ballistic missile it would be possible to "plant two hundred million trees, irrigate one million hectares, feed fifty million malnourished children in developing countries, buy a million tons of fertilizers, erect a million small biogas plants, build sixty-five thousand health-care centers or three hundred and forty thousand primary schools." Her concept was not precisely new. Back in 1898, Sir William Crookes, the outspoken president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, had said, "We eagerly spend millions to protect our coasts and commerce; and millions more on ships, explosives, guns, and men; but we omit to take necessary precautions to supply ourselves with the very first and supremely important munition of war—food." Concerned about fertilizers, he added that "the nitrogen which with a light heart we liberate in a battleship broadside, has taken millions of minute organisms patiently working for centuries to win from the atmosphere." Nearly a year and a half after Mrs. Gandhi's own broadside, the director-general of the F.A.O., Édouard

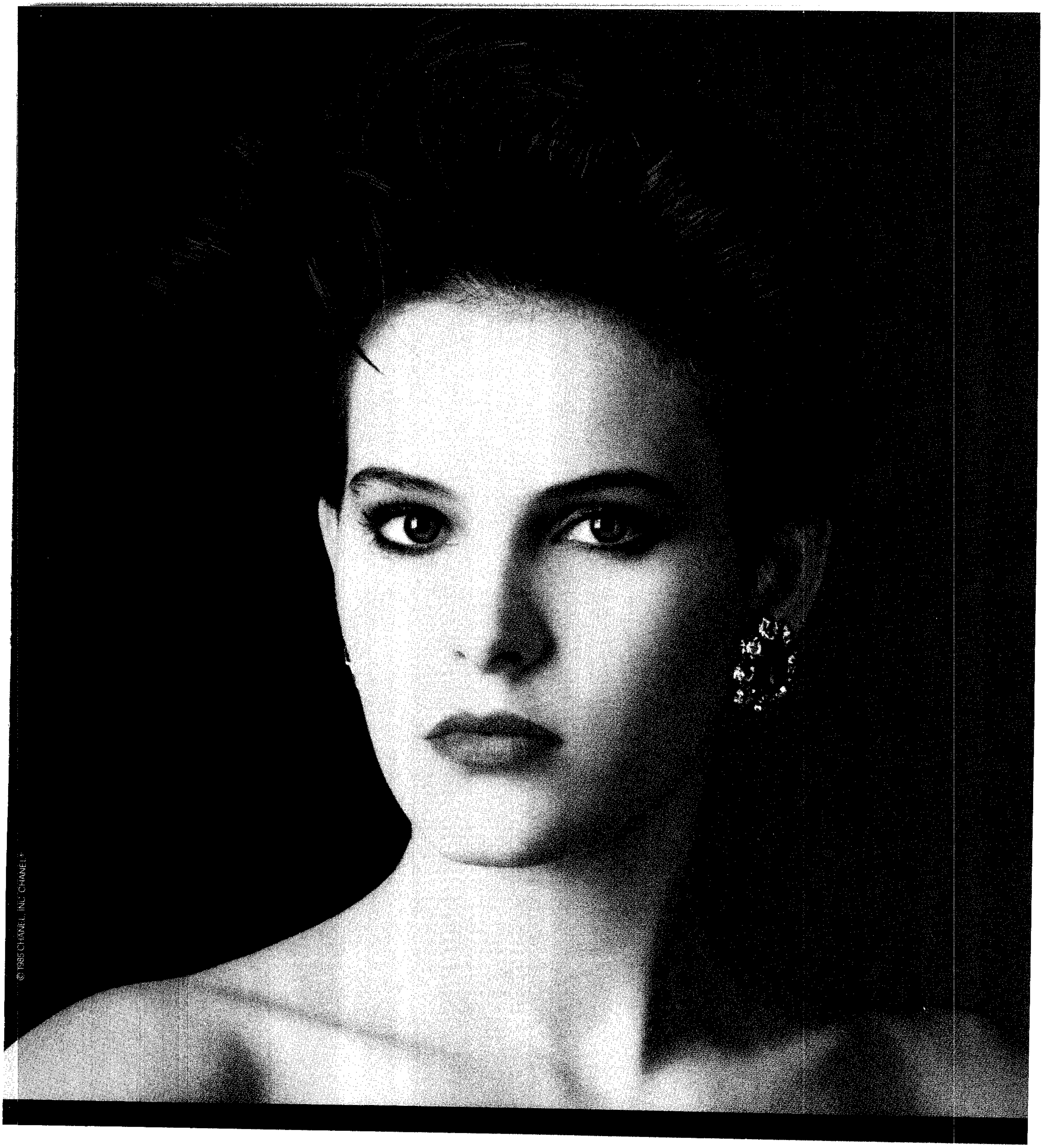

LARGE, GREAT, HUGE, CONSIDERABLE, BULKY, VOLUMINOUS, AMPLE, MASSIVE, CAPACIOUS, SPACIOUS, MIGHTY, TOWERING, MONSTROUS...

ROGET'S BRONTOSAURUS

Saouma, pointed out that the total gross national product of fifty-three countries of the world amounted to less than the cost of one nuclear aircraft carrier. The F.A.O.'s bimonthly magazine, *Ceres*, had its own variation on that theme. It put the price of a nuclear submarine at $1.7 billion. Then it translated various statistics into S.M.U.s—Submarine Units. The cost of all the rice imported by all of Asia in 1977—$1.991 billion—came to 1.17 S.M.U.s. The cost of all the wheat imported by all of Africa the same year—$1.676 billion—came to .98 S.M.U.s. The F.A.O.'s accumulated budget for thirty-four years—$1 billion—equalled .59 S.M.U.s. All the money spent by international agricultural research centers from 1960 to 1980—$629 million—came to .37 S.M.U.s, or slightly more than one-third the cost of one submarine.

Sir William Crookes had also told his association, "It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty." Not all agricultural scientists believe they can do the trick alone. Nature and farmers, who must cope with nature's capricious vagaries, will probably always be leading participants in the struggle. ("The real experts are those millions of human beings who have inherited green fingers down the centuries," a reviewer in *The Economist* stated in 1954.) Few scientists would disagree, though, that far too little has been and is being spent on agricultural research. A few years ago, the World Bank estimated that, worldwide, only five billion dollars was being allocated to that specific end—a mere three per cent of all the funds devoted to research in general. A message from President Reagan to a National Wheat Research Conference at the Department of Agriculture's Beltsville, Maryland, station in October, 1982, said, "We are dedicated to basic agricultural research;" but a sum of just nine hundred and forty million dollars was committed by the federal government in the current fiscal year to such research, and that amounted to about two-thirds of one per cent of the proceeds generated by American agriculture, and to about three per cent of the funds set aside for military research—of the President's dedication to which the conferees were doubtless already aware. (Part of the agricultural-research expenditure had a quasi-military purpose: to study the decontamination of food, water, land, and air after a nuclear war, and the possibility of breeding radioactivity-resistant plants. Ascertaining whether or not radioactivity-resistant human beings could be bred was not one of the stated goals.) Yet, however comparatively trifling the American outlay for agricultural research may be—it was enhanced, late in 1984, by the creation of a new and largely Rockefeller-funded group called the Winrock International Institute for Agricultural Development—the situation is a lot better than it was not long ago. Although land-grant colleges were authorized in 1862, the year that the Department of Agriculture was established, it was not until 1887 that they began to engage in any research; and not for another twenty-five years did the federal government do much about conveying the results of their research to farmers, who could best profit from it. Up to the twentieth century, hardly any consequential agricultural research was conducted in Asia, Africa, or Latin America. Today, the developing countries of those continents budget about three billion dollars a year among them for that purpose, and a third of the money is spent, as research money generally was in the colonial era, for the furtherance not of subsistence crops but of export crops.

THE acronym CGIAR is awkward and unpronounceable, but that may be of little importance, because it is rarely used in headlines. If it were, it would probably be taken for a typographical error, or perhaps the initials of an anti-tobacco lobby. Yet to the relatively few people who worry day in and out about how most of the other people on earth are ever going to have enough to eat, CGIAR is an institution of no mean significance, and so are its scarcely more identifiable affiliates: IRRI, CIMMYT, CIAT, IITA, CIP, ICRISAT, ILRAD, ILCA, ICARDA, IFPRI, WARDA, IBPGR, and ISNAR. CGIAR stands for Consultative Group on International Agricultural Research. The group was formed in 1971, largely at the instigation of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Ford Foundation, the World Bank, and the United Nations Development Program. From its headquarters in Washington, its



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MAQUILLAGE

CHANEL

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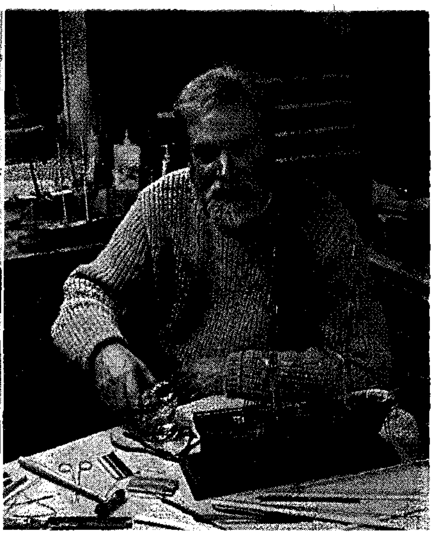
Rum on the Rocks. The New American Classic.

All across America more and more people are making Puerto Rican white rum a classic drink because it's smoother than vodka or gin.

Making tracks across the lovely Vermont landscape, Tex and Kimet Laidlaw know they have the reward of a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks awaiting them at the end of their cross-country trek.



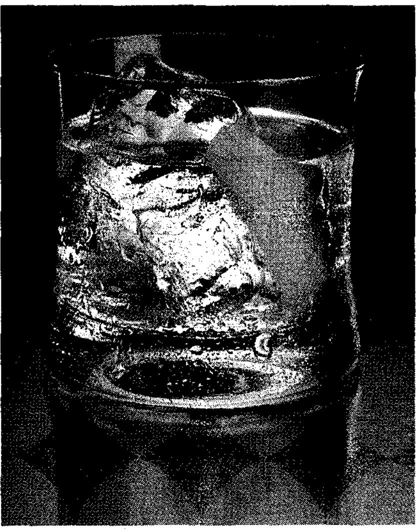
New York's Jack Putnam is a perfectionist, whether it be rigging for his model or his drink, white rum.

At home in San Juan, President of Condado Travel, José Targas and wife Carmen. Their drink: white rum.

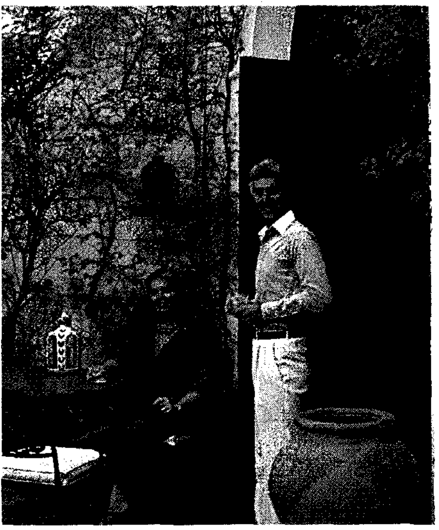
At their beautiful Ponderosa Ranch home at Incline Village on Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Joyce and William Anderson enjoy a warm fire with Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks.

There's nothing like white rum to cap off the last run at Squaw Valley, according to ski instructor Tim Reeve and wife Linda.

Judith and Jimmy Dilday, at the home of friends Karen and Eddie Williams in Braintree, MA, debate the outcome of Sunday football while they agree on their choice of drink, white rum on the rocks.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin just can't match. Because it's aged one full year–by law.



Having winter the warm, sunny, white rum way in San Juan are attorney Alvaro Cifuentes and wife Jeannie.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.

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"No, this is Dr. Doom. Dr. Gloom is to your left down the hall."

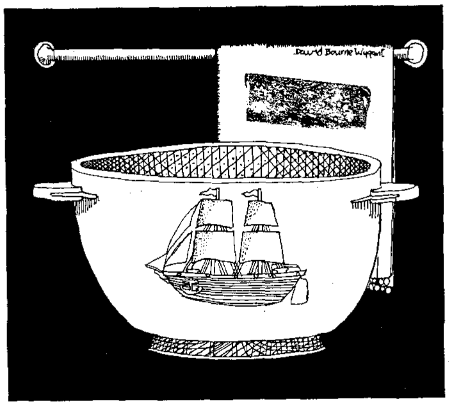
• •

secretariat, of just nine people, coördinates and supports the activities—most of these aimed squarely at enhancing the production and quality of food in the Third World—of the International Rice Research Institute (in the Philippines), the International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center (in Mexico, with a Spanish acronym), the International Center for Tropical Agriculture (in Colombia; another Spanish acronym), the International Institute of Tropical Agriculture (in Nigeria), the International Potato Center (in Peru; another Spanish acronym), the International Crops Research Institute for the Semi-Arid Tropics (in India), the International Laboratory for Research on Animal Diseases (in Kenya), the International Livestock Center for Africa (in Ethiopia), the International Center for Agricultural Research in the Dry Areas (in Lebanon and Syria), the International Food Policy Research Institute (in the United States), the West Africa Rice Development Association (in Liberia), the International Board for Plant Genetic Resources (in Italy), and the International Service for National Agricultural Research (in the Netherlands). CGIAR's budget of about a hundred and eighty million dollars a year—a quarter of it from the United States government—is contributed almost entirely by a few industrial nations and an even smaller number of foundations. The Soviet Union and its allies, though they have sent trainees to CGIAR's centers and have availed themselves of their considerable outflow of technical literature and assiduously bred germ plasm, have never yet chipped in. "We've sent the Russians a couple of solicitation letters," one high CGIAR official said not long ago, "but they haven't answered." Some Communists appear to regard the scattered organizations under CGIAR's umbrella as part of a capitalist conspiracy to take over the Third World, when in fact it is expressly to the woes of Third World countries that the centers have been chiefly addressing themselves since their inception. Norman Borlaug, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1970 for his work on wheat at CIMMYT, the International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center, once remarked, "A big difference between the international centers and research laboratories in the United States is that—with the usual exceptions—the latter operate essentially for the profit of a few and the former for the survival of the many." It is hard to calculate such matters precisely, but knowledgeable folk in the food world have maintained that the efforts of the centers have increased the global production of grains by thirty million tons a year—enough to sustain three hundred million people. Much of this increment can be attributed to the high-yielding strains of wheat and rice developed in the nineteen-sixties at two centers that were subsequently embraced by CGIAR—CIMMYT, in Mexico, and IRRI, the International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines. Together, their breakthroughs in plant breeding constituted the so-called Green Revolution. According to the Indian plant scientist Monkombu Sambasivan Swaminathan—who, to be sure, is not exactly a dispassionate observer of this particular scene, for since 1982 he has been the director of IRRI—"CGIAR is the most meaningful affirming flame shining in our spaceship world today."

YOU earn your bread (wheat bread, mainly), and if you're lucky you become a breadwinner—never a sorghum- or millet- or potato- or cassava-winner, let alone a rice-winner. Asians familiar with the English language must find these expressions amusing, for today far more people are utterly dependent on rice than on any other food plant, and, unless unforeseeable changes occur in the breeding patterns of both plants and human beings, that situation is likely to continue. In a booklet put out by the F.A.O. under the title "Rice: Grain of Life," rice is acclaimed as "the most important single foodstuff today." Rice—*Oryza sativa*—is the staff of life for, according to that same F.A.O. publication, "approximately half of the human race." There are over a billion men and women who do very little throughout their lives except try to grow enough of it to keep on living. Among cereals, rice is doubly unique: it is the only one that is cooked and eaten as a whole, polished grain, and it is the only one that grows in standing water. The oxygen that its submerged roots need in order to thrive is drawn from the air by its upthrust leaves and passed downward. Rice can grow in an area from fifty-three degrees north of the equator to forty degrees south of it—in Malaysian swamps, in the foothills of Kashmir, in floodwaters ten feet deep in parts of Bangladesh, Burma, eastern India, Thailand, and Vietnam. By one reckoning, there are only seven countries on earth with more than a hundred million inhabitants, and in five of these—China, India, Indonesia, Japan, and Bangladesh—rice is indispensable. (In the two others—the United States and the Soviet Union—some rice is grown, but it does not reign.) Their residents get seventy to eighty per cent of all their calories from rice. A quarter of the entire caloric intake of the human race is furnished by rice—that works out to six hundred and fifty-six calories a day for everyone on earth. (Wheat, although it occupies more land than rice does, is, at six hundred and sixteen calories, only the runner-up.) In Asia, where more than ninety per cent of all rice is grown, across a swath that stretches from Japan westward to Iran and south to Indonesia, three hundred and twenty million acres are given over to this one lush green crop. The cultivation of rice—the planting, the transplanting, the weeding, the harvesting, the threshing—is still done largely by hand, perhaps with the help of a water buffalo. It takes from three hundred and sixty-five to more than eight hundred man-hours or woman-hours in many Asian countries to bring a single acre to fruition. (In the United States, where most farmers have machinery and some rice is sown by airplane, it takes seven hours.) The plant physiologist Edwin Bingham Copeland asserted in his book "Rice," published in 1924, that rice growers, because they are tied down to their paddies—"paddy" can mean either a rice plot or unhusked rice—are uncommonly non-aggressive. "No other human activity has held men fixed, and made them peaceful and conservative as rice culture has done," Copeland wrote. "Industrial development may enable a people to levy on the produce of other lands, and develop a denser population than any agriculture will support, but there is no warrant in history for the expectation that any other means of livelihood will lead to the evolution of a human cultural system as permanent as that associated with the culture of paddy rice has proved to be."

In some languages, "rice" is synonymous with "food." The father of the Buddha was a prince named Suddhodana, which means "pure rice." Japan has been called Mizumono Kuni—"the Land of Luxurious Rice Crops." Many of the names for *Oryza sativa* today (*sativa* is the Latin for "sown")—the Italian *riso*, the German *reis*, the Spanish *arroz*, and, of course, "rice"—stem from the Greek *oriza*, which means "of Oriental origin." Rice is not exceptionally nutritious, being eighty per cent starch, twelve per cent water, and only seven or eight per cent protein, along with traces of fibre, fat, mineral ash, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. These last three, moreover, which are B-stripe vitamins, diminish when rice is milled; that is, when the bran enveloping the grain is removed. Unmilled brown rice is, accordingly, more nutritious than milled white but is harder to preserve; the oil in the bran causes the rice to spoil if it is kept around too long. (To comply with state requirements, millers in the United States add some vitamins to most of the rice they have just finished devitaminizing.) In the Philippines, rice growers can often get their produce milled free of charge, because animal-feed distributors are happy to pay the millers for the discarded bran. However cogent the arguments may be for leaving rice alone in its nourishingly brown state (the Japanese outlawed debranning during the Second World War, as one way of obviating a crucial shortage of all food), they have had minimal impact, for the simple reason that the majority of rice eaters prefer their rice to be white, and if it must be dusted with talcum powder to embellish its whiteness, so be it.

One malign result of the low thiamine content of white rice is that people for whom it is the staple food are susceptible to beriberi. (Their chances of succumbing to it are somewhat reduced if their rice is parboiled before it gets to the milling stage.) On the other hand, rice is admirably nonallergenic. Sufferers from sprue, a condition induced by wheat, turn up at dinner parties carrying packets of rice cakes as a substitute for bread. Japanese physicians have prescribed rice vinegar for arteriosclerosis, fatigue, and hot tempers, and, most often, for limbering up the muscles of performers in circus troupes. Bygone Chinese, for their part, treated wounds with rice-stalk ash, and hemorrhoids with rice cakes fried in camel fat. Therapeutic as some practitioners have contended rice and its by-products to be, it would be foolish to think that anything so popular has not also had its detractors. The ooze through which rice growers must frequently slog has inspired a fair amount of criticism. "It is this system, especially," a doctor in Mexico reported in the eighteen-nineties, "that is meant when competent authorities denounce the cultivation of rice as homicidal, declare its history to be one of blood, and contend that every sixteen hectolitres of rice are bought at the price of one man's life." An American physician added, "It has even been suggested that the origin of leprosy might be in the malarious mud through which the rice laborers are continually wading." "Malaria" means "bad air." Because it was believed in mid-nineteenth-century Spain that there was some affinity between rice and that disease, a royal edict was promulgated in 1860 to the effect that the plant could be grown solely in treeless swamps, where air could freely circulate, and, in any event, not within fifteen hundred metres of residential areas, and, still further, not without a permit. In the light of all that, medical researchers began to study the relationship of rice growing to all fevers. The doctors were mildly surprised—Edwin Bingham Copeland was exultant—to discover that in areas where rice was rife the rate of death from fevers was consistently lower. Between 1905 and 1909, for instance, average annual fatalities from malaria throughout Italy came to fourteen per hundred thousand people, but in the Italian rice-growing provinces of Novara and Pavia the rate was only two and four-tenths per hundred thousand. The inference was that mosquitoes dislike breeding in rice water; in a later experiment, mosquito larvae were scattered across some rice fields in California, and most of them died without maturing. Nonetheless, rizoculture has been, and continues to



THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL PRESENTS

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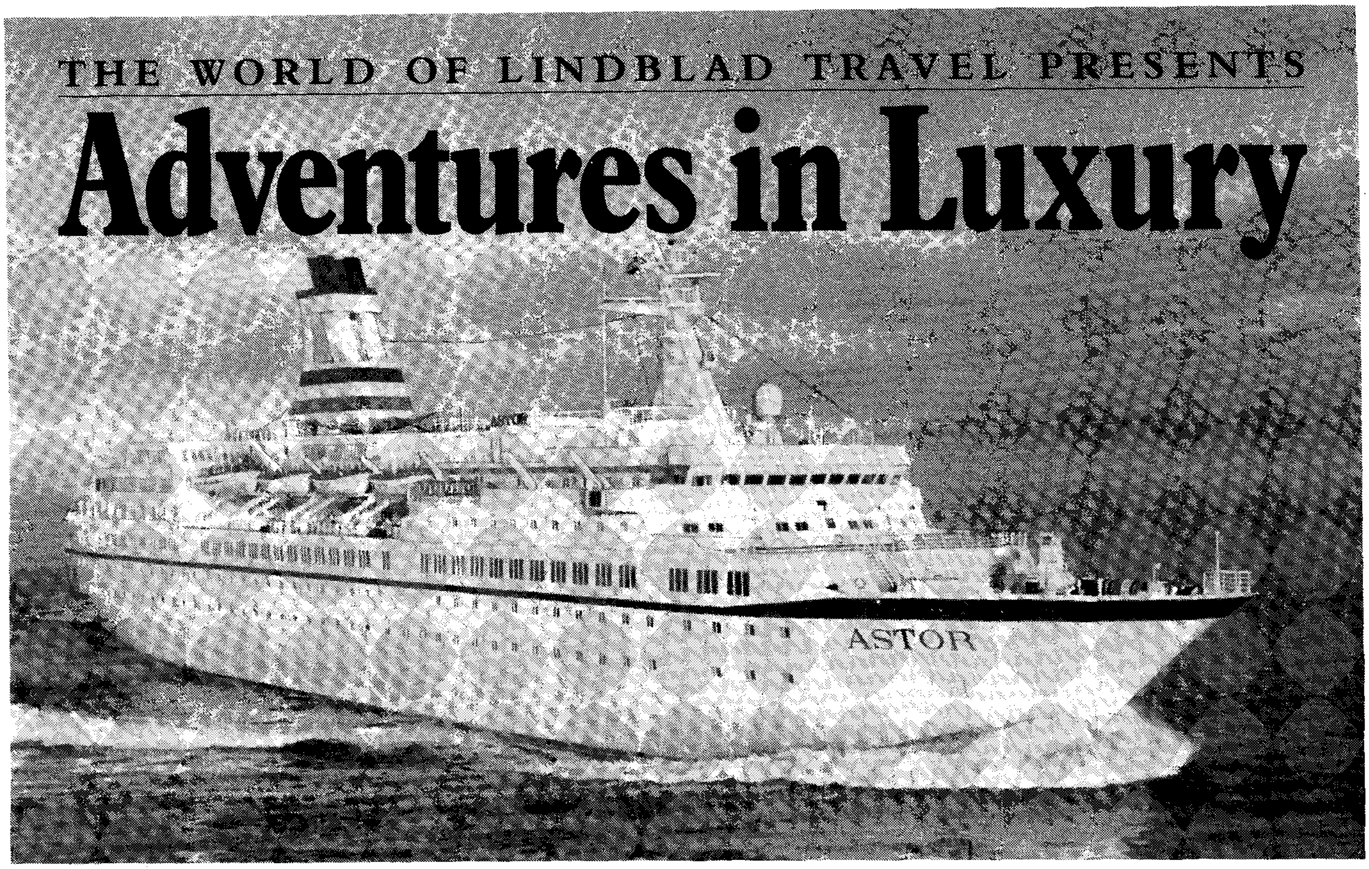

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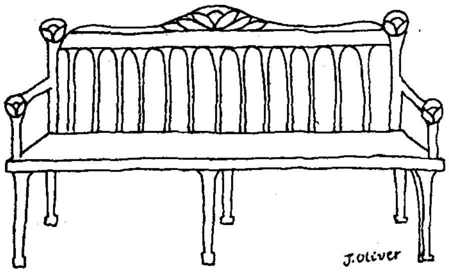
be, blamed every now and then, usually by non-scientists, for neuralgia and pneumonia (getting one's feet wet is rarely conducive to good health), for diseases of the spleen and the liver, and for purple blemishes on the skin. A rice grower in Georgia, when the American South was still the Old South, once asserted that "negroes . . . are constitutionally less liable to fevers than whites," and an American physician took up the suggestion and urged the Japanese to import some hands from Georgia and the Carolinas to work in their fields. The Japanese, perhaps because their skin was neither black nor white, were unimpressed. Some of their forebears, though, believed that rice—rice wine, anyway—was an effective, and perhaps the only, palliative for drought. It was the practice in the Aomori prefecture at arid times to send a forceful message to the errant gods of rain by plying the chief priest with *sake* and throwing him into a pond. Each time he came up, he would be given another dose and tossed back in. When he failed to surface, that was evidence that the gods were listening. Eventually, he would be fished out—sometimes, if he was lucky, still breathing.

Rice itself comes in several colors. There are black rices—actually, like black tulips, they are purple—which are much fancied in Burma for the concoction of both beer and spirits. There are red rices, which are comparatively high in protein and are quite popular in the Malagasy Republic, in Iran, and in northern Ghana, though elsewhere their robust hue has made people shy away from them. (A Southeast Asian legend about the origin of *Oryza sativa* has it that there always was a rice plant but that its ears were bare of grain. Along came the goddess Kuan Yin, who squeezed her breasts over some worthless plants. Her milk spilled into the ears, and that created white rice. But she squeezed so hard that some blood came out, too; that accounted for red rice.) Tastes in rice vary widely. Part of its starch content is amylose. High-amylose rice when cooked is drier and fluffier, and low-amylose rice stickier. High-amylose is favored in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Malaysia, southern China, Thailand, most of Latin America, and Sri Lanka. (In Sri Lanka, astrology is taken very seriously, and some women would not dream of planting rice until their neighborhood seer has told them what clothes they should wear to do so.) Indonesia and the Philippines are partial to medium-amylose. Japan and northern China fancy low-amylose. Despite the fact that so much rice has long been grown in Japan, Japanese emperors of yore were usually served rice imported from Taiwan, which was held to be peerless in causing imperial taste buds to flower. Chinese emperors often had rice shipped in from the environs of Hong Kong, even though by the time it reached Peking it was apt to be a trifle moldy; therefore, Pekingese considered it prudent to express unstinted admiration for moldy rice. (Confucius was not fussy. "With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow," he wrote, "I have still joy in the midst of these things.") Latter-day inveterate Chinese rice eaters have been so forlorn when rice of any degree of freshness was unavailable and they were obliged to eat sweet potatoes that they have first chopped the sweet potatoes up into rice-size bits. Wealthy Vietnamese and East Pakistanis are partial to rice that is, or is perceived to be, perfumed. In parts of India, aroma is so highly esteemed that, where there is enough rice that some can be set aside, selected grains are sealed in jars for five years before they're consumed, and by that time their redolence is awesome. Most Filipinos, like most Arabs, prefer longer-grained rice. Filipino farm families often cook in the morning all the rice they intend to eat on any given day, and so it is imperative for them to have rice that, when it cools, won't turn unacceptably sticky. Some Asians are so finicky about rice that, for example, the Filipino troops who served in Korea during the war there insisted that they couldn't function properly on Korean or Japanese rice; when familiar rice was shipped to them from home, they were content. To the Ibaloi, a Filipino tribe, "Rice is the cultural focus . . . the nub of a man's life," according to an American anthropologist who spent some time with them in the nineteen-sixties, and its cultivation is "what he does the most, thinks about the most, and talks about the most." When that visitor gave one Ibaloi six-year-old a pencil and a piece of paper, she drew an insect larva that, she later told the anthropologist, represented the stem borer, a destroyer of the rice plant. In the early nineteen-fifties, another anthropologist made an exhaustive study of the agricultural practices of the Hanunóo people, who live on the Philippine island of Mindoro. "Rice is the crop of greatest concern to all," he wrote. "It is the most highly valued real food. In most ritual offerings, curing rites, and for major feasts it is an essential for which there is no substitute. The success or failure of one's agricultural activities is gauged almost entirely in terms of harvested rice."



FOR many years, one of the most popular undergraduate courses at Harvard—taught jointly by the Japanological diplomat Edwin O. Reischauer and the Sinological prosopographer John K. Fairbank—was called, formally, the History of East Asian Civilization. Its informal designation was Rice Paddies. In a 1962 article, an eminent Sri Lankan analyst of paddy soils, Felix N. Ponnamperuma, pondered the interrelationship of rice and Asians, and concluded, flatly, "Rice rules their lives." Rice, looming large in the spiritual as well as the temporal lives of most Asians, has often dictated not merely their diet but also their social and economic status. In Japan, where *Oryza sativa* is sometimes called "the fundament of life," the belief prevailed, in the time before McDonald's French fries stormed ashore, that anyone who didn't eat rice at least once a day was outside the pale, and was not even assured of waking up the following morning. A generation ago, Japanese housewives did not think in terms of breakfast, lunch, and dinner; the three meals they served were *asa gohan* ("morning rice"), *hiru gohan* ("afternoon rice"), and *ban gohan* ("evening rice"). The table manners they sought to inculcate in their children had to do primarily with the rights and wrongs of handling chopsticks. And no wonder: the sacredness of rice was secondary only to that of the Emperor, and he, the youngsters were reminded, was the direct descendant of the Rice Prince, who was the grandson of Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess.

In Indonesia, some paddy fields were themselves considered sacred, and were not to be defiled with fertil-

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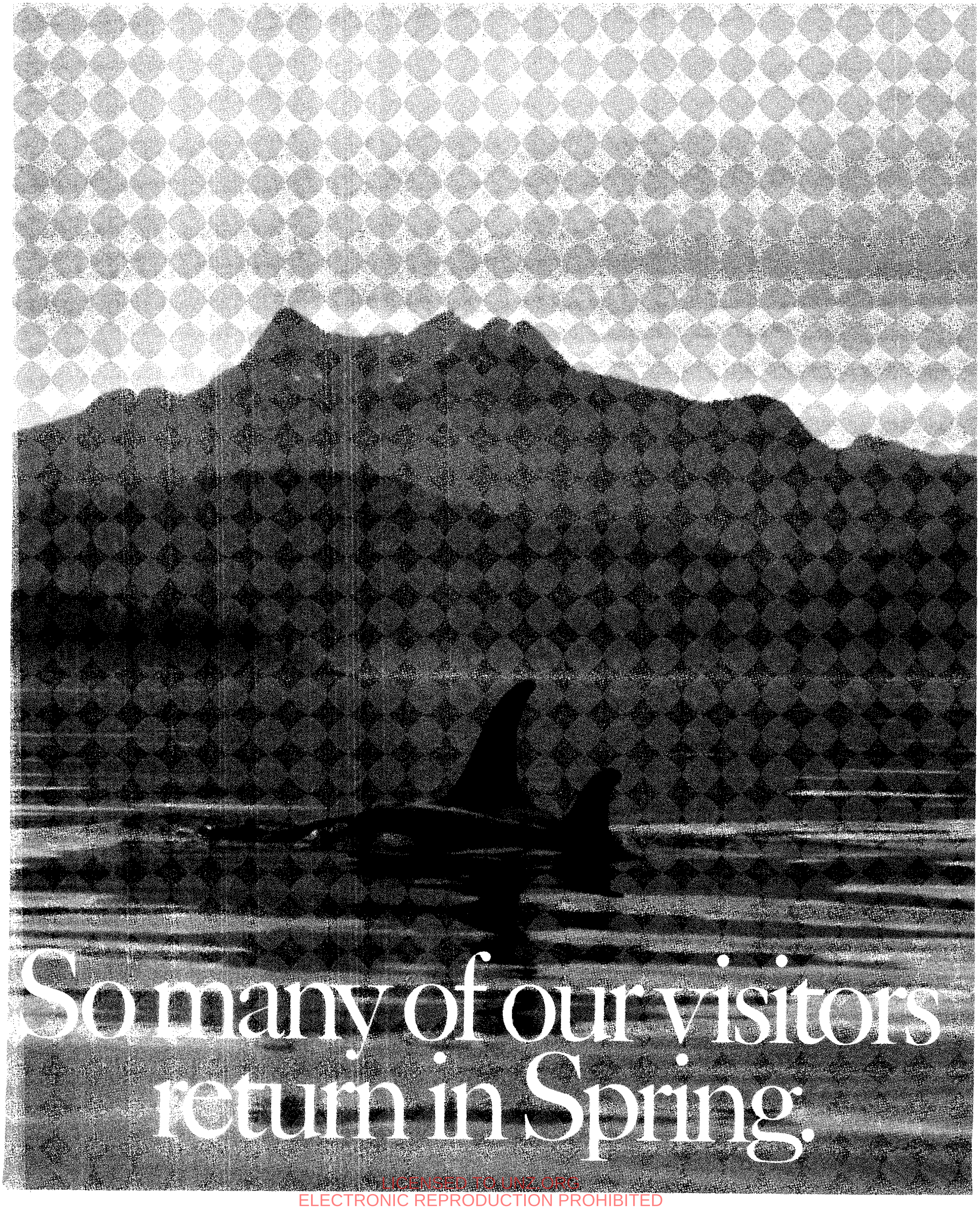

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izer, organic or inorganic. No Javanese girl was deemed fit for marriage until she knew how to cook a perfect bowl of rice. Sumatrans working on rubber plantations insisted on being paid for their efforts in rice rather than in cash; their employers, accordingly, had to allocate part of their acreage to the cultivation of wages. Women who transplanted rice on the nearby Malay Peninsula were expected to use their left hands only, meanwhile making sure that their tongues clung to the roofs of their mouths. At harvest time, they stripped to the waist; the less bulk they exhibited, it was reasoned, the thinner, and thus the easier to thresh, the ripe rice plants would be. Men had their standardized rituals, too. At planting time, they would engage in mock battles, flailing away at one another with three-foot rods and thereby putting to rout any evil spirits that might be hanging around. In Thailand, where rice was well known to be the gift of the perennially fruitful womb of the goddess Mae Phosop, the fields reverberated with a prayer to her: "O Rice Goddess, come up into the rice bin. Do not go astray in the meadows and fields, for mice to bite you and birds to take you in their beaks. Go to the happy place to rear your children and grandchildren in prosperity. Come!" The incantations were usually uttered by Thai women. They did not want their men to get too close to Mae Phosop. They were afraid the men would become infatuated and try to run away with her.

In Hong Kong, social workers used to determine whether or not families that had applied for welfare were eligible not by checking their garages for automobiles or their living rooms for TV sets but by evaluating the quality of the rice in their bins. In mainland China, to have a secure job is "to have an iron rice bowl;" conversely, to be unemployed is "to have broken the rice bowl." Chinese who elected to be baptized by foreign missionaries in the hope of obtaining a better education and a better job were called "rice Christians." To knock over someone's rice bowl with malice aforethought was an affront tantamount to slapping his face. A polite way of saying hello was "Have you eaten your rice today?" Japanese emperors ceremonially tended their rice plots behind the walls of their palaces (Hirohito continues to do so past eighty). And, of course, rice, the perpetual symbol of fecundity (was it not conceived, according to

Balinese legend, when Mother Earth was ravished by the God of the Underworld?), has been a feature of imperial and commoner weddings worldwide, although not in every instance thrown at the bride. Greeks sometimes put rice in the bride's shoe.

Today, Asians and others respectful of rice take a more prosaic view of it and its powers. But still they do not take chances. The library of the International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines, contains several thousand highly technical books and papers on rizoculture, and also a statue of a rice god worshipped by the Ifugao, a people living on the northern part of the island of Luzon, whose terraced rice plots, at altitudes as high as five thousand feet, have been tended in pretty much the same fashion, without the help of animals or machinery, for at least three or four centuries. To insure the success of the Osaka World's Fair of 1970, priests flew over the site in helicopters three years before the gates were opened, and sprinkled it with holy rice. In the spring of 1981, dedication ceremonies were held in New York City for a new home for the Asia Society. A feature of the program was the pelting of the audience with colored rice by a Balinese dancer—part of a ritual that was supposed to thwart any evil spirits who might have infiltrated the premises. Some villagers greeted Israeli tanks lumbering into southern Lebanon in June, 1982, with showers of flowers and also of rice.

ONE old-time Japanese myth had it that the first human being to lay eyes on rice was a priest—theretofore ill fed on roots—who was led to it by a leashed mouse. Botanists are not quite certain how rice originated—probably from some wild grass—but the oldest remains of cultivated rice, dating from about 5000 B.C., have been found in eastern China and northern India. As people migrated, so did the rice plant—from India, for example, to the Middle East and North Africa. The Japanese were introduced to rice much later—perhaps not before 200 B.C. The Greeks got it from Persians, the Egyptians and the Spanish from Arabs, who thought that they and the rest of the world had got it initially from the sweat of Muhammad's brow. Just how rice reached Guam is uncertain, but it was one of the gifts offered to Magellan when he stopped by, in 1521. There is an old saying that goes, "The history of the introduction of Asian food crops into

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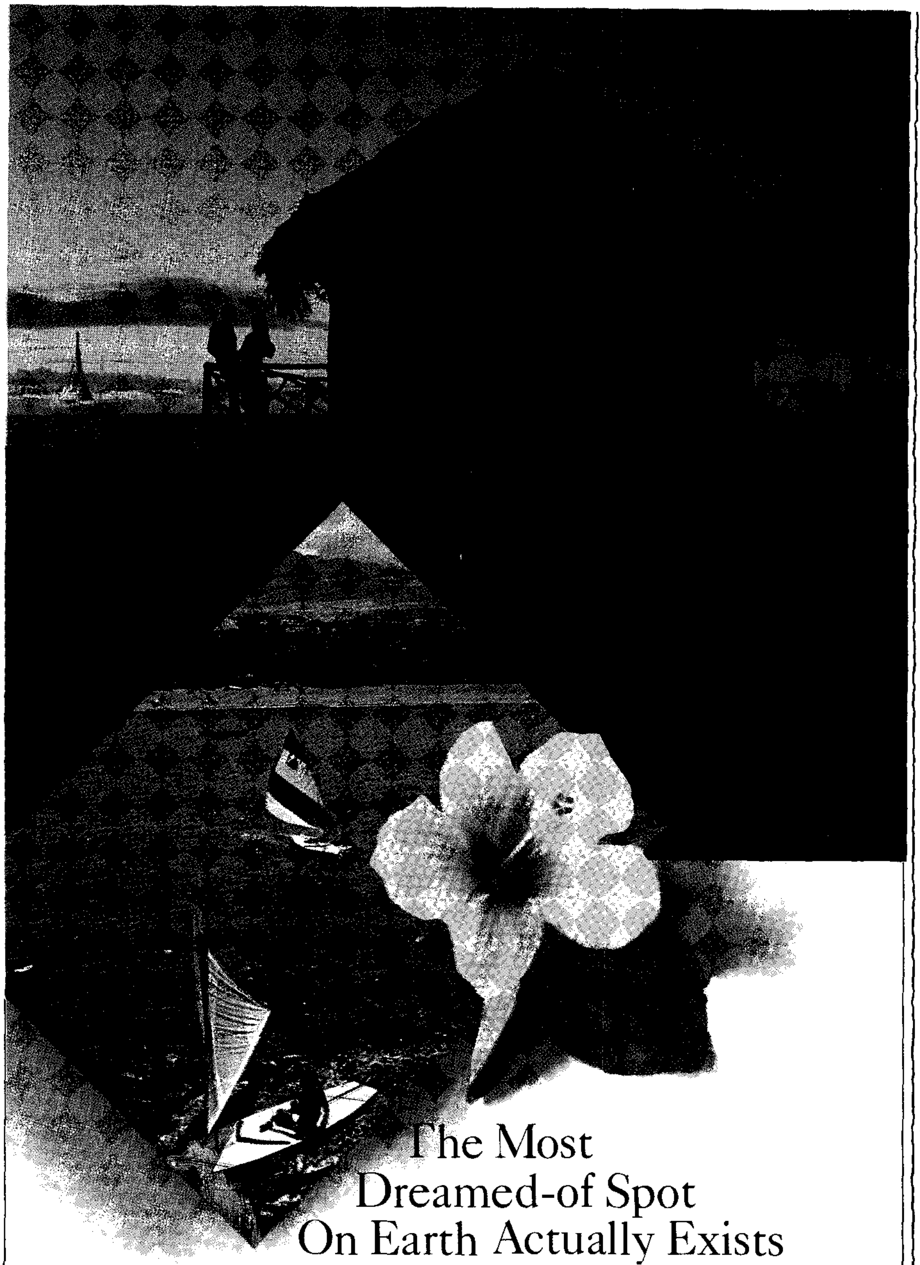
Africa is written on the wind, but the wind cannot read." Historians know that the Portuguese took *Oryza sativa* to West Africa—where rice is so vital to the Kissi tribesmen of Guinea, Liberia, and Sierra Leone that they are sometimes called the People of Rice—early in the sixteenth century; but for thousands of years before that the continent had had its own indigenous rice, *Oryza glaberrima*, which was cultivated in the Niger basin around 1500 B.C.

In the scholarly view of the plant historian E. Lewis Sturtevant, rice was introduced into colonial America in 1647, when Sir William Berkeley, the governor of Virginia, introduced it there. It did not make much of a splash. Nearly half a century later, a Dutch ship out of Madagascar ran into trouble in a storm and anchored off Charleston, South Carolina. The South Carolina governor, Thomas Smith, had been in Madagascar some time earlier, had fond recollections of the rice he'd eaten there, and asked the ship's captain if he happened to have any rice on board. The governor was given a sack, and he planted the contents in his garden. Rice grew so splendidly in the American Southeast that around 1850 the East India Company sent an emissary to Savannah to pick up some tips on growing the crop. That quest prompted the author of a report to a South Carolina farmers' society to exult, "Here, then, was an embassage from the banks of the Ganges, a spot where rice has been cultivated probably for twenty centuries, to inquire into the method of cultivation and preparation, of a people amongst whom the grain had no existence one hundred and sixty years ago." Sturtevant thought that the inquiry was eminently sensible. "The finest rice in the world," he wrote in his "Notes on Edible Plants," published in 1919, "is that raised in North and South Carolina."

Until 1861, the Carolinas produced three-quarters of all the rice grown in the United States. After the Civil War, they faltered, and Louisiana rice, sown on abandoned sugar plantations along the Mississippi floodplain, became dominant. Farmers from the Midwest, attracted by the warm climate and plentiful irrigation, drifted down and turned from wheat or corn to rice. Crowley, Louisiana, in the heart of the rice district, became known as "the new Iowa." A man who had much to do with the ensuing proliferation of rice was Seaman A.



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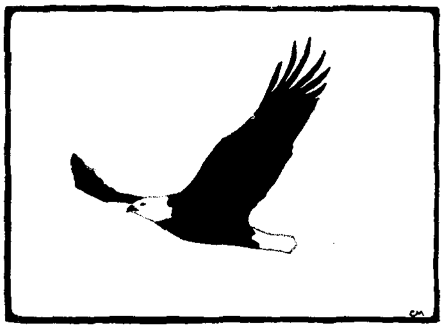
Knapp (1833-1911), who was born in New York but moved to the old Iowa in his thirties and went into farming—corn and hogs. Then he became a professor of agriculture at Iowa State College and, in time, its president. He was also an explorer for the Division of Botany of the Department of Agriculture. Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, a native of Scotland who had settled in Iowa in 1855, twice sent Knapp to Asia, in 1899 and 1901, to gather plants, and he brought back new rice varieties from Japan and the Philippines. With almost evangelistic fervor, he gave demonstrations throughout southwestern Louisiana and eastern Texas of how best to grow rice. (Knapp must have been an uncommonly modest man: in a bulletin on "Rice Culture" that he wrote for the department in 1910, the year before he died, he alluded to the improvement of Louisiana rice because of the Japanese varieties that had come there, but nowhere did he mention that it was he who had brought them.) Crowley began to call itself "the Rice Capital of America;" its principal hotel was the Rice. Early in the twentieth century, rice production surged in Texas and Arkansas. Texas had had just a hundred and seventy-five acres in rice in 1892; by 1909, it had two hundred and thirty-eight thousand acres. In 1927, a Rice Branch Experiment Station of the University of Arkansas was established near Stuttgart, and even today Stuttgart proclaims itself "the Rice and Duck Capital of the World"—which, considering that there are only eleven thousand rice farms in the United States, comprising fewer than three million acres and producing less than two per cent of the global crop, might seem to be a slight exaggeration. Rice had moved along to California in 1909, and seventy years later it occupied more than half a million acres of that hospitable state and had added more than three hundred million dollars to California's annual agricultural income. (In the South and the Southeast, most of the rice grown was long-grained—the preferred form. California rice was short-grained and medium-grained—stickier, better adapted to Japanese tastes and to soups and breakfast cereals.) Still farther to the west, in Hawaii, rice had been on the scene since 1857, when the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society imported some seeds from China, and King Kamehameha IV offered land to grow it on to any of his subjects who were interested. Just about the only people who eventually began planting the crop were some Chinese laborers; they had been imported, beginning in 1852, on five-year contracts, to work on sugarcane plantations. When they had fulfilled their obligations, they gladly took up rice farming. Every spring, the descendants of those Hawaiian rice pioneers solemnly decorated the ancestral graves with bowls of rice and other foods, which, not wishing to be wasteful, they proceeded to eat. To most Chinese, wherever they are, the gourmet food that Americans call wild rice is virtually unknown, and for good reason: it is not a true rice at all but an unrelated grass, *Zizania aquatica*. Most of the wild rice grown nowadays—six million pounds or so a year—comes from Minnesota, California, and Canada, and over the years much of it has been grown by American Indians. In the old Dakotas, wild rice was featured on the menu of a rather exclusive feast: you had to have killed an enemy to be invited.

Most of the people for whom rice is *the* food inhabit subtropical or tropical regions, but that is not necessarily where rice grows best. It needs sunlight as well as rain to thrive, and partly for that reason the yields of rice in temperate zones like the American South have regularly been far higher than those in places where typhoons abound. While the rice plant is esteemed primarily for its edible grains, quite a few uses have been found, over the years, for its inedible parts. (Also for the edible: Steve Carlton, the Philadelphia Phillies' star pitcher, works out in a pit of white rice.) Rice husks have served as an aggregate in concrete and as an ingredient of anhydrous alcohol. Koreans thatch their roofs with rice straw, and India has lately been looking into the substitution of rice straw for jute in the manufacture of potato sacks. In Louisiana, the straw is converted into corrugated-fibre boxes. Among the artifacts made by the Peking Handicraft & Art Factory for sale to tourists and for export are miniature dolls (Santa Clauses among them) fashioned out of rice-flour paste. In Thailand, rice husks end up as logs—twelve hundred tons of them a year compressed from a mountain of three and a half million tons of residue. The Japanese and the Taiwanese sometimes use broken rice for animal feed.



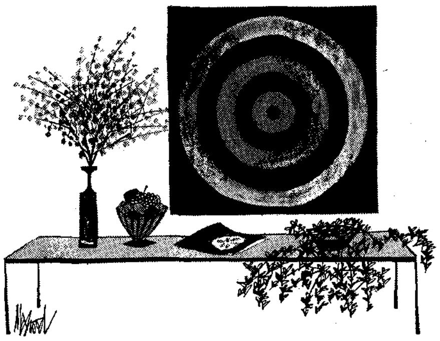
IN the spring of 1952, Sri Lanka had rubber to export and needed to import rice. The People's Republic of China had some rice to spare and needed rubber. The two countries made a deal: over the next five years, they would swap fifty thousand tons of rubber for two hundred and seventy thousand tons of rice—a bargain for Sri Lanka, since the Chinese paid well above the prevailing price for the rubber. The agreement marked China's reëntry into commerce with the non-Communist world. In subsequent years, Iranian oil has been bartered for Thai rice. Compared with wheat, corn, and soybeans, however, rice has never been much of a factor in international trade. Over the last five years, the United States' milled-rice crop has averaged five million tons per year, half of which, on average, has been exported. (Iran used to be a good customer.) Thailand, over the same period, has exported an average of close to four million tons annually. The two nations together account for nearly half the world's rice in foreign trade; thirteen and a half million tons of milled rice have, on average, changed hands each year over the past five years—a mere drop in the annual worldwide-milled-rice-production bucket of three hundred million tons, or a hundred and twenty-seven pounds for everyone on earth. Americans consume almost fourteen pounds of rice apiece a year. Vietnamese, if they could get that much, would gladly eat six hundred. Not only is ninety-seven per cent of all rice consumed within the borders of the country where it is harvested but more often than not the rice is consumed within two miles of its production site. In much of the Far East, transportation facilities are so limited that rice growers can't get their grain to regional mills, and have to mill it themselves. Stone slabs are emplaced along some rural Indonesian roads for the express purpose of enabling the local people to pound rice. Communist China, similarly, maintains communal granaries in isolated areas—some of the granaries being round stone watchtowers that landlords erected in ideologically different days so they could keep an eye on their toiling peasants.

Robert F. Chandler, Jr., the first director of the International Rice Research Institute, wrote in "Rice in the Tropics," a book published in 1979, "So dependent upon rice are the Asian countries that throughout history a failure of that crop has caused widespread famine and death." Modest though the international rice trade may be, rice is of such immense importance to Asians that in countries that are not self-sufficient in it any alteration of their access to it can have disastrous consequences. India—thanks in large measure to research at IRRI—now grows just about all the rice it requires. Before the Second World War, though, its eastern provinces relied heavily for rice on Burma, a country that then supplied a third of all the rice exported. In 1943, when the Japanese cut off the flow of rice from Burma to Bengal, from one to three million Bengalis starved to death. Today, India and China have, between them, almost half the population of the globe. They produce more than half the rice, and their dependence on it is such that they consume more than ninety-nine per cent of what they grow.

IN 1949, the government of Japan established a Commission for Rice Competition. The newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* explained, "The most vital problem for the reconstruction of post-war Japan is that of food. And that is, in short, none other than that of increasing her rice crop." That year, thirty-five hundred Japanese farmers vied to see who could coax the most rice from their fields, and by 1953 thirty thousand of them had entered eight regional contests. The winners got to meet the Emperor, became instant celebrities, and thus were hard-pressed to find enough time to grow any more rice. The Japanese had nearly doubled their rice yields between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries, but in much of Asia rice yields had not appreciably increased in hundreds of years, while, as the nineteen-sixties approached, the population was increasing by more than half a million a week. There was not much more arable land available to take care of the looming needs. The alternative was to find ways of making existing rice fields more productive and their rice more nourishing.

Among the global thinkers who addressed themselves to this problem was the biologist and plant pathologist J. George Harrar, who had launched the Rockefeller Foundation program in agricultural research. (Harrar, who died in 1982, at seventy-five, was the foundation's president from 1961 to 1971.) He had organized a wheat-breeding program in Mexico in the nineteen-forties (there was also an important potato program) that, twenty years later, bequeathed to the bread eaters of the world a dazzling array of high-yielding varieties of *their* staple grain. Then, in 1958, Harrar began brooding about rice. "We had learned enough in Mexico to be able to mount a full-scale attack on a basic human problem," he recalled a few years afterward. "Even so, I suspected"—the play on words was doubtless unintentional—"that rice was a little large for us to swallow alone." The Rockefeller Foundation had never collaborated on any major venture with the Ford Foundation, and Harrar thought that it was time it did. On October 8, 1958, he composed a memorandum for Dean Rusk, then the president of the Rockefeller Foundation, to pass along to Forrest F. Hill, an agricultural economist and vice-president for overseas development at the Ford Foundation. Harrar wrote, in part:

> Rice is the single most important food crop grown today. It dominates agricultural production in essentially every area of the world which is well adapted to its production and has been extended to and beyond its optimum ecological limits. Most of the world rice production occurs in those areas thought of as being underdeveloped with the result that methods are primitive and inefficient, production is low and prices relatively high. Although research in rice is in progress in a number of parts of the world the great advances lie ahead. There are immediate opportunities to make significant benefits in the quantity and quality of rice available each year to feed the ever-increasing number of individuals who depend on this crop for sustenance. . . .
>
> It has been estimated that the annual world yield of rice could readily be doubled if scientific and technical information now available could be universally applied. By extrapolation, the total yield might conceivably be doubled again as a result of fundamental research on those problems of rice production which are still only partially understood. While this situation is obviously utopian, it would seem clear that very great improvements in production could be expected as a result of intensification of research efforts and the extension and application of their results. . . .
>
> Examination of world production figures on rice in comparison with numbers of so-called rice eaters in the world and their average caloric intake very clearly emphasize the fact that there is an enormous imbalance between demand and supply. This suggests that any well-conceived and effective effort to produce information and materials could readily be applied over wide areas with benefit to rice yields and would have important social significance. One approach to this objective might be the establishment of an International Rice Research Institute.



The Ford Foundation was interested. "At best, the world food outlook for the decades ahead is grave," Forrest Hill told the foundation's trustees the following year. "At worst, it is frightening." By the end of 1959, the two foundations had formally committed themselves to a joint venture. Ford provided seven million five hundred thousand dollars in capital funds; Rockefeller provided two million dollars in operating funds for the first five years and also recruited a staff.

Harrar had travelled widely in Asia, and he had concluded that the Philippines would be a logical place for the research center. Rice furnishes fifty per cent of the calories and more than forty per cent of the protein for the population. Rice yields were low—an average of only twelve hundred and eighty pounds per acre. (Japan's contest winners had got close to ten thousand pounds.) The country was importing rice. Moreover, at the suggestion of the Filipino government the College of Agriculture of the University of the Philippines offered to turn over to the proposed institute about seventy-five acres of open land near its campus at Los Baños, forty-two miles south of Manila. In addition, with funds provided by the Ford Foundation, the university bought another hundred and sixty-eight acres for the institute from private landowners in the area. This was a tract that seemed to warrant redemption; during the Second World War the Japanese had interned three thousand prisoners there, who had had very little to eat except rice, and not much of that. (Thirty-seven years after V-J Day, a definition in an American crossword puzzle was "A U.S. general, WW II, who hated

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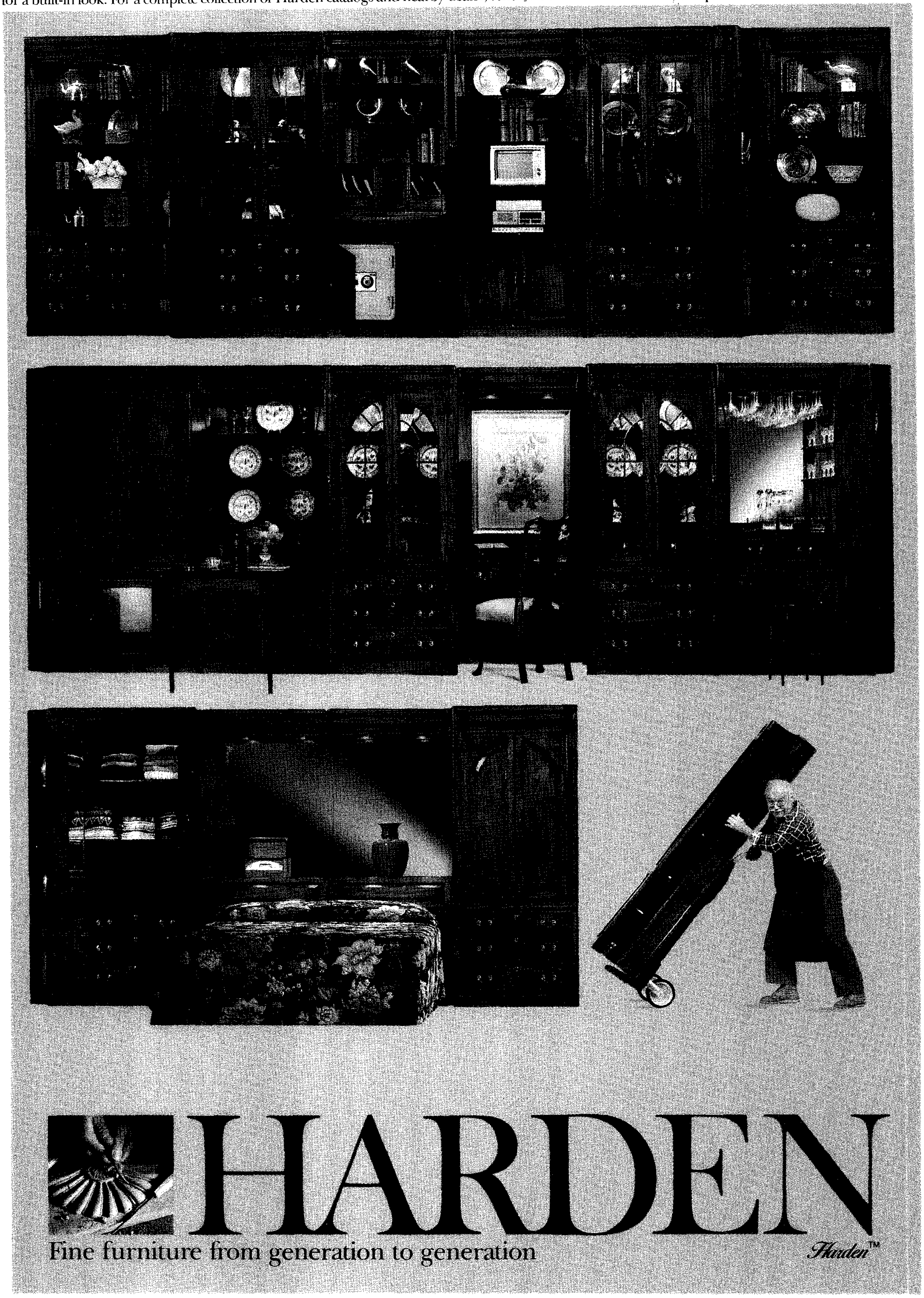
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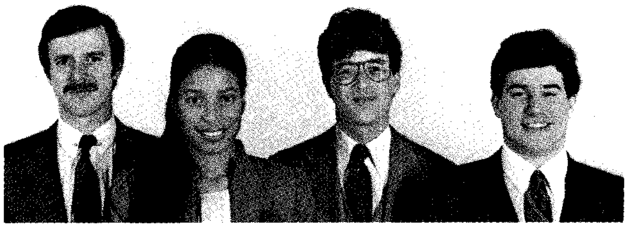

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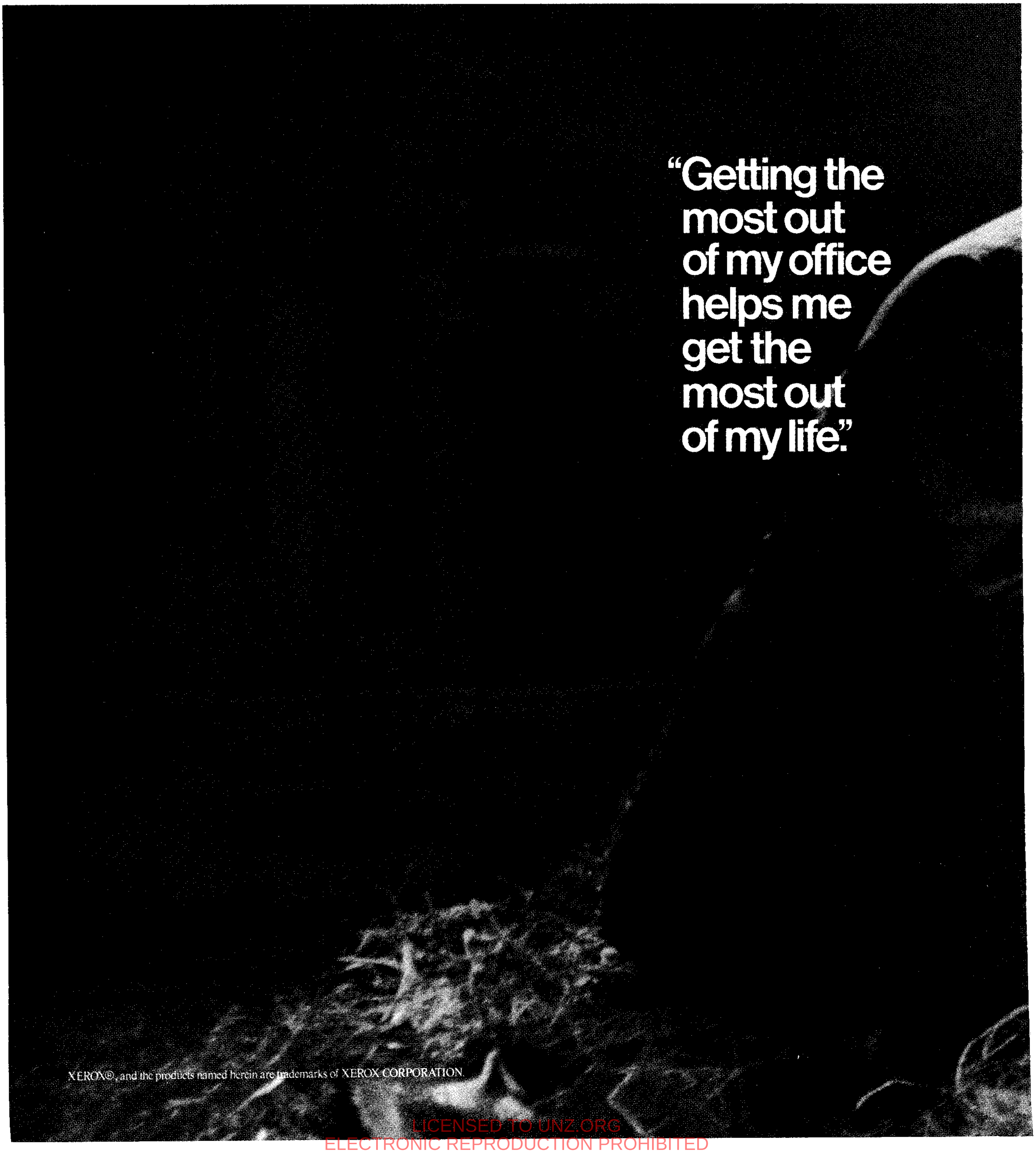
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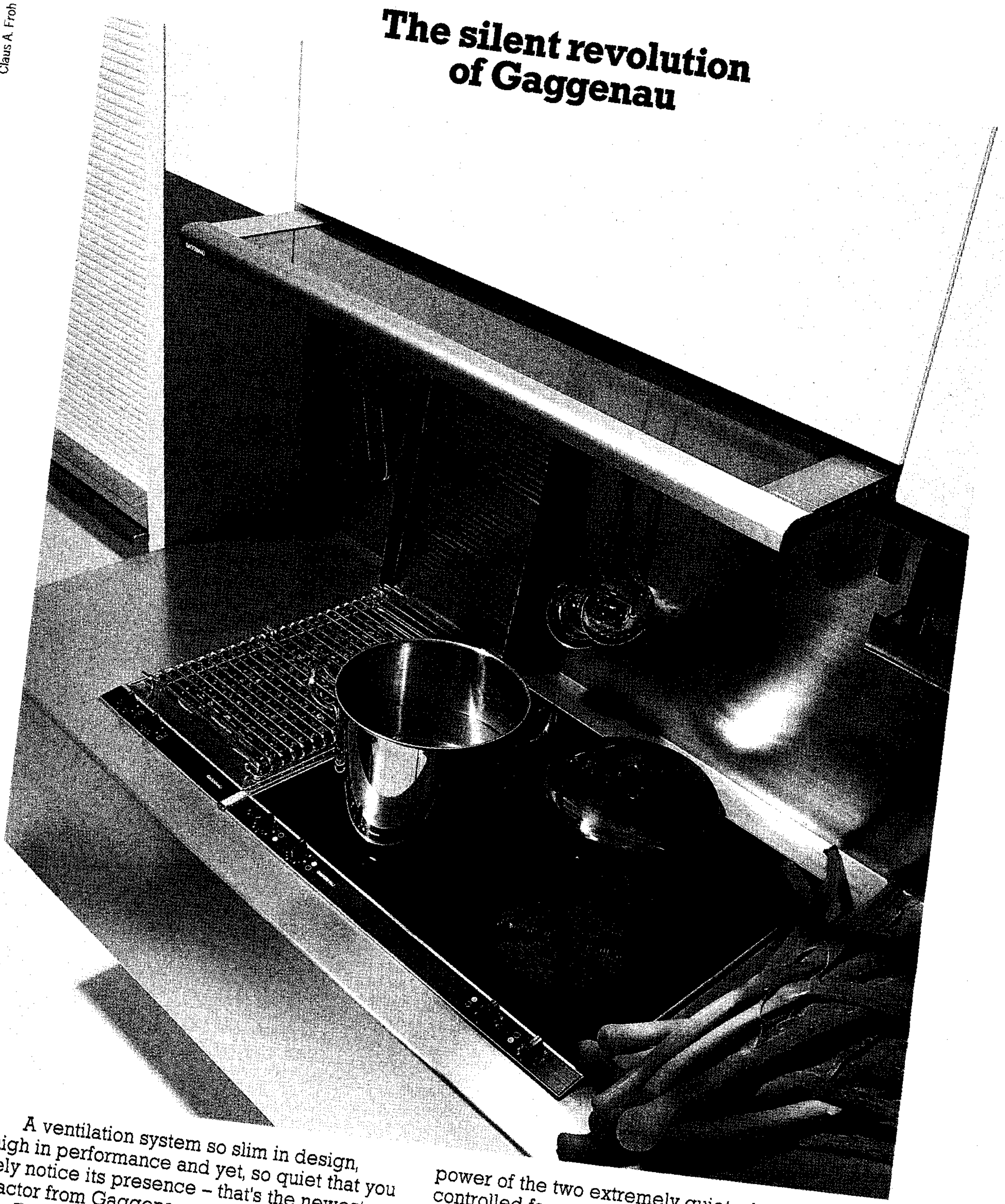

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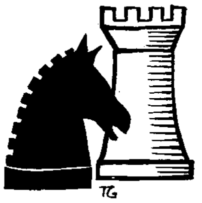
rice." The answer was "Wainwright.") Los Baños had plenty of rain and a pleasing uniformity of temperature; there was a difference of only five degrees Fahrenheit between its coldest month, January, and its hottest, April. It had promising soil—young and fresh as soils go, being only about ten thousand years old, and so potentially productive that some scientists feared at the outset that it might skew their research. Construction of the institute began in 1960; there would be offices, laboratories, dormitories, a swimming pool, a tennis court, and, most important of all, two hundred acres of experimental plots spread over an underground network of concrete irrigation pipes fed by three big wells. (The Ford Foundation, at one point, sent the architect Ralph Walker over to inspect the plans and make recommendations. He had a typical American view of what a tropical paradise should look like: he suggested more coconut palms.) By the time the institute formally became operative, in February, 1962, it had an official emblem (three peasant women in big, round hats transplanting rice at the foot of Mt. Mayon, the Fuji of the Philippines); a collection of three thousand varieties of rice, from all over the world; an eight-hundred-and-eighty-one page "International Bibliography of Rice Research;" and a board of trustees that had, along with George Harrar and Forrest Hill (who long before he got involved with tropical agriculture had acquired the nickname Frosty), members from Japan, India, Thailand, Taiwan, and, of course, the Philippines. At the start, IRRI was something of a tourist attraction: so much more splendid, with its modern buildings and gushing fountains, than most institutions in the area that busloads of sightseers—a thousand a week—took the hour-and-a-half drive down from Manila just to gawk at it. Eminences, too, came by to pay their respects—the King and Queen of Thailand, the Crown Princess of the Netherlands, the Prime Minister of Japan, and Norman Cousins, the editor of *The Saturday Review*. "Any genuine improvement in the human condition on this planet must be concerned with rice," Cousins wrote from Los Baños. "If rice yields can be increased in the hot countries and if the protein content can be stepped up, the benefits would be among the most far-reaching in human history." The V.I.P.s were often escorted by the man who was then chiefly responsible for whatever history was about to be made—Robert Chandler, IRRI's first director. A native of Ohio but raised in Maine, Chandler had become a soil scientist and had taught that subject at Cornell for twelve years. He had spent a 1946 leave of absence working for the Rockefeller Foundation in Mexico. The following year, he became dean of the College of Agriculture at the University of New Hampshire. From 1950 to 1954, he was president of the university. Then it was back to the Rockefeller Foundation's agricultural program for five years. Chandler was fifty-five in 1962. Until he was forty-one, he had not seen a rice plant growing. For much of his adult life, he had had a fairly low opinion of rice, which as a boy he had encountered, grudgingly, in rice pudding. He had believed that rice, considering its fairly low protein content, was a second-rate food. By the time he was put in charge of IRRI, he had changed his mind. He told an early group of visitors to IRRI, "We sincerely believe that by our combined efforts Asia can continue to feed its teeming millions for some time to come. I cannot make this statement, however, without adding what every thinking person knows—namely, that we must curb population growth. It is the only ultimate solution to man's food problem. The land area of the world has a definite limit and eventually population must be brought into equilibrium with this area and its capacity for food production." One of the challenges that Chandler faced when IRRI opened its doors was to establish its credibility—especially, to begin with, in the Philippines, where most of the rice growers were farmers with landholdings of five acres or less, were xenophobic, were set in their habits, and were likely to be illiterate. Some IRRI men were distressed to find that in one Filipino area stem borers had grievously damaged the rice crop. But they couldn't convince the farmers there of what had happened; *they* attributed their misfortune to lightning, or to the fact that their soil had been contaminated by tobacco grown on it previously, or to almost anything except the worms that were visible when a rice-plant stem was snapped in two. IRRI's staff became resigned to the notion that to persuade some farmers that a new variety of seed was better than an accustomed one the new seed would have to at least double its predecessor's yield. And even that was often not enough. IRRI had heard from a Japanese agriculturist how he had gone to Cambodia not long before and on a demonstration plot had easily doubled the rice output in that neighborhood. The local people had been impressed, but after the next harvest they didn't seem to have any more rice than they'd had before. It turned out that, having learned to increase their yields of rice by a hundred per cent, they had saved themselves a lot of time and trouble by planting only half as much of it. An IRRI anthropologist probing the Philippine hinterlands concluded, for his part, that he could accelerate acceptance of a new variety by inventing a god for it and promising to put on a first-rate religious ceremony if the inhabitants of that area would just plant some of its seed. He added, offhandedly, that the variety he was promoting made a crackerjack rice wine.

IN 1964, a committee set up by the F.A.O. reported that "the fundamental need" was "for a technological revolution in rice production such as has already occurred in the developed wheat-producing areas so as to bring about a substantial rise in productivity." IRRI was in the process of responding to that challenge. Many of the varieties of rice popular in Asia had a tendency to lodge, or fall over, either before they had matured or after they had ripened and their panicles were heavy with grain. The grain would rot before it could be harvested. IRRI wanted a shorter, stiffer stalk. (When it came up with one, some Filipinos complained they had to bend over too far at harvesttime, and there were jokes about that: "Did you bring your stool?" In rebuttal, Chandler liked to point out that people had to bend over even farther to handle plants that had lodged.) The idea was to produce a new rice. It could not be the perfect rice for everyone everywhere, since rice eaters were as idiosyncratic in their tastes as wine drinkers. The IRRI ambition was to develop a rice, from crossbreeding the more than ten thousand varieties by then in its custody, that would grow in most climates and soils, would be a little richer in protein than other varieties, would satisfy most palates, and would have a consistently higher yield than the rices of yesteryear. It was not an easy task. As a rule, only about one in every ten thousand crosses made by rice breeders results in a variety that meets enough criteria to justify sending it out to farmers. The variables are infinite. The IRRI test plots had scores of them—different kinds of rice, planted at different times, with different applications of fertilizer and water. In a 1979 collaboration, three IRRI scientists wrote, "Rice improvement requires years of constant, hard, dirty work, with many failures and rare successes. . . . There is no easy way to improve rice production; it demands patience, dedication, continuity, and total physical and mental commitment to field work. Successful rice scientists live with their plants. Unsuccessful ones delegate hard work to assistants and seek physical comfort while writing progress reports and attending conferences." IRRI rice scientists could not even pursue their drudgery in peace, for they were in a no-holds-barred war with rats and birds. They put up chicken-wire fencing against the rats. They put up nets to foil the birds. They could not help admiring a countermeasure resorted to by some especially rice-hungry birds, who would fold their wings and dive like arrows through the interstices of the nets.

In late 1962, one new variety looked especially promising. It was a cross between a tall Indonesian variety called Peta and a semidwarf from Taiwan called Dee-Geo-Woo-Gen. It was tested and tested worldwide and further refined. By 1964, it had evolved into a rice that was given the prosaic name of IR-8. IR-8 was a rice for all seasons. It did not much care how long a day it had to grow in. It was short and stiff and stood up straight. It had abundant tillers, or stems. It did not resist all pests (there are at least a hundred species of insect that, like birds and rats, dote on rice), but it was moderately inhospitable to the dread stem borer, and also to blast, a rice disease so epidemic that in 1963 IRRI had held a symposium devoted exclusively to that affliction, with sixty scientists, from seventeen countries, in concerned attendance. (Twenty-nine scholarly papers were presented, one of which was entitled "A Proposal for an International Program of Research on the Rice Blast Disease"—implying that its author regarded the whole gathering as a mere kickoff.) And IR-8's yields were heartening. At IRRI (under, to be sure, carefully controlled conditions), they were computed on average at fifty-eight hundred pounds an acre, and that whopping productivity was realized in just a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and thirty days. Many of the varieties that IR-8 replaced had taken from two hundred to two hundred and ten days. What *that* meant was that farmers who had had to make do in the past with one or two crops a year could now reasonably look forward to two or three.



When George Harrar heard that IR-8 would soon be available for distribution, he said, somewhat overoptimistically, "There is no longer any excuse for human starvation." Robert Chandler said, less sweepingly, "To those of us who are living our days close to the rice plant, it seems that the near future is rather bright." Politicians in the Philippines had always had to live their days close to the rice plant. Pre-harvest time often coincided with preëlection time (there were elections then), and it was important for the government not to have rice prices rise before the new crop came in. Officials had to juggle the interests of farmers and urban consumers—trying to obtain for the former a decent return on their produce and for the latter a decent price at the market. President Ferdinand Marcos had good reason to be interested in IR-8. He went to Los Baños, on June 3, 1966, to learn more about it. He was so impressed that he invited representatives of IRRI to visit him in Manila a few days later to explain their work to his Cabinet. The local press was also invited. Chandler gave Marcos a two-kilogram bag of seed as a keepsake. The next day, one Manila newspaper came out with the headline "MARCOS GETS MIRACLE RICE." IR-8 got stuck with the "miracle" tag, and that was a shame, because from then on it was generally expected to produce miracles. That story and others that followed also created a demand for IR-8 among Filipino farmers, who thought they could put the miracle to better use than their President could. IRRI immediately announced that any farmer who came by could have his own two kilograms' worth. IR-8 was formally launched on November 28, 1966, and that must have brought some relief at F.A.O. headquarters in Rome; the F.A.O. had already proclaimed 1966 International Rice Year, and time was running short. (A month before, President Lyndon Johnson, who liked to be in on things early, had been introduced to IR-8 by Marcos in the course of a tour of the Pacific. Whether Johnson also got a two-kilogram souvenir is uncertain.) J. Norman Efferson, former dean of the College of Agriculture of Louisiana State University, said that the new rice was the biggest thing in his field since hybrid corn. And he went further, saying, "It is likely to go down in history as the most significant contribution to the welfare of mankind in this century." In India, a jubilant rice farmer, in grateful acknowledgment of his first harvest of the new rice, named an infant son IR-8.

IR-8, being only one step in the perfectibility of plants, could hardly have been expected to live up to its miracle billing, and it didn't. Its grains had a tendency to break when they were being milled, and were unattractively chalky. Some detractors said that that contributed to IR-8's peculiar taste, which was not to their liking. ("They may not like it," Chandler remarked to an acquaintance later on, "but they had full bellies when they said they weren't liking it.") Some Indonesian ideologues thought it to be American—there was, after all, the Rockefeller and Ford aegis—and thus subversive. (IRRI's relations with Indonesian leaders were unaffected. "We just talk rice to them and let them run their country, and everything seems to work out all right," Chandler said in 1964.) Also, part of the Indonesian diet was fish that spawned in canals that irrigated rice paddies; when farmers used pesticides that they'd been told would be helpful—if not, indeed, essential—for the proper propagation of IR-8, the chemicals killed not only rice predators but also the fish. One hidebound South Vietnamese farmer resented IR-8 because, he told an American journalist, President Thieu came around one day with a bunch of soldiers and *ordered* him to plant it. "My father planted our customary rice before him, and his father's father before that, so why should I change?" he said. He ultimately had to change. By 1972, because of the war, South Vietnam was importing almost three hundred and fifty thousand tons of rice a year from the United States. The recipients weren't especially fond of its taste, but they had no alternative.

In any event, IR-8 had a big impact on rice production. Although by 1968 IR-8 or its close relatives occupied only twelve million Asian acres—less than five per cent of the riceland on the continent—nevertheless, in those two years the increase in the value of the Asian rice crop attributable to the new varieties was about a billion dollars. (Up to then, IRRI had cost its sponsors less than fifteen million dollars; the return on that investment would surely have gratified John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford.) In the early nineteen-sixties, Burma had not welcomed foreign visitors, but in 1965 a Burmese trade delegation paid IRRI a visit. By 1968, more than four hundred thousand Burmese acres had been planted to IR-8, and Chandler had been invited to come over and inspect them.

Yet there was another hitch. IR-8 was a rice that did best on irrigated—not solely rain-fed—land. As Dana G. Dalrymple, a United States Department of Agriculture expert on high-yielding varieties of wheat and rice, once observed, "man does not live by irrigated wheat and rice alone," and, indeed, only a third of Asia's three hundred and twenty million rice-growing acres were irrigated. Without irrigation or adequate rainfall, and without such other recommended inputs as pesticides and fertilizers, the yields of IR-8 fell considerably short of their potential. "The new rices, however, continue to outyield traditional rices even where low levels of inputs are used, and to far outyield the traditionals where those inputs are increased," an IRRI publication later asserted in rebuttal to some of the institute's adversaries. "The advantage of the higher-yielding new rices is that genetic transfer has given them the disease and insect resistance of the traditional rices, sometimes in an improved form."

The statistics continued to be impressive. Rice eaters in Colombia normally get about fourteen per cent of their calories from rice, but yields of the traditional varieties were low. By 1970, almost thirty per cent of Colombia's rice acreage was planted to IR-8, and yields leaped from seventeen hundred pounds an acre in 1965 to more than thirty-eight hundred in 1975; the gross value of the added production came to three hundred and fifty million dollars. The Philippines had long been importing rice; the country's production more than doubled between 1960 and 1980, and it became an occasional exporter.

Few varieties of any plant last indefinitely. Usually, about the best that can be hoped for is three to five years; by then, the plant's enemies will have mutated and brought it low. IR-8—which, according to Nyle C. Brady,

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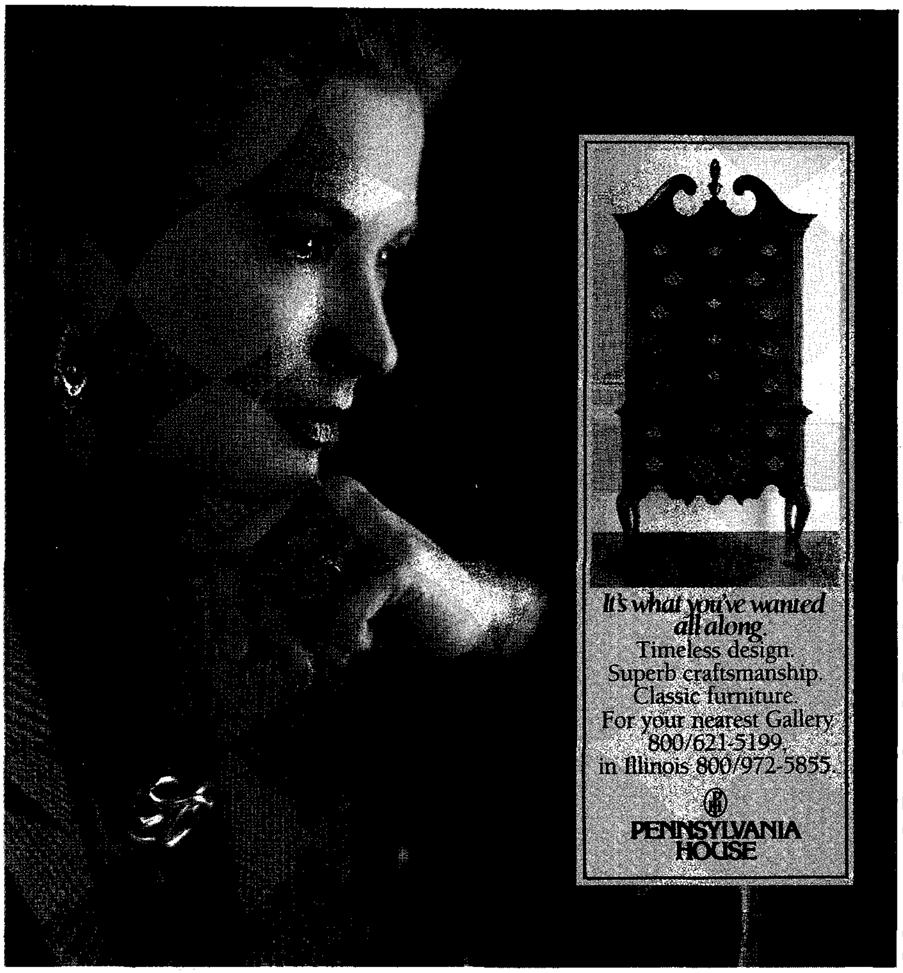
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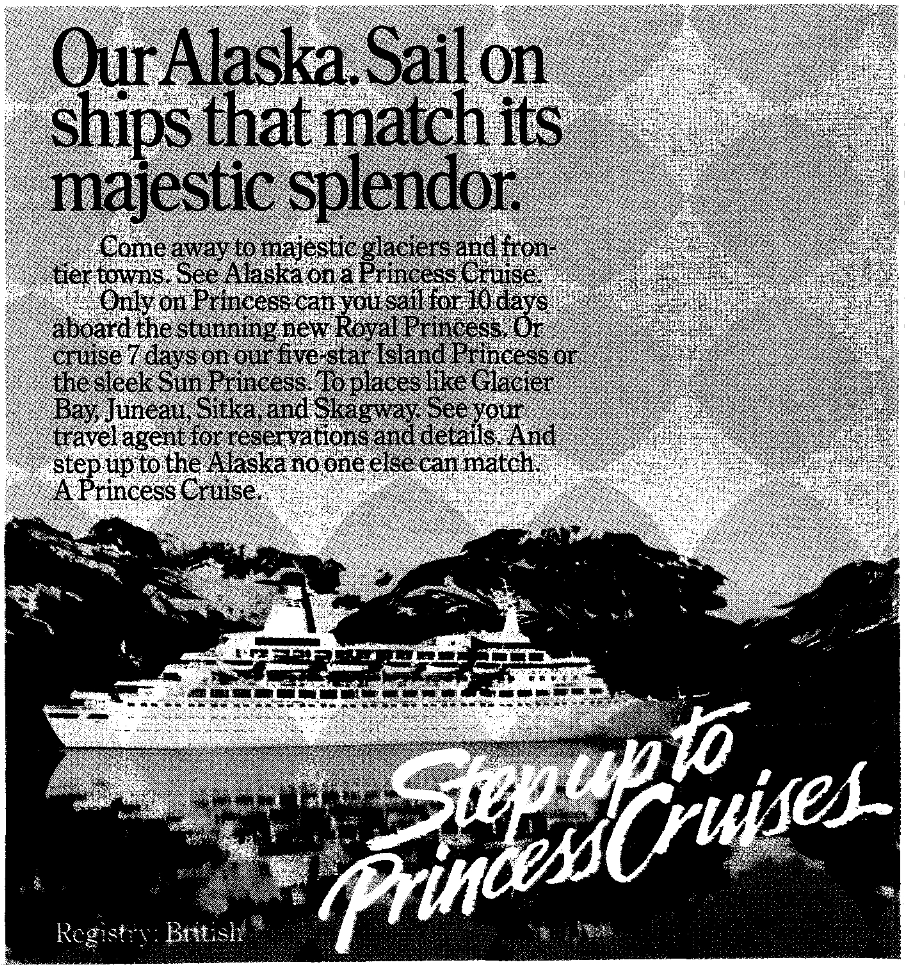
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an American agronomist who succeeded Chandler as IRRI's director in 1973 and remained until 1981, "brought about more social change in Asia than all the social sciences combined"—was, despite that encomium, no exception to the rule. For all its exemplary traits, it was no match for the indefatigable adversaries of rice. IR-8 was moderately resistant to the green leafhopper, but its defenses were weak against three biotypes of the brown plant hopper and the gall midge, not to mention bacterial leaf blight. A grim local joke in Pakistan went, "Miracle rice has led to miracle locusts." The scientists at IRRI were not surprised. They could have rested on the laurels they had unarguably accumulated, but instead they went right on breeding even better rices, all of which shared with IR-8 the semidwarf genes of Dee-Geo-Woo-Gen. They had IR-20 ready in 1969, when Philippine farms were hit by the disease tungro. In 1973, when IR-20 fell prey to grassy-stunt virus and the brown plant hopper, they were ready with IR-26. In 1976, a new biotype of brown plant hopper went after *it.* (IR-26 also kept getting knocked down by winds. IRRI hoped, as a stopgap, to supplant it with a wind-resistant rice indigenous to Taiwan, but there wasn't enough of that available; it seemed that the Taiwanese who had traditionally cultivated it had largely abandoned it for IR-8.) Then, that same year, came IR-36, more than seven years in the making. Its multibranched family tree had rice genes from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Vietnam, and the United States. It was quite a rice. It was resistant—at least at first—to blast, tungro, grassy stunt, bacterial blight, green leafhopper, gall midge, stem borer, and brown plant hopper. It was well adapted both to irrigated and to rain-fed areas. It was moderately resistant to drought. It was not bothered by soil conditions, being able to tolerate salinity, alkalinity, iron toxicity, boron toxicity, aluminum toxicity, zinc deficiency, and iron deficiency. It matured, under ordinary circumstances, in a hundred and five to a hundred and ten days. It had a long, slender, translucent grain, and it cooked well. IRRI nowadays shies away from the use of the word "miracle," but it has been willing to dub IR-36 "the world's most popular rice." The institution that bred and nurtured it has credited IR-36—which not long after its launching accounted for sixty-five per cent of all rice grown in the Philippines and sixty per cent of that in Indonesia, and had increased production in Asia by five million tons—with annually contributing a billion dollars in additional income to the Asian rice industry, not to mention a half-billion-dollar saving in insecticides that it could manage without. Indonesia had produced almost ten million tons of milled rice in 1960. In 1972, there had been riots in Jakarta because rice prices were too high. (The *Far Eastern Economic Review* said—and the statement would have applied to many another Asian land—"The price of rice and politics are inseparable in Indonesia.") In 1982, despite a drought, Indonesia produced twenty-five million tons. Because of the admirable new kinds of rice by then available—especially IR-36—some rural Indonesians who had given up on farming and migrated to cities went back home. In 1978, two years after IR-36 made its début, the Minister of Agriculture of the Philippines ran into Nyle Brady. "IR-36 is giving us a lot of headaches," the Minister told the director. He paused. "We have so much rice we do not know where to store it." An unprecedented four whole years went by before a new brown-plant-hopper biotype evolved, in North Sumatra, against which IR-36 had no defenses. By that time—no longer to anyone's surprise—there was an IR-56 waiting in the wings. The seesaw battle between rice breeders and the pests they seek to neutralize may never end, because the latter can alter themselves nearly as fast as human beings can alter the plants they dote on. "The best we can ever hope for with pest management," one rice geneticist said not long ago, "is not to put pressure on the pest to change but to arrive at a state of peaceful coexistence."

IN 1962, when whatever words Mao Zedong uttered became instant gospel in China, he said, "Take grain production as the key link and insure an all-around development in agriculture." China produced, and still produces, more rice each year than any other country—at last count, some hundred and thirty million tons of it. For the first decade or so of IRRI's existence, however, the institute had no more contact with the People's Republic than had much of the rest of the outside world, although third parties kept it reasonably up to date about rizocultural practices there; it learned, for instance, that the Chinese were combatting brown plant hoppers by putting ducks in rice fields. Ducks like plant hoppers as much as plant hoppers like rice. By 1965, IRRI had on its scientific staff Te-tzu Chang, a Chinese geneticist with a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, and Keh-chi Ling, a Chinese plant pathologist who had got his doctorate at the University of Wisconsin. (Dr. Ling, who died in 1982, is hallowed in rice annals for his discovery of a wild Indian rice, *Oryza nivara*—the only known rice containing genes resistant to grassy-stunt virus. *O. nivara's* singular genes have since been incorporated into myriad other varieties.) IRRI had been hoping almost since its inception to establish some sort of relationship with the People's Republic; it seemed foolish for an international rice institute to be cut off from the world's largest body of rice eaters. The Chinese, for their part, were aware of the work being done at Los Baños: as far back as 1964, some of their scientists had met one of IRRI's at a conclave in Bucharest and had heard about the rice that would be called IR-8, and later President Marcos had given some IR-20 seeds to the Chinese. After President Nixon's fence-mending visit to China in 1972, of course, everything was different. A delegation representing the United States National Academy of Sciences was invited to Peking in 1974. Among its members was Nyle Brady. A Coloradan who had earned his Ph.D. in soil science, at North Carolina State College, Brady had taught that subject for sixteen years at Cornell and had, among extracurricular activities, served as director of science and education for the Department of Agriculture and as chairman of the Agriculture Board of the National Academy of Sciences. That first encounter with the Chinese led to many more. In 1976, Peking sent a delegation to IRRI, headed by its Vice-Minister of Agriculture; Brady and some of his staff made a reciprocal visit to China. (That year—the year of IR-36—at a Los Baños conference of thirty-nine scientists from all over the globe, one of the participants observed gloomily that "the new technology itself probably requires the world's agricultural scientists to run ever faster in order to stand still.") The bond between IRRI and China became stronger and stronger. China let one of its scientists join the IRRI board of trustees in 1978. The following year, IRRI and the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences jointly sponsored an International Rice Testing Program workshop in China. In a welcoming address, the vice-president of the academy called the increase in production "a glorious and arduous challenge for rice scientists." (He also managed to get in a crack at Lin Piao and the Gang of Four.) Brady, in a nonpartisan response, called the meeting a "historic occasion." By 1980, IRRI and the academy had jointly published "Rice Improvement in China and Other Asian Countries," the proceedings of the workshop held the previous year. By 1981, the two research institutions were jointly putting on a training course for rice scientists at Ch'ang-sha, and China was asking IRRI for advice to help it set up a national rice-research institute of its own. All this time, IRRI, which wants to be friends with all who are friendly to rice, kept on amicable terms with Taiwan. At one Los Baños conference to which both Chinas had been invited, the delegates from each wanted "China" on their name tags. Brady helped work out a compromise acceptable to both sides: "CHINA: TAIWAN" and "CHINA: PEKING." By 1982, IRRI and the Chinese Academy had co-published five books (one was devoted entirely to the brown plant hopper) and had four more in progress. In April, 1983, IRRI was awarded a Third World Prize of a hundred thousand dollars by the London-based Third World Foundation for Social and Economic Studies, and the presentation was made in Peking, by Zhao Ziyang, the Premier of the State Council. Zhao expressed the hope that coöperation between the People's Republic and IRRI would continue, and he proposed that IRRI be tendered a standing ovation.

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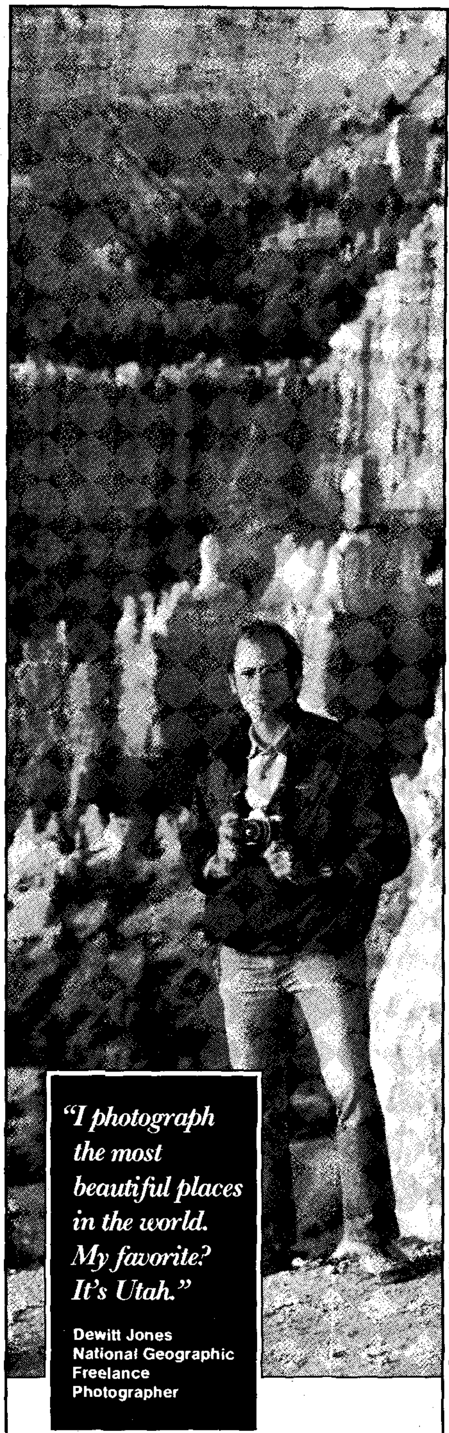
Some of the Communist countries are rice-eating countries, and IRRI has got along splendidly with most of them, despite their awareness of its Rockefeller and Ford associations and of the fact that thirty per cent of its budget has been regularly funded by the United States Agency for International Development. IRRI scientists have been welcomed in Rangoon, in Hanoi, and in Havana. Cuba, which in the pre-Castro era had been far and away the biggest importer of rice in Latin America and a steady customer of the Gulf States' crops, later came to look upon CGIAR and its affiliate centers as anathematic outposts of capitalist imperialism. The high-yielding rices of the nineteen-seventies softened that hard line. Nyle Brady and his wife spent an hour and twenty minutes in 1978 talking to Fidel Castro about rice. In the course of their chat, Castro—whose agriculturists were by then working not only with IRRI but also with CIAT, the International Center for Tropical Agriculture, on the development of herbicides for weed control on rice farms—told Brady that when the first seeds of IR-8 arrived in Cuba he'd had the honor of planting them with his own hands.

By 1984, forty per cent of all the rice on earth consisted of high-yielding varieties with IRRI pedigrees. IRRI not only had won a number of prizes—among them one given by CGIAR called the King Baudouin International Agricultural Research Award—but had itself honored some of its special heroes. At Los Baños, there was a Harrar Hall, a Forrest F. Hill Laboratory, and a Nyle C. Brady Laboratory. Brady had returned to the United States in 1981 to become senior assistant administrator for science and technology at the Agency for International Development. (He is responsible for, among other things, AID's global programs, such as they are, on family planning and birth control.) His successor, M. S. Swaminathan, had been director-general of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research. The son of a surgeon who had been instrumental in ridding the main rice-growing area in the state of Tamil Nadu of elephantiasis-bearing mosquitoes, Dr. Swaminathan—he was a Cambridge Ph.D.—had played a major role in India's adoption of high-yielding varieties of wheat (in 1984, on receiving an honorary degree from the University of the Philippines at Los Baños, he observed that "if agriculture goes wrong, nothing goes right"), and he could reflect with satisfaction that over the thirty years since 1950 India's output of food grains had nearly tripled and its growth rate in food production was keeping up with its growth rate in population. The institute over which Swaminathan was now presiding had had quite a growth rate itself. It boasted a staff of two thousand, abetted by four hundred indigenous laborers. It had an annual budget of more than twenty million dollars. In twenty years, it had trained three thousand scientists and educators, ninety-five per cent of them from rice-growing countries of the Third World. Its books and other publications had been translated into more than eighteen languages and dialects; "Field Problems of Tropical Rice," for instance, was available in Bengali, Burmese, Hindi, Filipino, Indonesian, Spanish, Tamil, Telugu, and Vietnamese. IRRI had inaugurated an International Rice Testing Program, designed to furnish it and other interested parties with accurate data on how various rices fared in various environments; and it had fostered an International Rice Agro-Economic Network, an Asian Cropping Systems Network, and an International Network on Soil Fertility and Fertilizer Evaluation for Rice. IRRI was also probing the mysteries of blue-green algae, which grow in fresh water and can fix atmospheric nitrogen, an essential ingredient of fertilizers. To keep the world's chemical-fertilizer factories functioning requires the equivalent of two million barrels of oil a day, and about ten per cent of all the nitrogen that goes into fertilizers goes into fertilizers for rice. An F.A.O. pamphlet published in 1981 stated, "Blue-green algae represent a self-supporting system capable of carrying out both photosynthesis and nitrogen fixation, the energy bill for the latter process being paid by the sun. . . . If we could utilize these algae, particularly in rice fields, which form an ideal environment for them, our costly reliance on the energy intensive nitrogen fertilizer input could be substantially reduced. Recent research has shown the feasibility of using these algae as a biological input in rice cultivation and of obtaining additional yields for which the incremental input cost will be low. The use of these regenerative biological sources may also minimize the environmental hazards and maximize the ecological benefits." In other words, blue-green algae are dandy. So, as a substitute for conventional fertilizers, might be azolla, a water fern that plucks nitrogen from the atmosphere and that may also turn out to be a valuable weed suppressant; some IRRI researchers were working on that. Others were concentrating on high-protein rice, trying to



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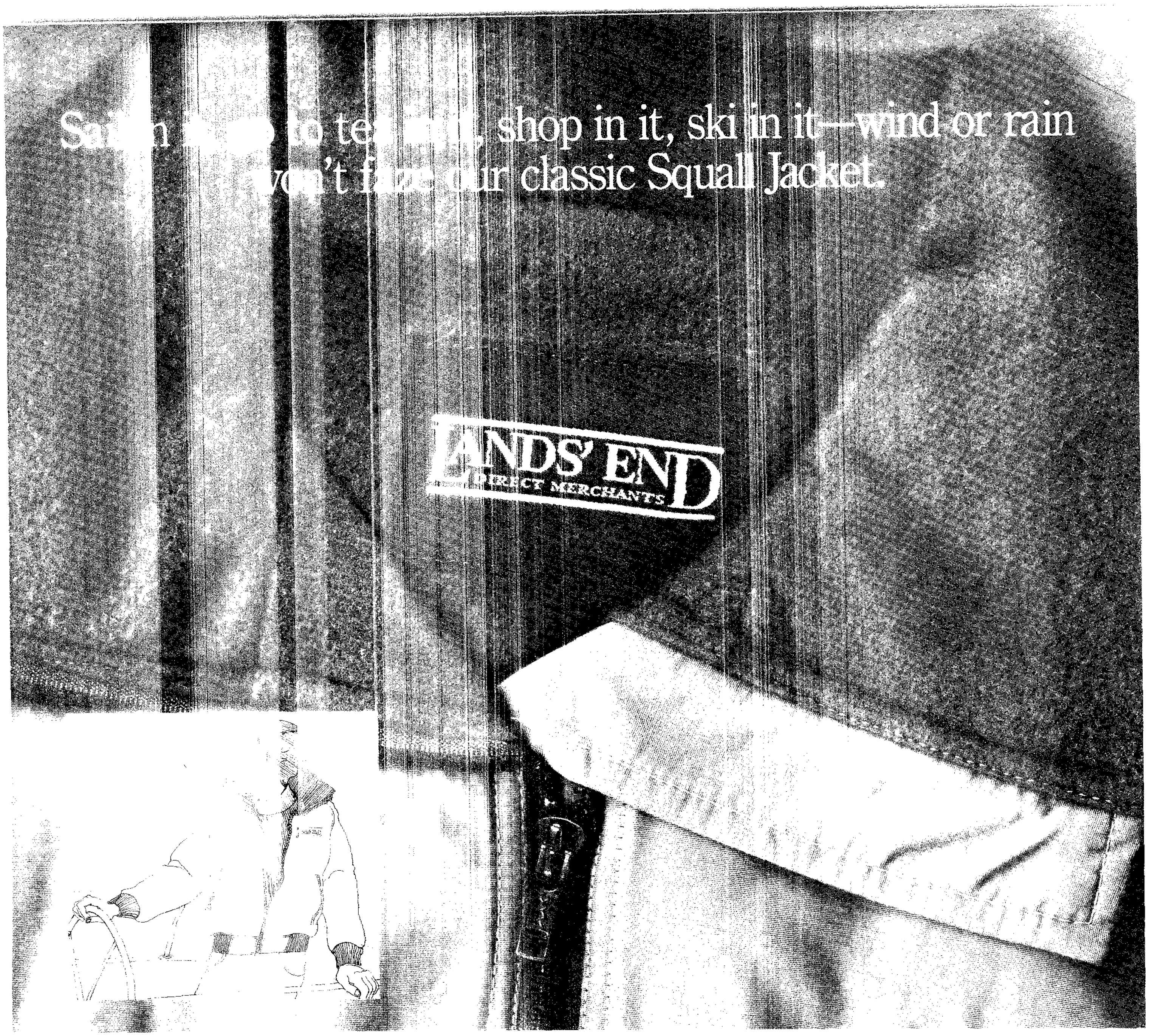

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The new Lands' End Squall jacket takes its name, of course, from its ability to weather the squalls that our sailing friends encounter offshore. But it's so well-tailored and correct it makes you look good—man or woman alike—in the mall or at the market or at the movies or after. That's versatile plus, right?

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push the protein content up from seven or eight per cent to nine or ten. Others were searching for salinity-tolerant rices; in the rice-growing areas of Asia, there are a hundred and fifty million acres of land with a relatively high saline content waiting for a rice that can cope with that so far inhibiting condition. Still other IRRI researchers were devoting their efforts to the neem tree. The neem has an oil in its fruits and leaves which insects find repellent. Neem oil sprayed on rice plants might someday give the coup de grâce to the brown plant hopper and other pests—unless, of course, the pests regenerate themselves into mutants that fancy them.

In addition, under the patient supervision of Te-tzu Chang, the geneticist, IRRI was collecting samples of all the different varieties of rice it could get its hands on. Chang once guessed that there were perhaps a hundred and thirty thousand of them somewhere or other on earth. After an attack of leaf blight that devastated the corn crop of the United States in 1970—a horror that resulted partly from the widespread planting of corn hybrids that shared a single source of cytoplasm that was vulnerable to a new form of fungus disease—worried rice men flocked to IRRI from all over to assess their own situation. IRRI then had fourteen thousand varieties safely in its custody, but the visitors were not entirely reassured. "The disappearance of the world's rice germ plasm has reached the crisis stage," they reported. "All possible local sources of potentially valuable germ plasm must be collected soon; otherwise they may be lost forever." IRRI accelerated its efforts to acquire them; it hopes to have bagged a hundred and thirty thousand by 1995. By 1983, it had more than sixty-five thousand "accessions," as the samples are called—each dried in a special oven for fourteen hours at thirty-eight degrees Centigrade, then packed by hand in vacuum-sealed aluminum cans, sixty grams to the receptacle, and stored at two degrees Centigrade. That's for medium-term storage—up to about twenty-five years. If circumstances require, the accessions are taken out and planted, and fresh seeds are packaged and stored. (Samples are also cached at minus ten degrees Centigrade, at which temperature they are expected to have a viability of at least fifty years.) In 1981, Nyle Brady said of the collection, "IRRI holds this bank in trust for the scientists and agricultural leaders of the rice-producing countries. It is their rices, collected primarily by them, and sent to IRRI for safekeeping."

In one recent year, IRRI, ever in quest of further improvement of the breed (this year, its twenty-fifth anniversary, the institute has chosen as the theme for observance of that milestone "Rice Research: Unfinished Task, Challenges Ahead"), drew on its vast assortment of old and new varieties of rice to grow more than half a million plants, and it sent out to be tested and nurtured, by scientists around the world, more than four thousand seed samples; and IRRI's own scientists used more than thirty thousand samples from its germ-plasm collection. In emergencies, IRRI can respond as swiftly as a small-town volunteer rescue squad. In the late nineteen-seventies, for example, South Korea's rice was hit by a wave of blast. In November, 1980, IRRI obtained and planted six hundred and seventy-one pounds of twenty-eight varieties of Korean rice—offspring of earlier IRRI lines into which had been incorporated blast-resistant genes from Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, the Philippines, and Vietnam. (To sow one acre usually takes a hundred pounds of seed, but rice can multiply even faster than mice. In three generations, eighteen pounds can become eighteen tons.) Seeds from that planting were ready for harvesting beginning in mid-March of 1981. A hundred and five tons of the seeds were rushed to the Manila airport and flown to Seoul. South Korea had a decent rice crop in 1982, and a third of it was the result of the airlift. A year earlier, when what remained of Cambodia had become Kampuchea, there was another crisis. Many Cambodian peasants had been driven from their villages in 1976, and when they returned, four years later, there was hardly any trace of the rice they had traditionally raised. But IRRI had begun collecting these varieties back in 1973, and Chang had no fewer than eight hundred of them in his imposing inventory. Oxfam America, the American counterpart of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, wanted to get the farmers under way again, and IRRI was ready with enough seeds of several dozen Khmer varieties to mount another life-saving airlift. "To manage a large germ-plasm collection is not a very glamorous job," Chang once observed. "Still, it is imperative for somebody to look after everybody's business."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the fourth of a series of five articles on the staple food plants. The last of the series will appear next week.)

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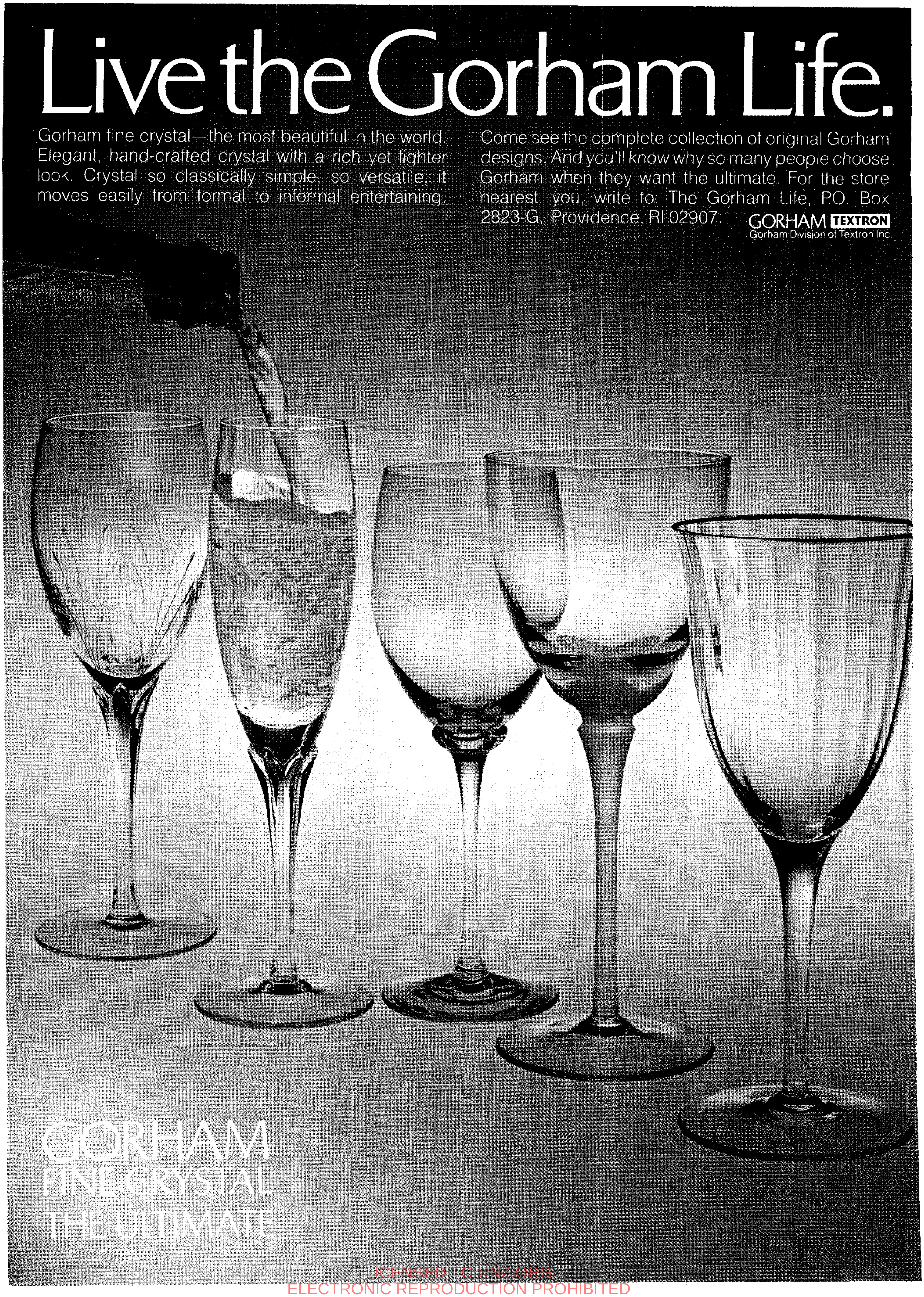

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I—SHAH OF SHAHS

HERE'S the oldest picture I've managed to obtain. A soldier, holding a chain in his right hand, and a man, at the end of the chain. The two gaze intently into the lens. This is clearly an important moment in their lives. The soldier is an older man, on the short side, a simple, obedient peasant, wearing an oversized, clumsily stitched uniform, trousers rumpled like an accordion, a big cap tilted onto protruding ears—in sum, an amusing figure reminiscent of the good soldier Schweik. The man on the chain: thin, pale face, sunken eyes, bandaged head—obviously wounded. The photo's caption says the soldier is the grandfather of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi (the last Shah of Iran) and the wounded man is the assassin of Shah Nasr-ed-Din. The caption is wrong, because we know that the late Shah's grandfather died in 1878, before the picture was taken. (We also know that the late Shah encouraged pamphlets that glorified his family's past.) So who is the man? An uncle? We do know the photo must date from 1896, when Nasr-ed-Din, after reigning for forty-eight years, was killed. The uncle (or whoever he was) and the murderer look tired—which is understandable, since they have been walking for days to the place of public execution in Teheran. Let us imagine the scene. They have been trudging down the desert road in scorching heat and stifling air, the soldier at the rear and the gaunt killer before him on his chain, like a member of an old-time circus troupe and his trained bear working their way from village to village, earning food for themselves. At times, the assassin complains about the pain in his injured head, but for the most part they are silent, because finally they have nothing to talk about. The murderer has killed, and the soldier is leading him to his execution. Persia is a country of extreme poverty; it has no railroads, only the aristocracy own horse-drawn conveyances, and thus these two men must walk to the distant goal established by sentence and order. From time to time, they come across a few clay huts, where haggard peasants, idle, motionless, dressed in rags, lean against the walls.

As the two approach along the road, the peasants surround the dusty travellers. "Who is that you're leading, sir?" they shyly ask the soldier.

"Who?" The soldier repeats the question and holds his tongue for a moment to heighten the suspense. "This," he says finally, pointing to the prisoner, "is the Shah's murderer." The soldier's voice betrays a note of pride.

The peasants gape at the assassin in horror and admiration. Because he has killed someone great, he also seems somehow great. His crime has elevated him to a higher realm of existence. The peasants cannot decide between glowering indignantly and falling to their knees.

Meanwhile, the soldier ties the chain to a stake driven into the ground at the roadside, unslings his rifle (which is so long it almost touches the ground when it's slung over his shoulder), and orders the peasants to bring water and food. They scratch their heads. There is almost nothing to eat in the village, because a famine is raging. We should add that the soldier himself is a peasant, just like them, but he has a carbine and a uniform and has been singled out to lead the Shah's assassin to the place of execution, so he takes advantage of his high position and again commands the peasants to bring water and food, since he is excruciatingly hungry and, furthermore, cannot allow the man on the chain to perish of thirst or exhaustion. If that happened, the extraordinary spectacle of hanging the Shah's assassin in a crowded Teheran square would have to be cancelled. Badgered ruthlessly by the soldier, the peasants end up bringing what they themselves would have eaten: withered rootlets dug from the ground and a canvas pouch full of dried locusts. The soldier and the murderer sit in the shade to eat, eagerly popping locusts into their mouths, spitting out the wings, and washing the remains down with water, while the peasants look on in silent envy. As evening draws near, the soldier chooses the best hut, throws out its owners, and turns it into a temporary jail. He winds the prisoner's chain around his own body; then, tired from countless hours of marching under the blazing sun, the two stretch out on the clay floor black with cockroaches and fall into deep sleep. In the morning, they get up and continue on the road northward, to Teheran, across the same desert, in the same quivering heat, the murderer with his bandaged head, his long, swinging tail of iron chain held up by the hand of the escorting soldier in his clumsily sewn uniform.

HERE we see a young officer of the Persian Cossack Brigade standing next to a machine gun and explaining the principles of the deadly weapon to his colleagues. This particular weapon is the updated, 1910 model of the Maxim gun, so the photograph must be from about that year. The young officer, who is named Reza Khan and was born in 1878, is the father of the late Shah. If we compare this picture with the previous one, we immediately notice that Reza Khan, unlike the soldier leading the Shah's murderer across the desert, is a physical giant. He is taller than his colleagues by at least a head, has a bulging chest, and looks like the sort of muscleman who could break a horseshoe with ease. He has a military mien, a cold and piercing look, a wide, massive jaw, and clenched lips on which even the faintest smile would be out of the question. On his head sits a broad cap of black caracal; for he is, as I have mentioned, an officer of the Persian Cossack Brigade (the only army that the Shah of those days had), commanded by Colonel Lyakhov, a czarist colonel from St. Petersburg. Reza Khan is a protégé of Colonel Lyakhov, since the Colonel has a fondness for born soldiers, and our young officer is the model of a born soldier. He joined the brigade as an illiterate boy of fourteen (he will never learn to read and write well) and climbed gradually through the echelons of professional soldiery thanks to his obedience, discipline, decisiveness, innate intelligence, and what the military likes to call command presence. Great promotions will come his way only after 1917, however, when the Shah, suspecting Lyakhov (quite mistakenly) of Bolshevik sympathies, sends him back to Russia. Then Reza Khan becomes a colonel and, eventually, the commander of the Cossack Brigade, which soon falls under British protection. At a reception, the British General Edmund Ironside stands on tiptoe to reach Reza Khan's ear and whispers, "Colonel, you are a man of great possibilities." They walk out into the garden, where the General, in the course of their stroll, suggests a coup d'état and conveys London's blessings. In February, 1921, Reza Khan enters Teheran at the head of his brigade, arrests the capital's politicians (it is winter, snow is falling; the politicians will later complain about their cold, damp cells), and forms a new government, in which he serves first as Minister of War and then as Prime Minister. In December, 1925, the obedient Parliament (which fears the Colonel and the Englishmen standing behind him) proclaims him Shah of Persia. From that time on, our young officer in the photograph—explaining the principles of the updated 1910-model Maxim machine gun to his colleagues (all wearing belted Russian peasant shirts and quilted jackets)—will be known as Reza Shah, King of Kings, Shadow of the Almighty, Light of the Aryans, and the Center of the Universe, and also as the founder of the Pahlavi dynasty, which begins with him and, as destiny decrees, ends with his son, who, fifty-four years later, on a winter afternoon as chilly as the day his father seized power, will depart the palace and Teheran, by jet, to an ambiguous fate.

WHOEVER scrutinizes this photo of father and son, taken in 1926, will understand a lot. The father is forty-eight and the son seven. The contrast between them is striking in every respect. The huge, powerful Shah-father stands sulkily, peremptorily, hands on his hips, and beside him the small, pale boy, frail, nervous, obediently standing at attention, barely reaches his father's waist. They are wearing the same uniforms and caps, the same shoes and belts, the same number of buttons: fourteen. The father, who wants his son—so essentially unlike him—to resemble him in as many details as possible, thought up this identity of apparel. The son must sense his intention, and though he is by nature weak and hesitant, he will try at all costs to resemble his despotic, ruthless father. Two natures begin to develop and coexist in the boy: the inborn one and the parental one that, because of his ambitions, he starts to acquire. Finally, he falls so thoroughly under his father's domination that when he becomes Shah, many years later, he automatically (but also, often, consciously) repeats his father's behavior, and even, toward the end of his reign, invokes his father's coercive authority. But at this moment the father is exercising power with all his energy and drive. He has an acute sense of mission and knows what he is after—in his own brutal words, he wants to put the ignorant mob to work and build a strong, modern state, before which all will defile themselves in fear. His is the Prussian's iron hand, his are the slave driver's simple methods. Ancient, slumbering, loafing Iran (on the Shah's orders, Persia will be called Iran) trembles to its foundations.

He begins by creating an imposing Army. Forty thousand men get uniforms and guns. The Army is the apple of the Shah's eye, his great passion. The Army must always have money. It must have everything. The Army will make the nation modern, disciplined, obedient. Everyone: *Attention!* The Shah issues an order forbidding Iranian dress. Everyone, wear European suits! Everyone, don European hats! The Shah bans the *chador*. In the streets, police tear them off terrified women. The faithful protest in the mosques of Meshed. He sends in the artillery to level the mosques and massacre the rebels. He orders that the nomadic tribes be settled permanently. The nomads protest. He orders their wells poisoned, threatening them with death by thirst and starvation. The nomads keep protesting, so he sends out punitive expeditions that turn vast regions into uninhabited land. A lot of blood flows. He forbids the photographing of that symbolically backward beast the camel. In Qom, the country's religious center, a mullah preaches a critical sermon, so, armed with a cane, the Shah enters the mosque and pummels the critic. The great Ayatollah Modarres, who had raised his voice in complaint, he imprisons for years. The liberals protest timorously in the newspapers, so the Shah closes down the newspapers and imprisons the liberals. He orders several of them walled up in a tower. Those he considers malcontents must report daily to the police. Aristocratic ladies faint in terror at receptions when this gruff, unapproachable giant turns his harsh gaze on them.

Until the end, Reza Khan preserves many of the habits of his village childhood and his barracks youth. He lives in a palace but still sleeps on the floor; he always goes around in uniform; he eats with his soldiers, from the same pot. One of the boys! At the same time, he covets land and money. Taking advantage of his power, he accumulates incredible wealth. He becomes the biggest landowner, the proprietor of nearly three thousand villages and the two hundred and fifty thousand peasants living in them; he owns stock in factories and banks, receives tribute—counts, tots, adds, calculates. If a splendid forest, green valley, or fertile plantation so much as catches his eye, it must be his; indefatigably, insatiably, he increases his estates, multiplying his enormous fortune. No one may even approach the borders of the Shah's lands. One day, there is a public execution: on the Shah's orders, a firing squad kills a donkey that, ignoring all warning signs, entered a meadow belonging to Reza Khan; peasants from neighboring villages are herded to the place of execution to learn respect for the master's property. But in spite of his cruelty, greed, and outlandishness the old Shah deserves credit for saving Iran from the dissolution that threatened after the First World War. In his efforts to modernize the country, he built roads and railways, schools and offices, airports and new residential quarters in the cities. The nation remained poor and apathetic, however, and when Reza Khan departed an exultant people celebrated the event for a long time.

HERE'S a picture that circulated around the world in its time: Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill sitting in armchairs on a spacious veranda. Stalin and Churchill are wearing uniforms, Roosevelt a dark suit.

Teheran, a sunny December morning, 1943. Everybody in this picture is putting on a serene face meant to cheer us. After all, we know that the worst war in history is under way, and the expression on these faces is crucial: it has to encourage us. The photographers finish, and the three great ones move into the hall for a moment of private conversation. Roosevelt asks Churchill what has become of the ruler of this country.

"*Last stop. Everybody scram!*"

Churchill shrugs, and speaks reluctantly. The Shah admired Hitler and surrounded himself with Hitler's people. There were Germans all over Iran—in the palace, the Ministries, the Army. The Abwehr became a force to reckon with in Teheran, and the Shah looked on approvingly: Hitler was at war with England and Russia, and the monarch could not tolerate England and Russia. He rubbed his hands gleefully as the Führer's Armies advanced. London was worried about Iranian oil, which fuelled the British fleet, and Moscow was afraid the Germans would land in Iran and attack in the region of the Caspian Sea. But the major concern remained the Trans-Iranian Railway, which the Americans and the British needed to transport food and weapons to Stalin. Then, at a moment of crisis, as German divisions were advancing farther and farther eastward, the Shah suddenly refused the Allies use of the railroad. They moved decisively: units of the British and Red Armies entered Iran in August, 1941. The Shah received with disbelief, as a personal defeat and humiliation, news that fifteen Iranian divisions had surrendered without much resistance. Some of his troops dispersed and went home, while others were locked up in their barracks by the Allies. Deprived of his soldiers, the Shah no longer mattered, no longer existed. The Russians and the British, who respect even those monarchs who betray them, left Reza Khan an honorable way out: Would His Highness kindly abdicate in favor of his son, the heir to the throne? We have a high opinion of him and will insure his position. But His Highness should not think there is any other solution. The Shah agreed, and in September of that year, 1941, his twenty-one-year-old son, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, ascended the throne. The old autocrat was a private person now, and for the first time in his adult life he put on civilian clothes. The British sent him to Mauritius and to Johannesburg (where he died after three years of a dull, comfortable life about which there is not much to say). Empire giveth; empire taketh away.

I SEE I'm missing or have misplaced a few pictures. I don't have the shots of the last Shah in his early youth. I don't have the one from 1938, when he graduated from officers' school in Teheran, as a second lieutenant. I don't have a picture of his first wife, Fawzia, bathing in milk. Yes, Fawzia, King Farouk's sister and a girl of striking beauty, bathed in milk. But I do have a picture of the last Shah on September 16, 1941, when he succeeded his father and was crowned Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Slender, in a dress uniform, with a sword at his side, he is standing in the Parliament and reading the text of the oath from a sheet of paper. This oath was reprinted in all the published commemorative albums devoted to the Shah, of which there were scores, if not hundreds. He loved reading books about himself and looking through albums published in his honor. He loved unveiling monuments and portraits of himself. Catching a glimpse of the monarch's likeness was nearly unavoidable. To stand in any given place and open your eyes was enough: the Shah was everywhere. Since height was not his strong point, photographers always shot from an angle that made him seem the tallest person in the picture. He furthered this illusion by wearing elevator shoes. His subjects kissed his shoes. I have just such a picture, where they are prostrating themselves and kissing his elevator shoes.

On the other hand, I don't have a photo of a certain uniform of his, from 1949. That apparel, pocked with bullet holes and stained with blood, was displayed in a glass case at the Officers' Club in Teheran as relic and reminder. The Shah was wearing it when a young man pretending to be a photographer but with a gun built into his camera got off a series of shots that wounded the monarch. In all, there were five attempts on his life. Thus, around him grew an atmosphere of danger, and he had to be surrounded by policemen wherever he went. The

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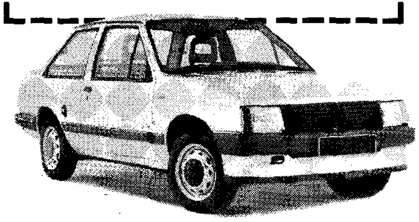

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Iranians resented the fact that, for security reasons, only foreigners were invited to certain celebrations in which the Shah took part. His compatriots also said bitingly that since he travelled almost exclusively by airplane and helicopter he saw his country only from a lofty vantage point that obliterated all contrasts.

I DON'T have any photographs of the Ayatollah Khomeini in his early years. When he appears in my collection, he is already an old man, and so it is as if he had never been young or middle-aged. The local fanatics regard Khomeini as almost the Twelfth Imam, the Awaited One, who disappeared in the ninth century. It's as though the Twelfth Imam had now returned, more than a thousand years later, to deliver them from misery and persecution. That Khomeini almost always appears in photographs only as an aged man could be taken as confirmation of this belief.

THIS is undoubtedly the greatest day in the long life of Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh. He is leaving Parliament high on the shoulders of an elated crowd. He is smiling, and holding up his right hand in greeting to the people. Yesterday, on April 29, 1951, he became Prime Minister, and today Parliament has passed his bill nationalizing the country's oil. Iran's greatest treasure has become the property of the nation. We have to enter into the spirit of that epoch, because the world has changed a great deal since. In those days, to dare the sort of act that Dr. Mossadegh had just performed was tantamount to dropping a bomb unexpectedly on Washington or London. The psychological effect on the West was the same: shock, fear, anger, outrage. Somewhere in Iran, some old lawyer who must be a half-cocked demagogue has pillaged the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—the Pillar of the Empire! Unheard of, unforgivable! In those years, colonial property was a sacred value, the ultimate taboo. But on this day, whose exalted atmosphere the faces in the photograph reflect, the Iranians do not yet know they have committed a crime for which they will have to suffer bitter, painful punishment. Right now, all Teheran is living joyous hours of its great day of liberation from a foreign and hated past. "Oil is our blood!" the crowds chant enthusiastically. "Oil is our freedom!" The palace shares the mood of the city, and the Shah signs the act of nationalization. It is a moment when all feel like brothers—a rare instant that quickly turns into a memory, because accord in the national family is not going to last long.

Mossadegh has never had good relations with the Pahlavis, father and son. Mossadegh's ideas were formed by French culture: a liberal and a democrat, he believes in institutions like Parliament and a free press, and laments the state of dependence in which his homeland finds itself. The fall of Reza Khan has presented a great opportunity for him and those like him: the young monarch takes more interest in good times and sports than in politics, so there is a chance for democracy in Iran, a chance for the country to win full independence. Mossadegh's power is so great and his slogans are so popular that the Shah ends up on the sidelines. He plays soccer, flies his private airplane, organizes masked balls, and goes skiing in Switzerland.

HERE are the Shah and his new wife, Soraya Esfandiari, in Rome. But this is no honeymoon, no fun-filled, carefree adventure far from the worries and routines of everyday life; no, this is their exile. Even in this posed shot, the thirty-three-year-old Shah (tanned, dressed in a light double-breasted suit) cannot hide his edginess—small wonder, since he doesn't know whether he is going to return to the throne he left so hurriedly or lead the life of an émigré wandering the globe. Soraya, a woman of conspicuous but cold beauty, who is a daughter of a Bakhtiari tribesman and of a German woman who settled in Iran, looks more in control: her face reveals little—especially with dark glasses hiding her eyes. Two days ago, on August 16, 1953, they flew from their homeland in their own airplane (with the Shah at the controls; flying has always relaxed him). They checked into the elegant Hotel Excelsior, to which dozens of paparazzi have flocked to immortalize each appearance by the imperial couple. Rome is full of tourists in this summer-vacation season, and the Italian beaches are packed. (The bikini is just coming into fashion.) Europe is resting, vacationing, sightseeing, dining well in good restaurants, hiking in the mountains, pitching tents, gathering strength for the chill autumn and snowy winter.

Teheran, in the meantime, has no calm moments, no relaxation, because everyone can already smell the gunpowder and hear the knives being sharpened. Everyone is saying that something must happen, will happen—everyone senses the wearying pressure of ever-thickening air portending explosion—but only a handful of conspirators know who will begin it and how. Dr. Mossadegh's two years of rule are drawing to a close. Constantly threatened with coups (the democrats, the liberals, the Shah's people, and the Islamic fanatics are all plotting against him), the Doctor is already so broken that those who visit him always tell of the tears in his eyes. All his hopes have vanished, all his calculations have proved wrong. He has eliminated the English from the oil fields, for each nation has the right to its own resources, but he forgot that might makes right. The West continues its boycott of the country's oil, which for months has been a forbidden fruit on the market.

The Shah cannot decide: Should he obey those officers closest to the palace, who are advising him to eliminate Mossadegh so as to save the monarchy and the Army? For a long time, he has been unable to take the final step that would burn his flimsy bridges to the Prime Minister (they are bound in a struggle that admits of no compromise, because it is the conflict between two principles: the autocracy of the Shah and the democracy of Mossadegh), and perhaps the Shah is continuing to delay because he feels some sort of respect for the old Doctor, or perhaps it is simply because, unsure of himself, of his own will to uncompromising action, he lacks the courage to declare war on Mossadegh. The Shah would doubtless prefer that someone else carry out the whole painful—even brutal—operation for him. Still undecided and perpetually anguished, he travels from Teheran to his summer residence, near Ramsar, on the Caspian Sea, where in the end he signs a decree dismissing the Prime Minister. But when it develops that the first attempt to finish off the Doctor has come to light and ended in a setback for the palace, the Shah does not wait for further (and, as it turns out, favorable) events but flees to Rome with his young bride. He returns to Teheran only after the Army has deposed Mossadegh and delivered all authority into the monarch's hands.

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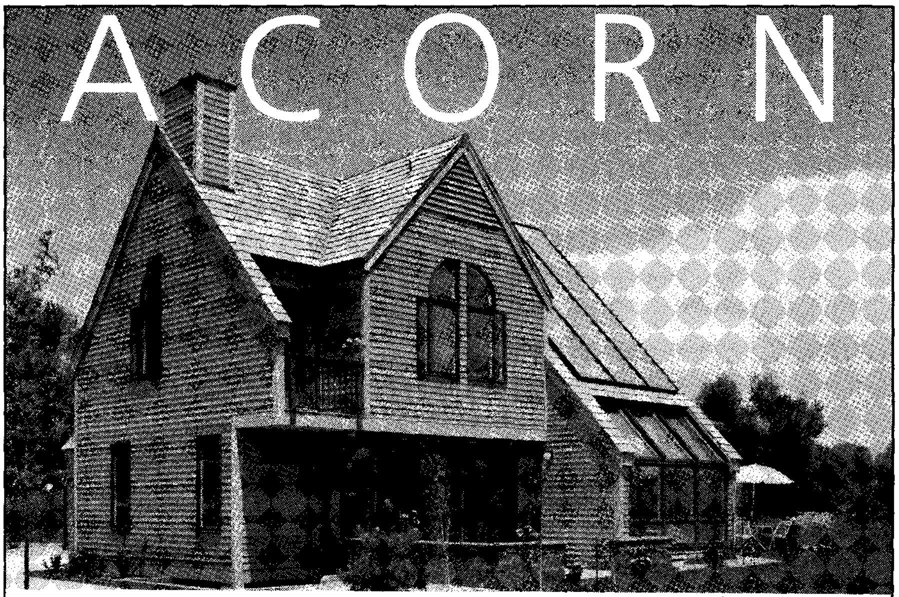

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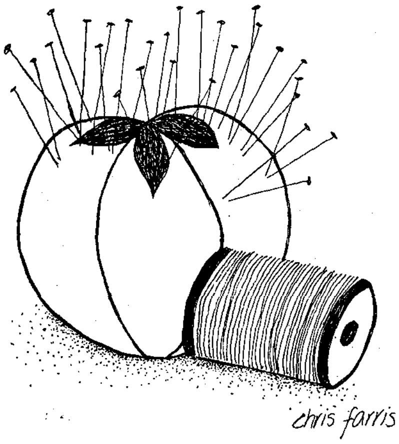
of ease, wealth, strength, fortune, power. It is a filthy, foul-smelling liquid that squirts obligingly up into the air and falls back to earth as a rustling shower of money. To discover and possess the source of oil is to feel as if, after wandering long underground, you had suddenly stumbled upon royal treasure. Not only do you become rich but you are also visited by the mystical conviction that some higher power has looked upon you with the eye of grace and magnanimously elevated you above others, electing you its favorite. Many photographs preserve the moment when the first oil spurts from the well: people jumping for joy, falling into each other's arms, weeping. Oil creates the illusion of a completely changed life—life without work, life that comes free. Oil is a resource that anesthetizes thought, blurs vision, corrupts. People from poor countries go around thinking, God, if only we had oil! The concept of oil expresses perfectly the eternal human dream of wealth achieved through lucky accident, through a kiss of fortune, and not through sweat and hard work. In this sense, oil is a fairy tale and, like every fairy tale, a bit of a lie. Oil fills us with such arrogance that we begin believing we can easily overcome unyielding obstacles like time. "With oil," the last Shah used to say, "I will create a second America in a generation!" He never created it. Oil, though powerful, has its defects. It does not replace thinking or wisdom. For rulers, one of its most alluring qualities is that it strengthens authority. Oil produces great profits without putting a lot of people to work. Oil causes few social problems, because it creates neither a numerous proletariat nor a genuine bourgeoisie. Thus, the government, freed from the need of splitting the profits with anyone, can dispose of them according to its own ideas and desires. Look at the Ministers from oil countries: how high they hold their heads, what a sense of power they have—they, the lords of energy, who decide whether we will be driving cars tomorrow or walking. And oil's relation to the mosque? What vigor, glory, and significance this new wealth has given to its religion! Islam is enjoying a period of accelerated expansion and attracting new crowds of the faithful.

FROM THE NOTES OF A CONVERSATION: He says that what later happened with the Shah was quintessentially Iranian. Monarchs have died beheaded or with knives in their backs or—if they were luckier—had to flee the country, to die exiled, abandoned, forgotten. He does not remember, although there may have been such exceptions, a Shah ending his days on the throne surrounded by respect and love, dying a natural death. He cannot remember the nation weeping for one of its rulers and bearing him to the grave with tearful eyes. The people regarded them as monsters, denounced their vilenesses, accompanied their departures with curses and abuse, and made news of their deaths the occasion for joyful holidays.

Of course, he says, we have had excellent Shahs, like Cyrus and Abbas, but that was long ago. The last two dynasties spilled a great deal of innocent blood in order to win or keep the throne. Imagine the founder of the Qajar dynasty, Agha Mohammed Khan, who in 1794 orders thousands of people in the city of Kerman blinded or sold as slaves. His Praetorians set energetically to work. They line up the inhabitants, even the children, and gouge out their eyes. In the end, despite taking regular breaks, the Praetorians grow too exhausted to lift their knives anymore. Only thanks to this fatigue do a remnant of the people preserve their eyesight. Later, processions of blinded children leave the city. Some, wandering around the countryside, lose their way in the desert and die of thirst. Other groups reach inhabited settlements and, singing songs about the extermination of the citizens of Kerman, beg for food. News travels slowly in these days, so the people they meet are shocked to hear a chorus of barefoot, blinded children singing about atrocities. They ask what crime Kerman committed to earn such cruel punishment. At that question, the children break into a song about the offense, which was this: their fathers had sheltered a contender for the throne, and Agha Mohammed Khan could not forgive them. The spectacle of processions of blinded children arouses universal pity, and the people do not refuse them sustenance, but the wanderers have to be fed discreetly, and even secretly, since the little blinded ones, having been punished and stigmatized, constitute a sort of peripatetic opposition, and all support for the opposition is punishable to the highest degree. Gradually, sighted urchins attach themselves to these processions as guides for the blind children. Then they wander together, seeking food and protection from the cold, and carrying the tale of the destruction of Kerman to the farthest villages.



These, he says, are the grim and brutal histories we hoard in our national memory. Tyrants won the throne by force, climbing toward it over corpses, amid maternal lamentations and the moans of the mortally wounded. The issue of succession was often settled in distant capitals, and the new pretender to the crown would enter Teheran with the British and Russian envoys supporting his elbows on either side. People treated such Shahs as usurpers and occupiers, and when one knows about that tradition one can understand how the mullahs managed to spark off so many uprisings against them. The mullahs would say, "He, the one sitting in the palace, is a foreigner, taking his orders from foreign powers. He is causing all your miseries; he's making a fortune at your expense and selling out the country." The people paid attention to this, because the words of the mullahs struck them as the most obvious truth. I don't mean that the mullahs were saints. Far from it! Many dark forces lurk in the shadows of the mosque. But the abuses of power and the lawlessness of the palace made the mullahs into advocates of the national interest.

He returns to the fate of the last Shah. Back then, in Rome during his exile of a few days, Mohammed Reza has to face the fact that he could lose the throne forever and swell the exotic regiment of dispossessed royalty. That thought sobers him. He wants to cast off the life that he has been squandering amid pleasures and distractions. (Later, he claims that in Rome the venerated Caliph Ali, the patron saint of the Shiites, appeared to him in a dream and said, "Return to your homeland, so that you can save the nation.") Now a great ambition is born in him, a yearning to demonstrate his strength and superiority. This trait, too, my interlocutor says, is most Iranian. One Iranian will never yield to another. Each believes in his own superiority, wants to be first and foremost, wants to impose his own exclusive *I. I! I! I* know better, *I* have more, *I* can do everything.

Since losing face is a great humiliation, he tells me, the Shah first of all tries to recoup his lost face. Imagine, under the Iranian system of values, a monarch—the father of his country—who flees at the most critical moment and is shown in pictures buying jewelry with his wife! No, he has to erase that impression somehow. So when Fazlollah Zahedi, the leader of the forces that have overthrown the Mossadegh government, sends the Shah a telegram saying that the tanks have done their job and it is safe for the monarch to return, the Shah first heads for Iraq to have himself photographed leaning on the tomb of the Muslim saint Husayn, one of the great Shiite shrines. A religious gesture—that's how to get back in our nation's good graces.

So the Shah returns, but Iran is still far from calm: students on strike; streets full of demonstrations, gun battles, funerals; in the Army itself, conflicts, plots, contention. The monarch thinks it safer to stay in the palace; too many people want his head. He surrounds himself with his family, courtiers, and generals. Now, with Mossadegh out of the way, Washington starts sending big bucks, and half of it goes for the military. So the soldiers get meat and bread. You have to remember how miserably our people live and what it means for a soldier to have meat and bread, how that raises him above others. In those days, there were children everywhere with big, swollen bellies; they'd been eating only grass.

I remember a man who burned his child's eyelid with a cigarette, he says. The eye puffed up with pus, and the face looked terrible. This man smeared his own arms with axle grease, so the arm swelled up and turned black. He just wanted people to feel sorry for him and his child, so that somebody would feed them.

The only toys of my childhood were stones. I pulled a stone with a string—I was the horse, and the stone was the Gilded Chariot of the Shah.

FROM THE NOTES: Every pretext, he says, was good for rising up against the Shah. The people wanted to get rid of the dictator, and they flexed

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their muscles whenever they had a chance.

Everybody looked toward Qom. That's the way it had always been in our history: whenever there was unhappiness and a crisis, people started listening for the first signals from Qom. And Qom was rumbling.

This was in 1962, when the Shah issued land-reform decrees and took other controversial measures as part of his "white revolution." Now, for the first time, Iran would hear Ayatollah Khomeini. Before that, no one knew of him—nobody but the people of Qom, that is. He was already over sixty—old enough to be the Shah's father. Later, he would often call the ruler "son," but, of course, in an ironic and wrathful tone. Khomeini attacked him ruthlessly. My people, he would cry, don't trust him. He's not your man. He's not thinking of you—he's thinking only of himself and of the ones who give him orders. He's selling out our country, selling us all out. *The Shah must go!*

The police arrest Khomeini. Demonstrations begin in Qom. People call for his freedom. Next, other cities take to the streets—Teheran, Tabriz, Meshed, Isfahan. Then the Shah sends the Army into the streets, and the slaughter begins. My interlocutor stands up, stretches out his arms, and curls his hands as though gripping the stock of a machine gun. He squints his right eye and makes a sound like a machine gun rattling. That, he says, was June, 1963. The uprising went on for five months. Democrats from Mossadegh's party and the clerics led it. Thousands of people were killed or wounded. Then came a few years of funereal but never total quiet—some sort of rebellion was already breaking out. Khomeini was thrown out of the country and went to live in Iraq—in An Najaf, the greatest Shiite city, site of Caliph Ali's tomb.

Now I wonder, he says, just what conditions created Khomeini. In those days, after all, there were plenty of more important, better-known ayatollahs and also prominent political opponents of the Shah. We were all writing protests, manifestos, letters, statements. Only a small group of intellectuals read them, because such materials could not be printed legally and, besides, most people didn't know how to read. We were criticizing the monarch, saying things were bad, demanding changes, reform, democratization, justice. It never entered anyone's head to come out the way Khomeini did—to reject all that scribbling, all those petitions, resolutions, proposals. To stand before the people and cry, *The Shah must go!*

That was the gist of what Khomeini said then, and he kept on saying it for fifteen years. It was the simplest thing, and everyone could remember it—but it took people fifteen years to understand what it really meant. After all, they took the institution of the monarchy as much for granted as the air. No one could imagine life without it.

The Shah must go!

Don't debate it, don't gab, don't reform or forgive. There's no sense in it, it won't change anything, it's a vain effort, it's a delusion. We can go forward only over the ruins of the monarchy. There's no other way.

The Shah must go!

Don't wait, don't stall, don't sleep.

The Shah must go!

The first time he said it, it sounded like a maniac's entreaties, like the keening of a madman. The monarchy had not yet exhausted the possibilities of endurance.

HERE we see a group of people standing at a bus stop on a Teheran street. People waiting for a bus look the same all over the world, which is to say that they have the same tired, apathetic expression on their faces, the same posture of sluggishness and defeat, the same dullness and antipathy in their eyes. The man who gave me the photograph, whoever that was, asked me if I noticed anything strange in it. I thought it over and said no, I couldn't spot anything. He replied that the picture had been taken under cover, from a window across the street. I was to note, he said as he showed it to me, the guy (with the anonymous face of a lower-level bureaucrat) standing nearest to the camera, inclining his ear toward three other men talking. That guy was from SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, and he was always on duty at the bus stop, eavesdropping as people waited for the bus and absent-mindedly bantered about this and that. People could discuss only innocuous matters, but even then it was necessary to stay away from subjects in which the police could pick out significant allusions. SAVAK had a good ear for all allusions.

One scorching afternoon, an old man with a bad heart turned up at the bus stop and gasped, "It's so oppressive you can't catch your breath."

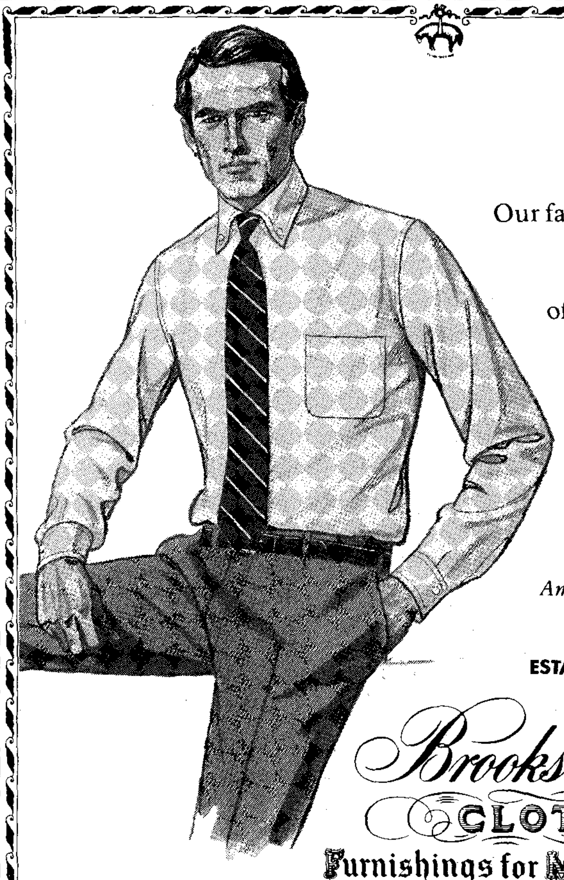
"So it is," the SAVAK agent replied

at once, edging closer to the winded stranger. "It's getting more and more oppressive, and people are fighting for air."

"Too true," replied the naïve old man, clapping his hand over his heart. "Such heavy air, so oppressive."

Immediately, the SAVAK agent barked, "Now you'll have a chance to regain your strength," and marched him off.

The other people at the bus stop had been listening in dread, for they had sensed from the beginning that the feeble elderly man was committing an unpardonable error by saying "oppressive" to a stranger. Experience had taught them to avoid uttering such words as "oppressiveness," "darkness," "burden," "abyss," "collapse," "quagmire," "putrefaction," "cage," "bars," "chain," "gag," "truncheon," "boot," "claptrap," "screw," "pocket," "paw," "madness," and phrases like "lie down," "lie flat," "spread-eagle," "fall on your face," "wither away," "got flabby," "go blind," "go deaf," "wallow in it," "all screwed up," and remarks like "Something's out of kilter," "Something's wrong," "Something's got to give"—because all of them, these words, phrases, and clauses, could hide allusions to the Shah's regime, and thus formed a connotative mine field where you could get blown to bits with one slip of the tongue. For a moment, for just an instant, a new doubt flashed through the heads of the people standing at the bus stop: What if the sick old man was a SAVAK agent, too? Because he had criticized the regime (by using "oppressive" in conversation), he must have been free to criticize. If he hadn't been, wouldn't he have kept his mouth shut or spoken about such agreeable topics as the fact that the sun was shining and the bus was sure to come along any minute? And who had the right to criticize? Only SAVAK agents, whose job it was to provoke reckless babblers, then cart them off to jail. The ubiquitous terror drove people crazy, made them so paranoid they couldn't credit anyone with being honest, pure, or courageous. After all, they considered themselves honest, and yet they couldn't bring themselves to express an opinion or a judgment, to make any sort of accusation, because they knew that punishment lay ruthlessly in wait for them if they did. Thus, if someone verbally attacked and condemned the monarch everybody thought he was an agent provocateur, acting maliciously to un-



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cover those who agreed with him and to destroy them. The more incisively and lucidly he spoke the views that they kept hidden inside themselves, the more suspect he seemed and the more violently they backed away from him, warning their friends, "Watch out—something's fishy about this guy; he's acting too brave." In this way, terror carried off its quarry: it condemned to mistrust and isolation anyone who, from the highest motives, opposed coercion. Fear so debased people's thinking that they saw deceit in bravery, collaboration in courage. This time, however, seeing how roughly the SAVAK agent led his victim away, the people at the bus stop had to admit that the ailing old man could not have been connected with the police. In any case, the captor and his prey were soon out of sight, and the sole remaining question was: Where did they go?

Nobody actually knew where SAVAK was situated. The organization had no headquarters. Dispersed all over the city (and all over the country), it was everywhere and nowhere. It occupied houses, villas, and apartments that no one ever paid any attention to. Its doors stood blank or bore the names of nonexistent firms and institutions. Only those who were in on the secret knew its telephone numbers. SAVAK might rent quarters in an ordinary apartment house, or you might enter its interrogation rooms through a store, a laundry, a night club. In such a situation, all walls can have ears, and every door or gate can lead to the secret police. Whoever fell into the grip of that organization disappeared without a trace—sometimes forever. People would vanish suddenly, and nobody would know what had happened to them, where to go, whom to ask, whom to appeal to. They might be locked up in a prison, but which one? There were said to be as many as six thousand. An invisible, adamant wall would rise up, before which you stood helpless, unable to take a step forward. Iran belonged to SAVAK, but within the country the police acted like an underground organization, appearing and then disappearing, hiding its tracks, leaving no forwarding address. Yet, at the same time, some of its sections existed officially. SAVAK censored the press, books, and films. (It was SAVAK that cracked down on productions of Shakespeare and Molière, because they criticized monarchical and aristocratic vices.) SAVAK ruled in the universities, the offices, the factories. A monstrously overgrown octopus, it entangled everything, crept into every crack and corner, glued its suckers everywhere, pried and peered in all directions, scratched and bored through every level of existence. SAVAK had thousands and thousands of agents. Twenty thousand? Sixty thousand? It also controlled, someone calculated, three million informants, who denounced other people for such varied motives as money, self-preservation, the desire for a job or promotion. SAVAK bought people or condemned them to torture, appointed them to positions or clapped them into dungeons. It defined the enemy and thus decided who should be destroyed. Of such a sentence there could be no review. Only the Shah could save the condemned. SAVAK answered to the Shah alone, and those upon whom the monarchy rested quailed helplessly before the police.

The people waiting at the bus stop knew all this and therefore remained silent once the SAVAK agent and the old man had gone. They watched each other out of the corners of their eyes; for all they knew, the man standing next to them might have to inform. He might have just returned from an interview in which SAVAK told him that if by chance he noticed or heard something and reported it his son would gain admission to the university. Or that if he noticed or heard something the entry about his belonging to the opposition would be erased from the records. "For God's sake, I'm not in the opposition," he would say in self-defense. "Yes, you are. It's written down right here that you are." Without wanting to (even though some of them tried to hide it, so as not to provoke any aggressive outburst), the people at the bus stop looked at each other with loathing. They were inclined to disproportionate, neurotic reactions. Something got on their nerves, something smelled bad, and they moved away from each other, waiting to see who went after whom, who attacked someone first. This reciprocal distrust was the work of SAVAK, which had been whispering into all ears that everyone belonged to SAVAK. This one, this one, this one, and that one. That one, too? Sure, of course. Everybody! Or, on the other hand, these people waiting for the bus might be decent folk, and their inward agitation, which they masked with silence and stony expressions, might stem from the fact that a moment earlier they felt the quick surge of fear that a close brush with SAVAK caused. Had their instinct failed them only for a moment, and had they begun discussing some ambiguous subject, like the way fish spoils quickly in the heat and the amazing fact that a rotting fish's head begins to stink first and has to be cut off immediately if you want to save the rest—had they broached such a culinary theme, they might have shared the hapless lot of the man who held his hand over his heart. But they were safe for the moment, and they stood at the bus stop wiping their sweat away and fanning their wet shirts.

"WE'VE been married more than twelve years," says the man, whose hair is just beginning to gray, "but only now, for the first time, have my wife and I been discussing politics. We'd never before spoken to each other on the subject. It's the same with all the couples we know."

No, he doesn't want to imply they lacked faith in each other. Nor had they ever made any sort of agreement about the matter. Yet they had an unspoken compact that they both accepted, almost unconsciously, and that resulted from a certain sober reflection on human nature; namely, that you never know how someone is going to behave in an extreme predicament, what someone can be forced into, what calumny, what betrayal.

THIS picture was hanging alongside slogans, proclamations, and a few other photographs on the bulletin board in front of a revolutionary-committee building in Shiraz. I asked a student to translate the handwritten statement thumbtacked below the photograph. "It's written here," he said, "that this little boy, three years old, Habib Fardust, was a prisoner of SAVAK."

"What?" I asked. "Three years old and a prisoner?"

He answered that sometimes SAVAK locked up a whole family, and that is what had happened in this case. He read the statement to the end and added that the boy's parents had died during torture.

Six hundred years after Tamerlane, the same pathological cruelty remains—unchanged except, perhaps, for the degree of mechanization. The most

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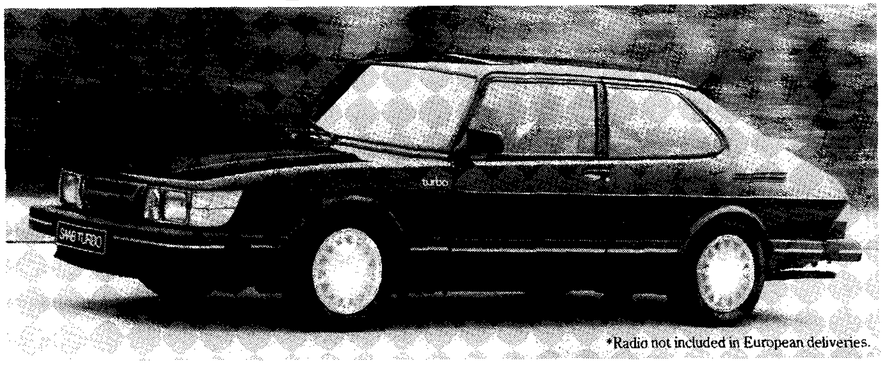

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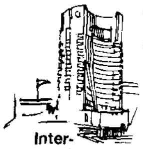
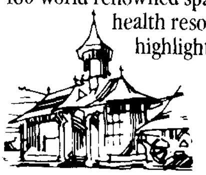

Inter-continental Hotel, Bucharest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common instrument discovered in SAVAK quarters was an electrically heated metal table called "the frying pan," on which the victim was tied down by his hands and feet. Many died on such tables. Often, the accused was already raving by the time he entered the torture chamber—few people could bear the screams they heard while they waited, and the smell of burning flesh. But technological progress could not displace medieval methods in this nightmare world. In Isfahan, people were thrown into huge bags full of cats crazed with hunger, or among poisonous snakes. Accounts of such horrors—sometimes, of course, propagated by SAVAK itself—circulated among the populace for years. They were so threatening and the definition of an enemy of the state was so loose and arbitrary that everyone could imagine ending up in such a torture chamber.

THIS was taken in Teheran on December 23, 1973. The Shah, surrounded by a bank of microphones, is giving a speech in a hall crowded with journalists. On this occasion, Mohammed Reza, whose manner is usually marked by a careful, studied reticence, cannot hide his emotion, his excitement, even—as the reporters note—his feverishness. In fact, the moment is fraught with consequences for the whole world: the Shah is announcing a new price for oil. Iran, which used to earn five billion dollars a year from its petroleum exports, will now earn twenty billion. What's more, control of this great pile of money will belong to the Shah alone. In his autocratic kingdom, he can use the money however he likes. He can throw it into the sea, spend it on ice cream, or lock it up in a golden safe. No wonder he looks so excited. How would any of us behave if we suddenly found twenty billion dollars in our pockets and knew that there would be twenty billion more every year, and eventually even greater sums? No wonder the Shah has acted as he has—that he has lost his head. Instead of assembling his family, loyal generals, and trusted advisers to think over together the most reasonable way of using such a fortune, the ruler—who claims to have been suddenly blessed with a shining vision—announces to one and all that within a generation he will make Iran (which is a backward, disorganized, half-illiterate, barefoot country) into the fifth-greatest power on earth. At the same time, the monarch awakens high hopes among his people with the attractive slogan "Prosperity for All." Initially, with everyone aware that the Shah is in the really big money, these hopes do not seem completely vain.

A few days after the press conference shown in our photograph, the monarch grants an interview to *Der Spiegel* and says, "In ten years, we will have the same living standard that you Germans, French, and English have now."

"Do you think, sir," the correspondent asks incredulously, "you will really be able to accomplish this within ten years?"

"Yes, of course."

But, says the astonished journalist, the West needed many generations to achieve its present standard of living. Will you be able to skip all that?

Of course.

I think of this interview now, when Mohammed Reza is no longer in the country and, surrounded by half-naked, shivering children, I am wading through mud and dung among the squalid clay huts of a little village outside Shiraz. In front of one of the huts, a woman is forming cow patties into circular cakes, which, once dried, will serve (in this country of oil and gas) as the only fuel for her home. Well, walking through this sad medieval village and remembering that interview of a few years back, I think, Not even the greatest nonsense is beyond the reach of human invention.

For the time being, however, the autocrat locks himself in his palace and begins issuing the hundreds of decisions that convulse his homeland and lead to his overthrow five years later. He orders investment doubled, begins the great importing of technology, and creates the third most advanced Army in the world. He commands that the most up-to-date equipment be ordered, installed, and put to use. Modern machines produce modern merchandise, and Iran is going to swamp the world with its superior output. He decides to build atomic power plants, electronics factories, steel mills, and great industrial complexes. Then, since there is a delicious winter in Europe, he leaves to ski in Saint-Moritz. But his charming, elegant residence in Saint-Moritz suddenly stops being a quiet hideaway and retreat, because word of the new El Dorado has spread around the world by this time and excited the power centers, where everyone has immediately begun calculating the amounts of money to be plucked in Iran. The Premiers and Ministers from otherwise respectable and affluent governments of serious, respected countries have begun to line up outside the Shah's Swiss domicile. The ruler sits in an armchair, warming his hands at the fireplace and listening to a deluge of propositions, offers, and declarations. Now the whole world is at his feet. Before him are bowed heads, inclined necks, and outstretched hands. "Now, look," he tells the Premiers and Ministers. "You don't know how to govern, and that's why you don't have any money." He lectures London and Rome, advises Paris, scolds Madrid. The world hears him out meekly and swallows even the bitterest admonitions, because it can't take its eyes off the gold pyramid piling up in the Iranian desert.

Ambassadors in Teheran go crazy under the barrage of telegrams that their Ministers turn on them, all dealing with money: How much can the Shah give us? When and on what conditions? You say he won't? Then insist, Your Excellency. We offer guaranteed service and will insure favorable publicity. Instead of elegance and seriousness, pushing and shoving without end, feverish glances, and sweaty hands fill the waiting rooms of even the most petty Iranian Ministers. People crowding each other, pulling at each other's sleeves, shouting, "Get in line! Wait your turn!" These are the presidents of multinational corporations, directors of great conglomerates, representatives of famous companies, and, finally, the delegates of the more or less respectable governments. One after another, they are proposing, offering, pushing this or that factory for airplanes, cars, television sets, watches. And besides these notable and —under normal circumstances—distinguished lords of world capital and industry, the country is being flooded with smaller fry, penny-ante speculators and crooks, specialists in gold, gems, discothèques, strip joints, opium, bars, razor cuts, and surfing. These operators are scrambling to get into Iran, and they are unimpressed when, in some European airport, hooded students try to hand them pamphlets saying that people are dying of torture in their homeland, that no one knows whether the victims carried off by SAVAK are dead or alive. Who cares, when the pickings are good and when, furthermore, everything is happening under another of the Shah's exalted slogans, about building a Great Civili-

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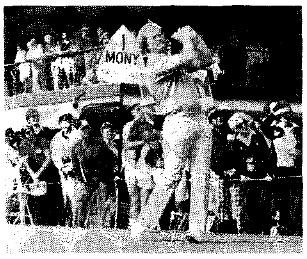

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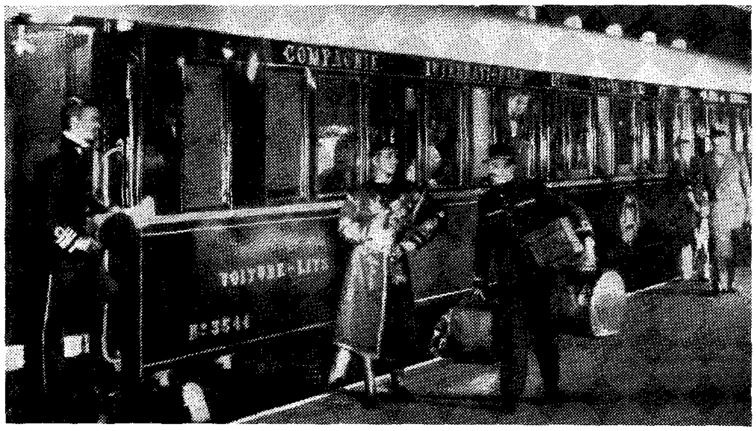

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THE DUSE ENCHANTMENT

(or, how her heart caught fire over a Sambuca Romana.)

When they met, she was at the height of her powers, an actress adored, even worshiped, by all Italy. He, rising poet, novelist, journalist, was the pampered son of a wealthy landowner. Together, Eleonora Duse and Gabriele D'Annunzio were a memorable conflagration.

Both, it is said, were habitués of a certain Roman cafe. There D'Annunzio was introduced to the potent seduction of Sambuca Romana, Rome's remarkable liqueur distilled from berries of the wild elderbush. Its suavity and elegance appealed to his poet's sense of form; his ardent nature responded to the fire at its center.

It was on a warm evening in June that Duse and her coterie arrived at the cafe just as D'Annunzio's liqueur had been served. One of his friends insisted that he meet the great actress, taking him to her table. The full force of her beauty was overwhelming. Impetuously, he drew up a chair and fell deep into conversation.

As they talked, he toyed with his glass, dropping roasted coffee beans into it one by one until three floated there. Pausing to light a cigarette, he held the match for a moment close to the liqueur. A blue flame danced over its surface, matching the flame born at that instant in the hearts of poet and actress.

Thus began a relationship that for six years inspired them both: him to write plays for her to perform; her to performances of incandescent radiance.

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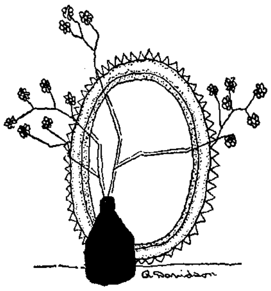
zation? In the meantime, Mohammed Reza has returned from his winter vacation, well rested and satisfied. Everyone is praising him at last; the whole world is writing about him as an exemplar, puffing up his splendid qualities, constantly pointing out that everywhere, wherever you turn, there are so many foulups and cheats, whereas in his land—not a one.

Unfortunately, the monarch's satisfaction is not to last long. Development is a treacherous river, as everyone who casts off into its currents knows. On the surface, the water flows smoothly and quickly, but if the captain makes one careless or thoughtless move he finds out how many whirlpools and wide shoals the river contains. All this, however, happens later. As for the Shah, he is now making purchases costing billions, and ships full of merchandise are steaming toward Iran from all the continents. But when they reach the Persian Gulf it turns out that the small, obsolete ports are unable to handle such a mass of cargo. (The Shah hadn't realized this.) Several hundred ships line up at sea and stay there as long as six months—lost time for which Iran pays the shipping companies. Somehow, the ships are gradually unloaded, but then it turns out that there are no warehouses. (The Shah hadn't realized.) In the open air, in the desert, in nightmarish tropical heat, lie millions of tons of all sorts of cargo. Half of it, consisting of perishable foodstuffs and chemicals, ends up being thrown away. The remaining cargo now has to be transported into the depths of the country, and at this moment it turns out that there is no transport. (The Shah hadn't realized.) Or, rather, there are a few trucks and trailers, but these are only a crumb in comparison with the need. Two thousand tractor-trailers are therefore ordered from Europe, but then it turns out there are no drivers. (The Shah hadn't realized.) After much consultation, an airliner flies off to bring South Korean truckers from Seoul. Now the tractor-trailers start rolling and begin to transport the cargo, but once the truck drivers pick up a few words of Farsi they discover they're making only half as much as native truckers. Outraged, they abandon their rigs and return to Korea. The trucks, unused to this day, sit covered with sand along the Bandar Abbas–Teheran highway. With time and the help of foreign freight companies, however, the factories and machines purchased abroad finally reach their appointed destinations. Then it is time to assemble them. But it turns out that Iran has no engineers or technicians. (The Shah hadn't realized.)



Logically, anyone who sets out to create a Great Civilization ought to begin with people—with training cadres of experts in order to form a native intelligentsia. But it was precisely that kind of thinking which was unacceptable. Open new universities and polytechnics, every one a hornets' nest, every student a rebel, a good-for-nothing, a freethinker? Is it any wonder the Shah didn't want to braid the whip that would flay his own skin? The monarch had a better way: he kept the majority of his students far from home. In this respect, the country was unique. Tens of thousands of young Iranians were studying in Europe and America. This policy cost much more than it would have taken to create national universities. But it guaranteed the regime a degree of calm and security. The majority of these young people never returned. Today, more Iranian doctors practice in San Francisco or Hamburg than in Tabriz or Meshed. They did not return even for the generous salaries the Shah offered. They feared SAVAK and didn't want to go back to kissing anyone's shoes. An Iranian at home could not read the books of the country's best writers (because they came out only abroad), could not see the films of its outstanding directors (because they were not allowed to be shown in Iran), could not listen to the voices of its intellectuals (because they were condemned to silence).

The Shah left people a choice between SAVAK and the mullahs. And they chose the mullahs. When one thinks about the fall of any dictatorship, one should have no illusions that the whole system comes to an end like a bad dream with that fall. The physical existence of the system does indeed cease, but its psychological and social results live on for years, and even survive in the form of subconsciously continued behavior. A dictatorship that destroys the intelligentsia and culture leaves behind an empty, sour field, from which the tree of thought won't grow quickly. It is not always the best people who emerge from hiding, from the corners and cracks of that farmed-out field, but, often, those who have proved themselves strongest; not always those who will create new values but, rather, those whose thick skin and internal resilience have insured their survival. In such circumstances, history begins to turn in a tragic, vicious circle, from which it can sometimes take a whole epoch to break free.

But we should stop here, or even go back a few years, because by jumping ahead of events we have destroyed the Great Civilization, and first we have to build it. Yet how do we build it here, where there are no experts, and when the nation, even if it is eager to learn, has nowhere to study? In order to fulfill his vision, the Shah needs at least seven hundred thousand specialists immediately. Somebody hits upon the safest and best way out: import them. The issue of security carries great weight here: foreigners, concerned about doing their jobs, making money, and getting home, will clearly not organize plots and rebellions or contest and rail against SAVAK. In general, revolutions would stop breaking out around the world if, for example, Ecuadorans built Paraguay, and Indians built Saudi Arabia. Stir, mix together, relocate, disperse, and you will have peace. Tens of thousands of foreigners thus begin arriving. Airplane after airplane lands at Mehrabad airport, in Teheran. Domestic servants from the Philippines, hydraulic engineers from Greece, electricians from Norway, accountants from Pakistan, mechanics from Italy, military men from the United States. Let us look at the pictures of the Shah from this period. He's talking to an engineer from Munich, a foreman from Milan, a crane operator from Boston, a technician from Kuznetsk. And who are the only Iranians in these pictures? Ministers and SAVAK agents guarding the monarch. Their countrymen, absent from the pictures, observe everything with ever-widening eyes. This army of foreigners, by the very strength of its technical expertise, its knowing which buttons to press, which levers to pull, which cables to connect, even if it behaves in the humblest way, begins to dominate and starts crowding the Iranians into an inferiority complex. The foreigner knows how, and I don't. This is a proud people, extremely sensitive about its dignity. An Iranian will never admit he can't do something; to him such

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an admission constitutes a great shame, a loss of face. He'll suffer, grow depressed, and finally begin to hate. He understands quickly the concept that is guiding his ruler: All of you just sit there in the shadow of the mosque and tend your sheep, because it will take a century for you to be of any use; I, on the other hand, have to build a global empire in ten years with the help of foreigners.

THIS is a reproduction of a caricature that some artist drew during the revolution. It shows a Teheran street. Big American cars, gas-guzzling road hogs, are slinking along the avenue. On the sidewalks stand people with disappointed faces. Each of them is holding a part of a car: a door handle, a fan belt, a gearshift. The caption under the cartoon reads, "A Peykan for Everyone." (The Peykan is an Iranian economy car.) When the Shah got into the big money, he claimed that every Iranian would be able to buy his own car. The caricature shows how this pledge was fulfilled. Above the street, an angry Shah is sitting on a cloud with this inscription running above his head: "Mohammed Reza is furious with a nation that will not admit it feels an improvement." This is an interesting drawing, which tells how the Iranians interpreted the Great Civilization—as an injustice. It created even bigger gulfs than before in a society that had never known equality. The Shahs, of course, had always had more of everything than others, but it was hard to think of them as magnates. They had to sell concessions to keep the court in respectable shape. Shah Nasr-ed-Din ran up such debts in Paris brothels that in order to bail himself out and get back home he sold the French the rights to carry out archeological expeditions and keep whatever artifacts they found. But that was in the past. Now, in the mid-seventies, Iran has become a behemoth of riches. And what does the Shah do? Half the money goes to the Army, some to the élite, the rest for development. But what does that word mean? "Development" is no indifferent, abstract concept. It always applies to someone, in the name of something. Development can make a society richer and life better, freer, more just, but it can also do exactly the opposite. So it is in autocratic societies (where the élite identifies its interests with those of the state that guarantees its control). In such societies, development, aiming at strengthening the state and its apparatus of repression, reinforces dictatorship, subjugation, barrenness, vagueness, and the emptiness of existence. The development that was packaged and sold in Iran as the Great Civilization worked in just that way. Can anyone blame the Iranians for rising up, at the cost of great sacrifices, and destroying that model of development?

A LUFTHANSA airliner at Mehrabad Airport. It looks like an ad, but in this case no advertising is needed, because all the seats are sold. This plane flies out of Teheran every day and lands at Munich at noon. Waiting limousines carry the passengers to elegant restaurants for lunch. After lunch, they all fly back to Teheran in the same airplane and eat their suppers at home. Hardly an expensive entertainment, the jaunt costs only two thousand dollars a head. For people in the Shah's favor, such a sum is nothing. In fact, it is the palace plebeians who go to Munich for lunch. Those in somewhat higher positions don't always feel like enduring the travail of such a long journey. For them, an Air France plane brings lunch, complete with cooks and waiters, from Maxim's of Paris. Even such fancies have nothing extraordinary about them. They cost hardly a penny compared with a fairy-tale fortune like the one that Mohammed Reza and his people are amassing. In the eyes of the average Iranian, the Great Civilization is above all a Great Pillage, at which the élite busies itself. Everyone in authority steals. Whoever holds office and does not steal creates a desert around himself; he makes everybody suspicious. Other people regard him as a spy sent to report on who is stealing how much, because their enemies need such information. Whenever they can, they get rid of someone like that in short order—he spoils the game. All values thus come to have a reversed meaning. Whoever tries to be honest looks like a paid stoolie. If someone has clean hands, he has to keep them deeply hidden, because there is something shameful and ambivalent about purity. The higher the position, the fuller the pockets. Anyone who wants to build a factory, open a business, or grow cotton has to give a piece of the action as a present to the Shah's family or one of the dignitaries. And the ambitious give willingly, because you can get a business going only with the backing of the court. With money and influence, you will overcome every obstacle. You can buy influence and use it afterward to multiply your fortune. It is hard to imagine the river of money that flows into the till of the Shah, his family, and the whole court élite. A bribe to the Shah's family generally runs to a hundred million dollars and more. Prime Ministers and generals take bribes ranging from thirty to fifty million dollars. Lower down, the bribe is smaller, but it is always there. As prices rise, the bribes get bigger, and ordinary people complain that more and more of their earnings go to feed the Moloch of corruption. In earlier times, Iran had a custom of auctioning off positions. The Shah would announce a floor price for the office of governor, and whoever bid highest became governor. Later, in office, the governor would plunder his subjects to recover (with interest) the money that had gone to the monarch. Now this custom is revived in a new form: the ruler buys people by sending them to negotiate contracts—usually military ones.

The Shah's big money enables him to breathe life into a new class, previously unknown to historians and sociologists: the petro-bourgeoisie. An unusual social phenomenon, the petro-bourgeoisie produces nothing, and unbridled consumption makes up its whole occupation. Promotion to this class depends neither on social conflict (as in feudalism) nor on competition (as in industry and trade) but only on conflict and competition for the Shah's grace and favor. This promotion can occur in a single day, or even in a few minutes: the Shah's word or signature suffices. Whoever most pleases the ruler, whoever can best and most ardently flatter him, whoever can convince him of his loyalty and submission, receives promotion to the petro-bourgeoisie. This class of freeloaders quickly makes a significant part of the oil revenues its own and becomes the proprietor of the country. At their elegant villas, its members entertain visitors to Iran and shape their guests' opinions of the country (though the hosts often have scant familiarity with their own culture). They have international manners and speak European languages—what better reasons for the Europeans to depend on them? But how misleading these encounters can be, how far these villas are from the local realities that will soon find a voice to shock the world! This class we are speaking about, guided by the instinct for self-preservation, has premonitions that its own career will

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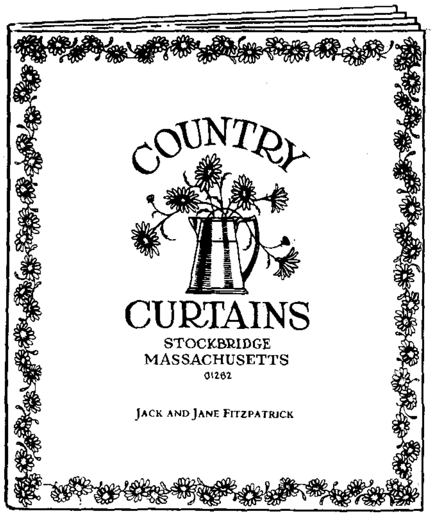

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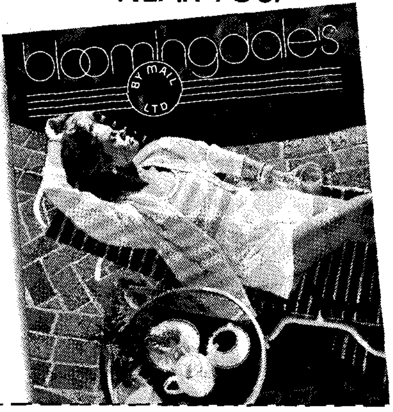

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be as short-lived as it is glittering. Therefore, it sits on its suitcases from the start, exporting money and buying property in Europe and America. But since it has such big money, it can earmark a part of its fortunes for a comfortable life at home. Superluxurious neighborhoods, with enough conveniences and ostentation to stupefy any sightseer, begin to spring up in Teheran. Many of the houses cost more than a million dollars. These neighborhoods take root only a few streets away from districts where whole families huddle in hovels of a few dozen square feet without electricity or running water. This privileged consumption, this great hogging, should go on quietly and discreetly—take it, hide it, and leave nothing showing. Have a feast, but draw the curtains first. Build for yourself, but deep in the forest, so as not to provoke others. So it should be—but it is not so here. Here custom ordains that you dazzle, knock the wind out of people, put everything on display, light all the lights, stun them, bring them to their knees, devastate them, pulverize them. Why have it all if it's to be on the sly—some alleged thing that somebody has seen or heard about? No! To have it like that is not to have it at all! To really have it is to blow your horn, shout it, let others come and gawk at it until their eyes pop out. And so, in plain sight of a silent and increasingly hostile people, the new class mounts an exhibition of the Iranian dolce vita, knowing no measure in its dissoluteness, rapacity, and cynicism. This touches off a fire in which the class itself, along with its creator and protector, will perish.

—RYSZARD KAPUŚCIŃSKI

(*Translated, from the Polish, by William R. Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska-Brand. This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Santa Fe Police News in the Albuquerque* (*N.M.*) *Journal*]

A man residing on Brownell Howland Road reported on Thursday that someone jumped on the roof of his car and proceeded to tap dance, causing $1,000 damage. Police obtained footprints from the roof.

•

This book reflects my feeling that is a lamentable lack of precision in most contemporary work in the philosophy of language.—*Preface to "Language and Thought," by John L. Pollock.*

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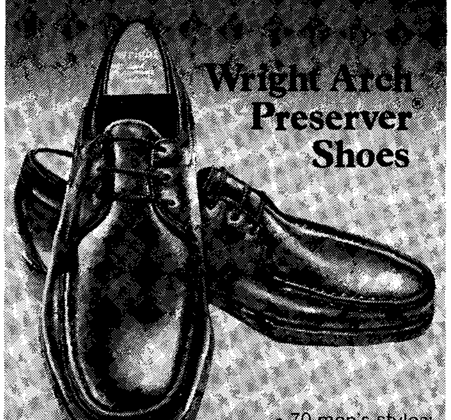

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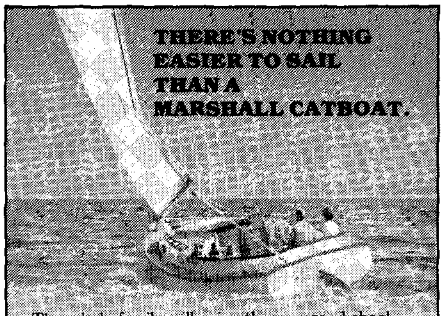

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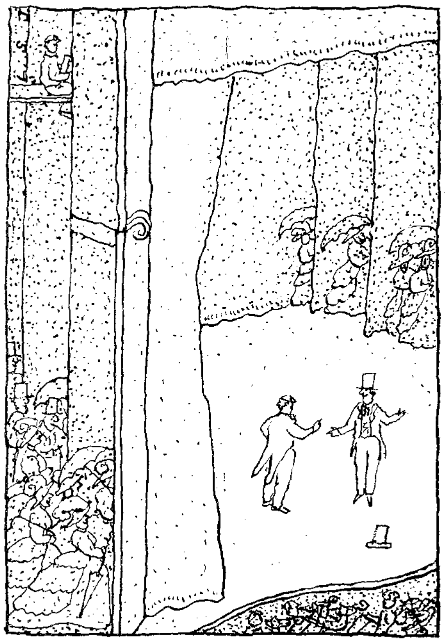
THE THEATRE

Troubled Souls

No dramatist is so quick to arouse my impatience as Eugene O'Neill. With the exception of "Long Day's Journey Into Night," which I consider the best American play written in my lifetime, and "Ah, Wilderness!," a comedy of uncharacteristic domestic benignity (perhaps because the playwright was recalling somebody else's family instead of his own), the all too ample O'Neill œuvre strikes me as consistently ill-conceived, ill-plotted, and ill-written. How hard he tries, and how elephantinely maladroit he proves to be! He has no ear for the colloquial, and the only passages in his writing that give off a tinnier ring than those embodying what he supposes to be our ordinary speech are the passages that he appears to have considered truly poetical—snatches of hand-me-down Swinburne and Dobson, poets already dated when O'Neill dropped out of Princeton. Every fault that O'Neill manifests in other plays is present in magnified form in "Strange Interlude," a very peculiar production of which has just opened at the Nederlander. This play's chief fault is what Louis Sheaffer, O'Neill's most authoritative biographer, has called his literary gigantism. The play is nine acts long, requires almost five hours to get through, and sounds more like a radio soap opera or a novel-on-tape—methods of time-expanding communication which O'Neill, unluckily for us, anticipated by a number of years—than like a work intended to be acted in a theatre. As Sheaffer observes, the play echoes in a mutilated fashion certain characters and notions that Shaw wittily employs in "Man and Superman;" in silent homage to his source, O'Neill affixes Shaw's name to the dead war hero whose valor and prowess dominate the background of "Strange Interlude." There are also echoes of Freud, whom O'Neill read and failed to comprehend, and Joyce, from whom he believed he was borrowing a "stream of consciousness" technique, which he totally bungled: thinking himself advanced, he fell back upon the asides popular in many nineteenth-century melodramas. Instead of inventing a language of the unconscious, as Joyce strove to do, he invented a trivializing and self-indulgent shorthand ("My life gathers roses, coolly crimson, in sheltered gardens, on late afternoons in love with evening").

As Gibbon said of the condition of Corsica, the plot of "Strange Interlude" is easier to deplore than describe. Again like a soap opera, it embraces so much—heterosexual love, homosexual love, adultery, abortion, bastardy, hereditary insanity, money-making, several modes of death, and even an undergraduate boat race—that the action becomes processional rather than revelatory. The time covered by the play is about a quarter of a century, and it feels like more; to make matters worse, the carpentry that joins one turn of the plot to the next is often so awkward that where we ought to be moved to pity and terror we are moved instead to impolite, irrepressible laughter. Most of the blame for this discourtesy is earned by O'Neill; the rest is earned by the current production. When we first meet Nina, the leading figure in the play, we are told by O'Neill that she is a young girl mourning an unconsummated love; the role is being played by Glenda Jackson, who is in her forties and, for all her grace and skill, can no longer evoke convincingly a springlike naïveté. Almost everyone else in the cast (Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, and James Hazeldine, among others) is well beyond the years indicated by the author's stage directions as appropriate for the characters. Adding to the oddity of the production are the wholly unsuitable settings, by Voytek and Michael Levine; the characters are forced to move about all evening long in what seems the bottom of a vile pit, lined with shadowy clapboards never hitherto seen on land or sea. The costumes, by Deirdre Clancy, and the lighting, by Allen Lee Hughes, are satisfactory, but the direction, by Keith Hack, is not; in one of the key scenes of the play he has Miss Jackson stand for a considerable time with her back to the audience, in a radically unappealing pose. His primary intention appears to be that of bringing O'Neill's near-tragedy to the brink of farce, either through grotesque posturings or grotesque readings of the lines. Only Mr. Petherbridge, that excellent actor, moves with a natural ease about the stage, as if in a world of his own.



What on earth did our parents and grandparents find so remarkable in this stumbling, long-winded, intuitionless work? It opened to much critical acclaim in January, 1928, had over four hundred performances on Broadway, and ran for three seasons on the road. It won a third Pulitzer Prize for O'Neill and, in book form, sold over a hundred thousand copies. Robert Benchley and Alexander Woollcott were among the few who cast a cold eye on the play. Sheaffer quotes Benchley as having said of it that it was "just an ordinary nine-act play," and Woollcott called it "the 'Abie's Irish Rose' of the pseudo-intelligentsia," while in this magazine Charles Brackett wrote that "Strange Interlude" seemed to him "an interesting stunt carried about four acts too far; not much more important than that." Good for them!

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Carmines at the Keyboard

Al Carmines, robust and in high spirits, will be singing and playing the piano at Playwrights Horizons through March 3rd. Mr. Carmines, formerly a minister at the Judson Church, where he wrote a number of musicals and cantatas that some of us will never forget, here performs his own songs, along with blues, country music, and the show tunes he loves so dearly and does so well. In the Walt Whitman makeup he wore earlier this season for "Romance Language," a play by Peter Parnell, Mr. Carmines introduces many of the songs with passages (prose and poetry) from "Leaves of Grass" and some with lines from "Romance Language." Although Whitman is an effective introduction for a marvellous rendition of Bessie Smith's "Need a Little Sugar

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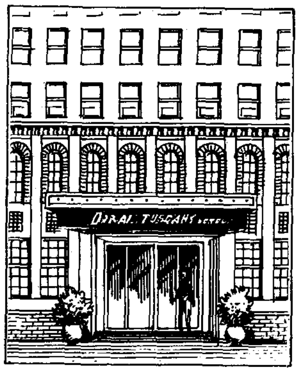

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in My Bowl" and for "Beale Street Mama," I could have used a little less Whitman. But that is a small reservation about this merry, heartfelt, melodic evening.

BATTLING bad acoustics in a handsome new theatre, the Roundabout last week presented a dim, muffled revival of "The Playboy of the Western World," John Millington Synge's rowdy comedy about a young farmer who, having brained his father with a spade, runs off to a pub somewhere in County Mayo where he finds himself idolized by the locals as a heroic patricide. The performance, under the direction of Joe Dowling, is not only poor but often unintelligible (two-thirds acoustics, one-third unsteady Irish accents by American actors), and Synge's irony goes for almost nothing. Many of these actors have done good work elsewhere, and I see no point in naming them, except for Jarlath Conroy, who gives a steady and credible performance as the heroine's foolish, timid suitor, and James Green, who does well, too, as the Playboy's father, out for blood. As you surely know, the audience at the original production of the play, at Dublin's Abbey Theatre, in 1907, rioted with indignation over Synge's unsparing portrayal of the Irish peasantry. I doubt whether those members of the Roundabout's audience who were seeing "Playboy" for the first time could make head or tail of it.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

ON SECOND THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From the Chattanooga Times*]

"Without a question this is the best Memphis State team I've seen since I've been at Tennessee," he said. This will be the third meeting of the Vols and Tigers since Majors returned to Tennessee. In 1981 the Vols won, 28–9, and in 1982 they prevailed, 29–3.

"This is possibly the best Memphis State team I've ever seen," Majors added, "although they had a couple of very good teams when I was at Mississippi State."

•

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Participants scream as they swing on ropes from the trees.—*San Luis Obispo County* (*Calif.*) *Telegram-Tribune.*

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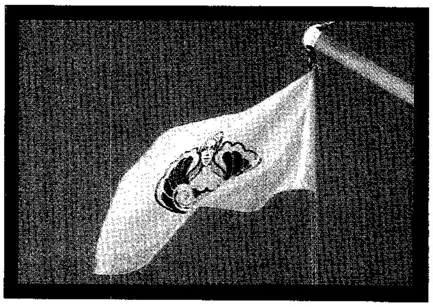

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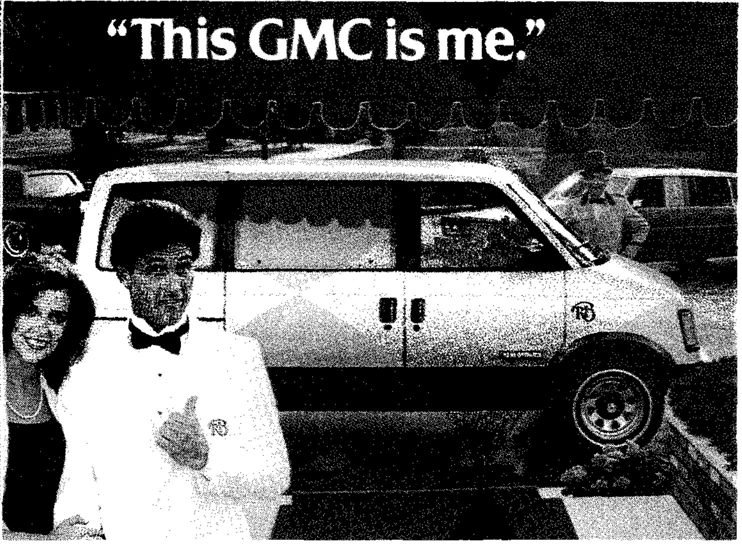
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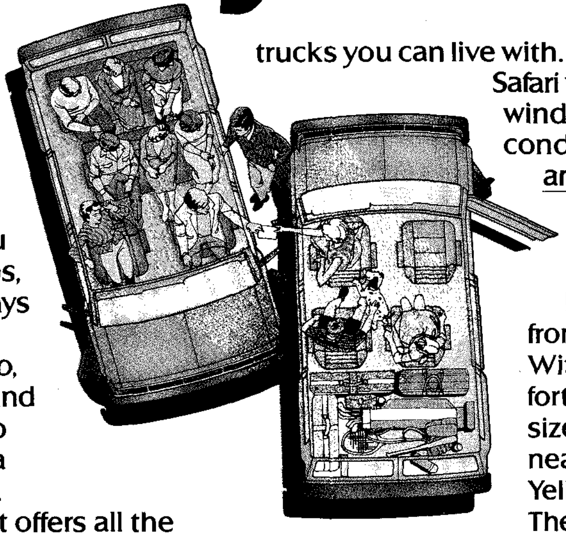

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Silver Answer Rang

ONE of the warmest receptions for a new work I've heard in a long while greeted the New York première of Dominick Argento's song cycle "Casa Guidi," in Carnegie Hall last month, sung by Frederica von Stade and played by the Minnesota Orchestra, conducted by Neville Marriner. "Casa Guidi" is an attractive piece, and it was beautifully performed. Argento has a gift for finding unusual and thoroughly musicable texts—as in his cycles "Letters from Composers" (1968), for tenor and guitar, and "From the Diary of Virginia Woolf" (1975), for medium voice (Janet Baker's in the first performance) and piano. The text of "Casa Guidi" is drawn from letters that Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in Florence, sent to her sister Henrietta. Mrs. Browning wrote good letters. They were—as another of her correspondents, Mrs. David Ogilvy, noted in a memoir—"written in minute scratches no thicker than the hairs on a daisy stalk, on tiny note sheets, folded sometimes into tiny envelopes, the whole forming apparently a doll's epistle. But if the writing was thin, the thoughts and feelings were stout and strong." Argento has in five songs made music for stout and strong thoughts and feelings: about the Brownings' Casa Guidi apartment (which literary visitors to Florence still enter with emotion); about friendly argument between Wilson, the North Country maid Mrs. Browning brought to Italy with her, and the cook Alessandro (whom Mrs. Ogilvy described as "a fantastic old fellow"); about Robert, movingly ("It is strange that anyone so brilliant should love *me*, but true and strange it is. . . . Here am I, in the seventh year of marriage, happier than on the seventh day!"); about Mr. Barrett's death:

> Occupation is the only thing to keep one on one's feet a little while, that I know well. Only it is hard sometimes to force oneself into occupation . . . there's—the hardness. I take up books—but my heart goes walking up and down constantly through that house of Wimpole Street, till it is tired, tired, tired. The truth is, I am made of paper, and it tears me.

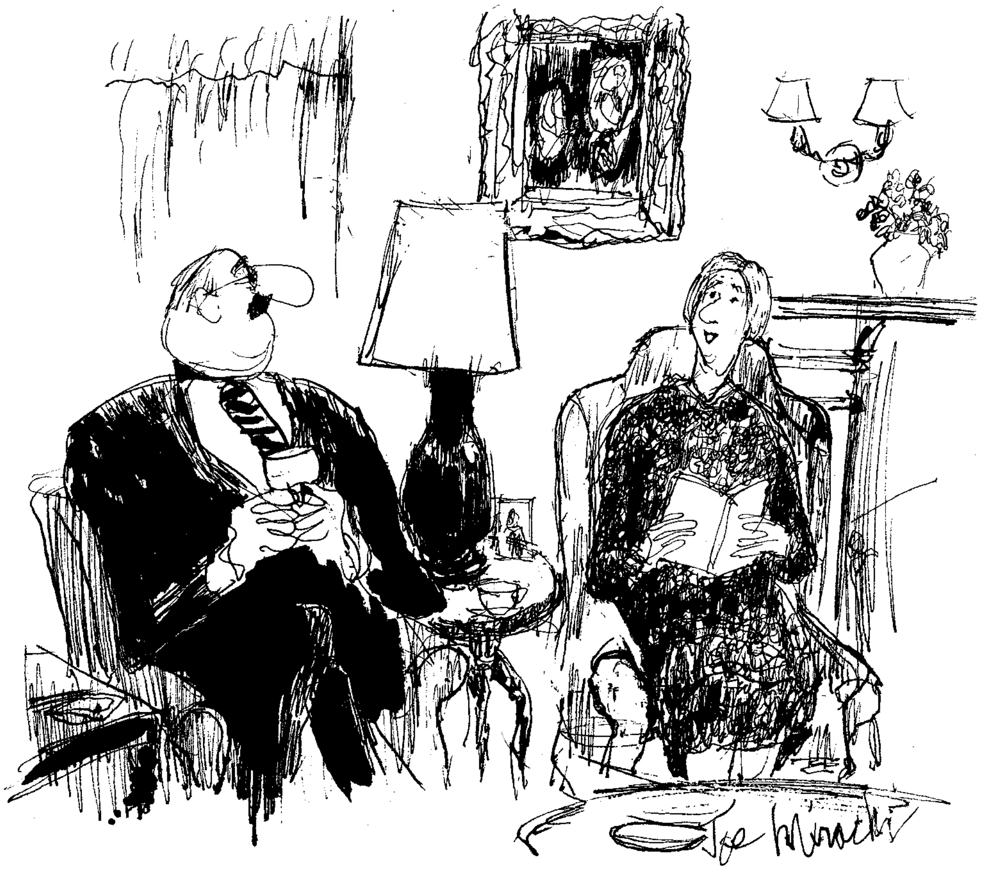
And, finally, about quiet-glowing domestic happiness and the gently conflicting, soon reconciled loving claims of husband and child. Argento has deftly, unobtrusively shaped the prose into lines and stanzas. The vocal part is a supple flow of full, thematic melody shading into and out of arioso and recitative. The harmonic language recalls Britten's extended diatonicism. The start of the fourth song, "The Death of Mr. Barrett," is even a paraphrase of the dawn scene in "Peter Grimes"—the same repeated high E's with the F-natural grace note, a vocal entry of similar melodic contour, the same A-major harmony welling beneath the A minor high above. The orchestration is warm, tender, sensitive: at times the bells of Florence are heard sounding outside. "Casa Guidi" draws listeners surely into the Anglo-Florentine idyll—a felicity not mindless but active, intelligent, and creative. The music rings true with the woman whom one loves from her letters and her poetry. The cycle compasses her capacity for delight, her quick observations, her sense of humor. Argento's music both paints the scenes and paints the woman Mrs. Ogilvy described:

> The full silky curls falling round her face like a spaniel's ears, the same pathetic wistfulness of expression. Her mouth was too large for beauty, but full of eloquent curves and movements. Her voice was very expressive, her manner gentle but full of energy. At times she became intense in tone and gesture [Argento's cycle shows it], but it was so spontaneous, that nobody could ever have thought it assumed.

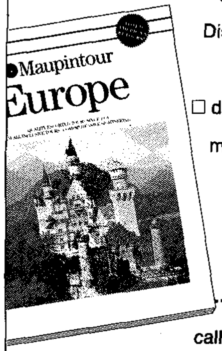
"Casa Guidi," first performed, in Minneapolis, in 1983, was written for Miss von Stade, and it matches her direct, sincere art as exactly as the Virginia Woolf cycle matched Dame Janet's. The best song composers compose not just with notes but with scenes, literary resonances, and particular interpreters in mind.

The concert had begun, unpromisingly, with a featureless performance of Bach's Magnificat. It ended with a pleasant account of Respighi's "The Pines of Rome" which stressed the naïve poeticism of the music and did not seek to turn the piece into an orchestral blockbuster.

TWO days later, the Chamber Orchestra of Europe, conducted by Claudio Abbado, visited Carnegie Hall. The orchestra, nearly fifty strong, was founded four years ago by veterans of the European Community Youth Orchestra who had reached retirement age—twenty-three—and wished to keep together. Its history



"Oh, sometimes I do wish we were the type of people who send out for pizza."



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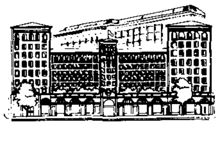

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has been a swift success story of international tours, festival appearances (last year in Pesaro it played for Mr. Abbado in Rossini's "Il Viaggio a Reims"), and recordings (among them Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," conducted by Maurizio Pollini). The personnel is international—more than half the players are British—and the average age is now about twenty-five. The Carnegie concert displayed the young orchestra's prowess in music of three centuries. It began with Brahms' first orchestra piece, the D-Major Serenade, which was freshly and buoyantly played and gracefully shaped. Then came György Ligeti's "Ramifications" (1969), for strings divided into two groups, one group tuned slightly over a quarter-tone sharp, at A=453. The composer has likened the work to lianas twining through clockwork in motion and has also called it "an example of decadent art," with harmonies that "smell high." It's a brief essay in sonorities—in blurred, unsettling sounds. "Ramifications" had a vogue for a while; there have been at least four recordings. (Pierre Boulez's, on Deutsche Grammophon, is in the current catalogue.) Today, it seems more a careful experiment of the past, carried out by a subtle and scrupulous creator, than a lasting work of art. Among Ligeti's compositions of the time, "Lontano" and (also on the Deutsche Grammophon disc) the Chamber Concerto have a stronger claim on the modern repertory. But maybe "Ramifications" is a better piece than I thought it: the Carnegie audience, both restless and bronchial, added unwanted noises to the score which hampered nine minutes of intent, close listening.

A vocal soloist, Hildegard Behrens, then joined the orchestra to sing Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and three of Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" songs—the three Mahler conducted in Vienna in 1900, with Selma Kurz as soloist. The Beethoven was presented in the fearless, candidly passionate manner that brings life to everything Miss Behrens does. It was even a little too bright, a shade too fierce for an eighteenth-century scena; it was delivered in accents and tones that suggested Leonore rather than Metastasio's Deidamia. It was an exciting performance, if not a classically poised one. In the first Mahler song, "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht," Miss Behrens' voice did not flow easily through the lilting, innocent roulades. But the other songs, "Das irdische Leben" and "Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen," were magical. Singer, conductor, and players conspired to cast the spell that makes the "Wunderhorn" songs one of music's marvels—scenes that stir in a listener the responses to history, to literature, to nature which were Mahler's, scenes executed not at length or with bombast but in keen, small strokes that cut deep. "Das irdische Leben" chimed with what we read of hunger and starvation in the world today. "Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen" must have filled even the most materialist listener with a sense of tender awe. There were no texts in the program book, and Miss Behrens sang the songs in German; they can have made their full effect only on those who knew that language. But her timbres and timing and those of the players were in themselves enough to hush the hall into rapt attentiveness. In an age when just about every conductor is ready to turn his hand to Mahler's music, and workaday performances rub off its bloom, Mr. Abbado is a conductor who reveals afresh its strangeness, its poetry, its beauty.

There followed a performance of Mozart's "Posthorn" Symphony—three movements drawn from the "Posthorn" Serenade—which was exquisitely formed and was filled with delightful detail. This ended the announced program. The audience showed no wish to get up and go, and was accorded two encores: the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and Rossini's "Scala di Seta" overture, both of them in fine-grained performances. It would happily have listened to more, but Mr. Abbado at last signalled to his players to follow him off.

THE *Times*, in an account of a Philharmonic December concert, reported that "fully a third of the audience stampeded from Avery Fisher Hall before the program's final piece"—the Three Fragments from "Wozzeck" which Alban Berg extracted from his opera for concert use. The Philharmonic is honoring Berg's centenary this season, and on February 7th, two days before his hundredth birthday, it gave his Seven Early Songs (composed in 1905-08, with piano accompaniment, and orchestrated in 1928) and his Five Orchestral Songs to Picture-Postcard Texts by Peter Altenberg (1912). The soloist was Jessye Norman. There was no stampede. There was even excessive applause, I thought, after the earlier cycle, for although Miss Norman sang it with richly sounded notes, she seemed reluctant to join those notes into eloquent phrases. She is a disconcertingly unpredictable performer: majestic of presence, majestic of voice, sometimes thrilling, sometimes sluggish and stately as if she were "editing" each individual note before preparing to form the next one. I remember when I first heard her, at the Spoleto Festival fifteen years ago, and reported on a young singer (she was twenty-four) who—in Wagner's Wesendonk songs and in Mahler—poured out warm generous, full-toned sound with an ease to prompt memories of Kirsten Flagstad. She has gained in grandeur since then but has lost spontaneity, swiftness of response, urgency. Or so it seems much of the time. Not always: her heroic Dido at the Met, in Berlioz's "Les Troyens," moved from regal dignity to quick, raw passion in the death scene, and at the Philharmonic concert, after merely voicing the early Berg songs (in splendid tones), she gave a sensitive, beautifully shaped account of the Altenberg cycle, creating the atmospheres and rendering the images accurately and vividly.

The Berg songs were framed between Mozart's first and last symphonies, which share a four-note figure (do-re-fa-mi—schoolboy mnemonic for the keys of Brahms' four symphonies) that runs through much of Mozart's music. The humdrum account that Zubin Mehta, who was conducting, gave of K. 16 offered little inducement to hear what he might make of the "Jupiter," K. 551, and I joined in a small stampede that took place after the Altenberg songs.

—ANDREW PORTER

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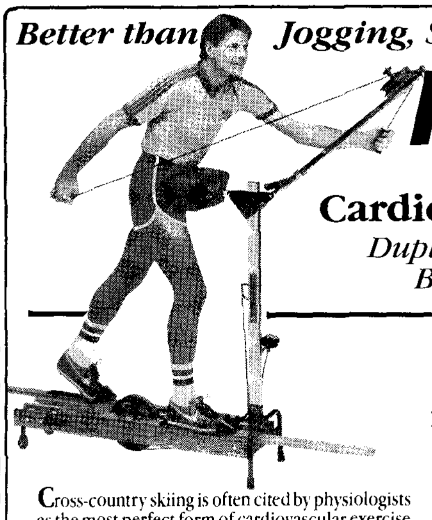

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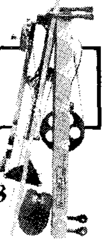

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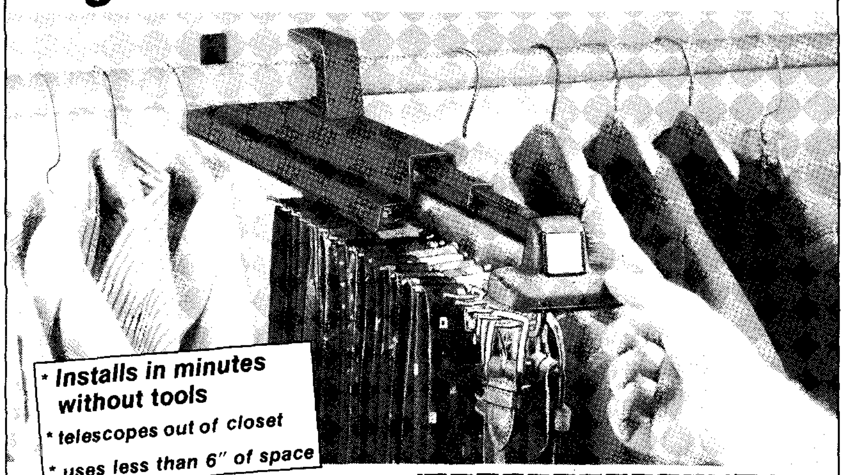

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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

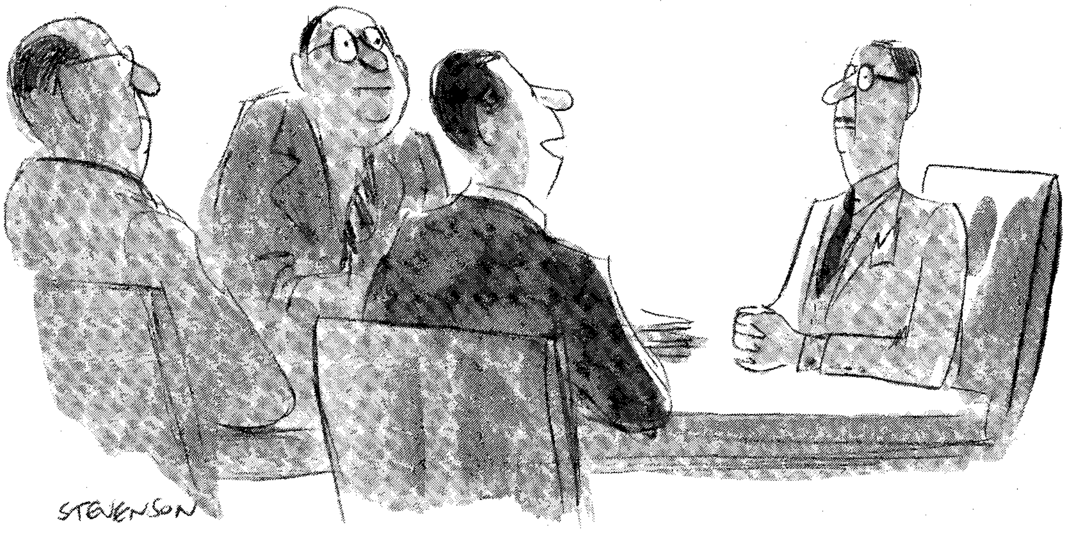
FEBRUARY 24

THE large question that is preoccupying many people here is how lasting the Reagan phenomenon will be. This question overarches—but, it is assumed, will be affected by—such other current matters as the budget deficit and its effects, the value of the dollar, the changes within the President's high command, and, of course, the general state of the economy. The economy is the great unknowable and, it is generally agreed, could well define the nation's politics for some time to come. (Foreign-policy developments, obviously, could also be a factor. But not necessarily: the ease with which Reagan walked away from Lebanon is impressive to even the most devoted Reaganites.) The fate of Reaganism and the fate of the economy are interlocked—or so it is widely assumed—and this has a great many Reagan supporters holding their breath. And, despite Reagan's extraordinarily high standing with the public now, some of his supporters find the situation quite uncertain. And some worry that the standing itself could be a trap—that expectations are too high. In the election, Reagan promised "morning in America."

The Reaganites are in this for the long run: they are looking well beyond Reagan's second, and last, term. Reagan the man is almost irrelevant to their purposes. From the time that Reagan began running for national office, he was the instrument of the conservative movement—its best hope for taking power. That he has fulfilled its hopes so well—some of the strongest ideologues, of course, are not satisfied, and never will be—causes a large amount of loyalty and affection to come Reagan's way, but coolheaded conservative strategists are thinking ahead. Their main concern—to the point of anxiety in some cases—is that nothing go so amiss within this four years that their dreams of a long-term conservative revolution are shattered. One conservative strategist said to me recently, "At this point, things couldn't be better and they couldn't be worse. The national trends are such that it is possible we could hold the White House for the rest of the century. On the other hand, things could go very wrong. I'm scared, and a lot of people I know are scared. The only people who think everything's great are drooling ideologues."

ONE thing that has some conservative strategists worried is the recent set of changes among the President's top aides. While many conservatives, and particularly the hard-line right-wingers, are delirious about the fact that James Baker, a "pragmatist"—a term of opprobrium among many conservatives—is no longer the Chief of Staff, some are concerned about his successor, Donald Regan, the former Treasury Secretary, with whom Baker exchanged jobs. The job switch itself, announced by the President on January 8th, stunned Washington, and took some of the President's closest advisers by surprise. When word circulated that Regan and Baker had worked out the new arrangement between themselves, and then took it to Michael Deaver, the Deputy Chief of Staff, who then took it to the President, who announced it the next day, the caretakers of the President's image realized that this was not the sort of picture of leadership they wanted portrayed, and so they put it about that the whole thing had been dreamed up by the President, in another illustration of masterly command of the job. But it is the case that Donald Regan, realizing that Baker had long wanted out of his powerful but arduous White House job and desired a prestigious Cabinet post (Baker had talked out loud about this for some time) and himself wishing for a change of roles and a more powerful post, took the idea to Baker. It is believed within Reagan circles that the two men kept the idea such a secret out of fear that some other Reagan advisers would object, or have other ideas. Deaver, who had been talking for some time about his desire to leave the White House in order to make more money, had his departure announced before the switch was made public, so that the idea wouldn't get about that he had been passed over. (Deaver plans to practice public relations on the outside, and his White House contacts should prove quite lucrative.) Actually, it had long since been decided by the Reagans that Deaver's talents, which are considerable, do not lie in the direction of being Chief of Staff. (A former White House aide, referring to Deaver's exceptional public-relations abilities, said, "After Deaver goes, the Reagans will realize what he did.") The shuffle caused a great deal of consternation among the lawyers, lobbyists, public-relations people, journalists, and hostesses whose job requirements include being close to the powerful.

Donald Regan has a lot to commend himself to Reagan, according to people who have observed both men closely. Regan, someone who has served in the Reagan White House said recently, "has something a President likes." He continued, "Having been chairman of Merrill Lynch, Regan is accustomed to the top and wants people at the top served well. He tells people, 'Ronald Reagan was elected President, not me. I'm going to carry out his policies.' " Regan and



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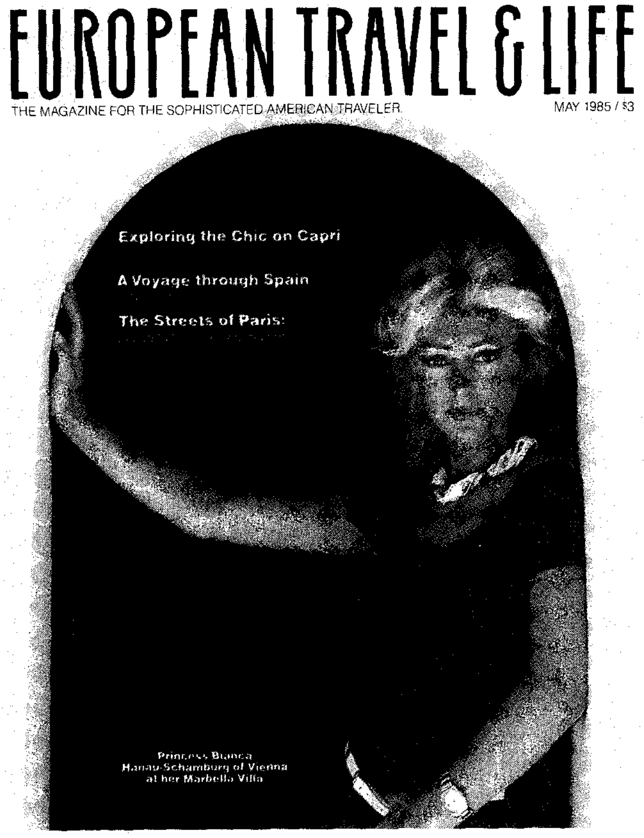

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Reagan had already spent a good deal of time together, and there was reason to see why the President would feel comfortable with the idea of Regan as his Chief of Staff. Both men can be very charming and very easy to be around. Both are self-made men who have got to the top. Both are proud Irishmen, and both have an earthy, salty side. (And both have tempers—Regan is said to have a particularly short fuse.) One question about Regan—one that has been there since he came into the Administration and quickly became a supply-sider, and that continued as he consistently defended the President's economic policies against internal as well as external doubters—is to what extent he will be, internally, other than a cheerleader. People who have worked closely with Regan still aren't certain about this. It is said that often Regan is a cheerleader but that on occasion he says, in effect, "Look, we've got to warn this guy." Another question about Regan is whether he has the requisite political skills for the job. Regan has said that to the extent he doesn't have them he would hire people who do, but political skills, to be effective, have to be internal, part of one's being—as Ronald Reagan's are.

One reason for James Baker's considerable success in the White House job was his own political skills, but Baker is still at hand (just across the street in the Treasury Building) and will be deeply involved in some of the Administration's biggest issues, and Regan, no fool, will try to do at least as well as Baker did. He will run a tidier ship, or will try to—he seems to have a strong sense of authority and of hierarchical relationships, stemming, perhaps, from his Marine as well as his corporate experience—and he will have more power than Baker ever did. He will not have to share authority to the degree that Baker did with other White House figures.

Regan may, in fact, be the most powerful White House Chief of Staff since Sherman Adams. The conservative strategists who are anxious about this period worry, simply, whether Regan is up to the job. They worry that he might not have sufficient political experience to serve Reagan's interests—and, perhaps more important, their own long-range ones; they worry that he might not understand the complexities and nuances of holding the second most important job in the White House, especially under a President who delegates to the extent Reagan does. Ironically, some of them are concerned that Regan is too concerned about opinion on the right. "He is determined not to take a beating from the right, the way Baker did," one conservative activist says, adding, "But he'll find that it's insatiable." Regan "dodged the first bullet," he said, by not having to get involved in making sure that Jeane Kirkpatrick did not get a high White House post when she resigned from her job as Ambassador to the United Nations. (Secretary of State George Shultz took the brunt of that.) Regan's appointment of Patrick Buchanan, the conservative journalist who had been a Nixon speechwriter, as director of communications, while quite welcome to many conservatives, is worrisome to some others of them. Buchanan's combative style, they fear, will not be helpful to the cause. A striking thing about the people around Reagan up to this point is that they have always been low-key, friendly, and ostensibly easygoing—a reflection of the man they worked for. The conservatives who worry about the new Regan-Buchanan arrangement have two concerns: One is that fights might be picked with the press which, though the public may not love the press, could needlessly give a more negative tone to much of the coverage of the White House. Reagan has been getting a pretty good ride, as Presidents do when they seem to be popular and things seem to be going well. But these things can change very quickly, all at once. The second concern of some conservatives is that Donald Regan seems to be obsessed with the subject of leaks, and may not understand that they cannot be fully stopped, and that they also serve some official purposes. The Administration has made more than one run at installing severe secrecy programs and lie-detector tests. Some Reaganites fear that there could be unwonted trouble on this front. Ronald Reagan's velvet-glove approach has been very successful, they say, and they don't want it changed by people working extra-zealously in his behalf.

FASHIONABLE thought about how Reagan is doing does change quickly. Earlier this year, around the time of the job switches, it was said that Reagan had squandered his victory—that his passive role in the job switching was another indication that he's not in charge; that the Administration seemed adrift, not doing the necessary things to get ready for the

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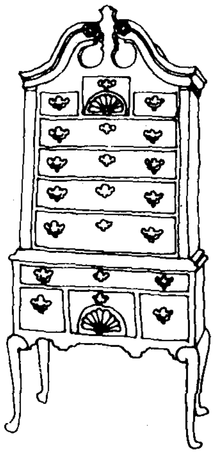

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new term. Then, around the time of the Inaugural, Reagan was receiving extraordinary ratings in the polls, and he was seen as a Presidential giant. Actually, according to polls taken for Reagan by Richard Wirthlin, the biggest boost for Reagan came with the opening of arms-control talks with the Soviet Union, in Geneva, on January 7th. With this event, the President's over-all standing went up by five points over early December. Wirthlin says, "Geneva gave life and thrust to the start of the new term." Though Reagan can't run for reëlection, the polling goes on, because grass-roots support is Reagan's most powerful weapon, and it is deemed worthwhile to know whether that support is eroding or whether, if Congress is blocking something he has his heart set on, he has enough support to do what he loves to do—"go to the people;" the polling provides an early warning as to where there may be difficulties. It is said that Reagan knows he is going against public opinion on the matter of the size of the increase for defense spending in his budget, but that he feels strongly enough about it to proceed anyway. However, it is also assumed, rightly or not, that Reagan has taken a negotiating position on this question.

Then, the President used the occasion of the Inaugural Balls to announce more good economic news. The stock market, both a reflector and a determiner of public confidence, was on the rise. One sign of the euphoria that greeted Reagan's second term was that in polls taken for the White House seven out of ten people polled could list at least one tangible good thing that they felt would happen to them personally within a year because Ronald Reagan was President. This level of expectations alarms some of Reagan's advisers, and also some other Republican politicians. They know that if these expectations are dashed the effect will be widespread. (For this reason, the Administration has taken some steps to try to tamp down expectations—in particular, in the arms-control area. The problem with trying to lower expectations about the economy is that its success depends in part on continuing optimism.) Reagan has been warned that in his reëlection campaign he did not prepare the public for the kinds of budget cuts he is now proposing—on the contrary, he emphasized that we could "grow our way out" of the deficit, and he specifically endorsed some programs he now seeks

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to cut (among them housing, agriculture, higher education). That Reagan has not come under more criticism for offering a program that is so at odds with what he said in the campaign—he may have taken inconstancy to a new height, or at least got it up there with historic levels—can be attributed to the protection that his current popularity provides him, and to the circular way in which political popularity and protection work. But they work only up to a point.

Reagan has for some time taken a dim view of orthodox economists, who did not foresee the economic growth that has occurred over the last couple of years. They have been wrong before; ergo, they must still be wrong, and their predictions of bad consequences if the deficit isn't curbed should not be taken very seriously. Reagan's tackling the deficit with any force at all is said to stem from the advice of some around him that he must appease the financial markets, which take a more conventional view of economics than he does, and from the importunings of his budget director, David Stockman, who has been waiting for this moment for a long time. Thus, the Reagan budget, though it represents an onslaught on spending in certain areas, leaves a deficit of a hundred and eighty billion dollars in the next fiscal year, fiscal 1986, and still would have a deficit of a hundred and forty-four billion dollars in fiscal 1988. And these deficit estimates rest on a number of optimistic assumptions. It has been known for quite a while that many of Reagan's proposals would not be politically acceptable—they began to leak out last December—and at the same time Reagan shied away from some politically difficult things (raising taxes, cutting Social Security). And so, once again, Reagan has left the hard part to Congress. Some people around Reagan have come to the conclusion that he does not take the deficit very seriously, despite a great deal of his past, and some of his present, rhetoric. However, many—in fact, most—of the other Republican politicians take a more orthodox view of the economy than Reagan does. They fear that such a large deficit will at some point lead to a recession or inflation, or both—and since twenty-two of the Senate Republicans are up for reëlection in 1986, they see their fates as tied to the success of the economic gamble Reagan is taking, and they are worried. So, many of them decided, at least in

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theory, that it was good politics to cut the deficit. One important Republican strategist says, "There is a great deal of skittishness among other Republicans. Reagan sees the world through very different eyes than others do, and, while he may be confident, they're scared to death."

REAGAN'S bifurcated approach to the deficit—coming out with a harsh set of budget cuts and then hardly mentioning the deficit in his ebullient State of the Union Message—fits his style of painless politics. As one longtime Reaganite put it recently, "Reagan is shaping the rhetoric of where things ought to go without worrying about how it jibes with the policies that come out of the White House. He is more involved in speeches than with the details of the program." Speeches are Reagan's mightiest instrument, and he knows it. Thus, in the same week that he has urged deep cuts in all sorts of domestic programs he gives an upbeat State of the Union speech, of which the most memorable features are his salutes to a young Vietnamese woman who, having escaped Vietnam, is attending West Point, and also to Mother Clara Hale, who cares for the children of drug addicts in Harlem. These symbolic salutes in the course of his State of the Union address have become a Reagan trademark, and there has developed something of a guessing game here to see which group, or type, will be honored this time. But Reagan is unembarrassed by things that might embarrass others, and his technique seems to work. Governor Mario Cuomo, of New York, may have worked it out when he says that the difficulty in taking Reagan on is that Reagan deals on the emotional level, and with symbols, and eludes confrontation on the rational level. Thus far, Cuomo may be the Democrat who best confronts Reagan on Reagan's terms.

THE Senate Republicans are becoming wearily accustomed to Reagan's gambit of leaving the hard part to them; the degree of resentment among them varies, but many of them, looking to the last election, figure that it's hard to argue with success—even though they think that the President may be playing a dangerous game. Some, such as Robert Dole, the new Majority Leader and a presumable candidate for the Republican nomination in 1988 (a contest that is already well under way), saw the deficit as an opportunity to exercise leadership.

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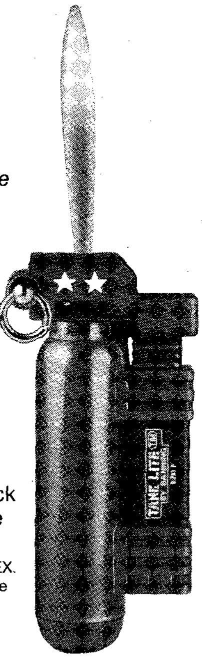

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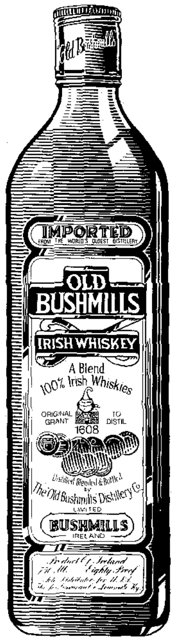
Whether taking on this subject is really a political winner is debated among Republican strategists, but Dole is accustomed to trying to work things out in the Senate, and was chosen Majority Leader (after his predecessor, Howard Baker, retired from the Senate to probably prepare his own race for the Presidency) because his colleagues expected him to stand up to the White House, and to work things out. (Baker was more of a traffic cop, who acted after a consensus had formed. Some of the criticism one hears of either man's style has to do more with Presidential rivalry than with grave philosophical differences over how the Senate should be run.) In January, Dole set the goal of having the Senate Republicans, before the President's budget was even formally presented, come up with cuts in the deficit of fifty billion dollars in the next fiscal year (roughly the same amount as the Administration ultimately asked for) and of getting the deficit down to a hundred billion by fiscal 1988. (The Administration had already given up on this goal.) Since some of the President's cuts were not on the face of it politically acceptable, the senators were presented with the hard task of finding sufficient alternative cuts—just how hard they didn't realize until early February, when they went into a mild panic from which they have not yet emerged. (Dole was out on a limb, and not everyone minded seeing him there. Hard feelings remain from the leadership race, and can affect other matters.) One problem is that the senators' political options are limited. The interest on the debt, which now costs $130 billion and is compounding, has to be paid. The election has, for the time being, ruled out any real tax increase (some taxes that are due to expire may be extended): members of both parties are quite aware of the fate of Walter Mondale, who had suggested in the campaign that taxes should be increased to help reduce the deficit, and they assume an absolute cause-effect relationship. An aide to the House Democratic leadership said to me recently, "The members feel that they learned in the last election that there is no reward for being responsible." Reagan has "acquiesced" in tax increases in the past three years, and there is some belief here that the "last resort" Reagan described them as in the election may not be off the map—but that it is still some distance



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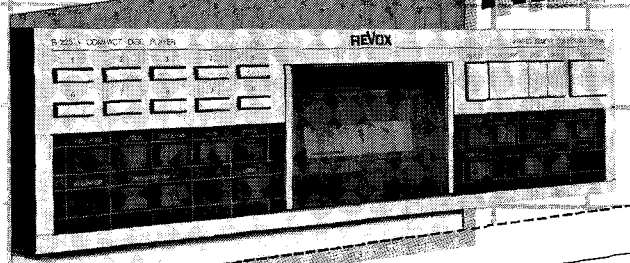

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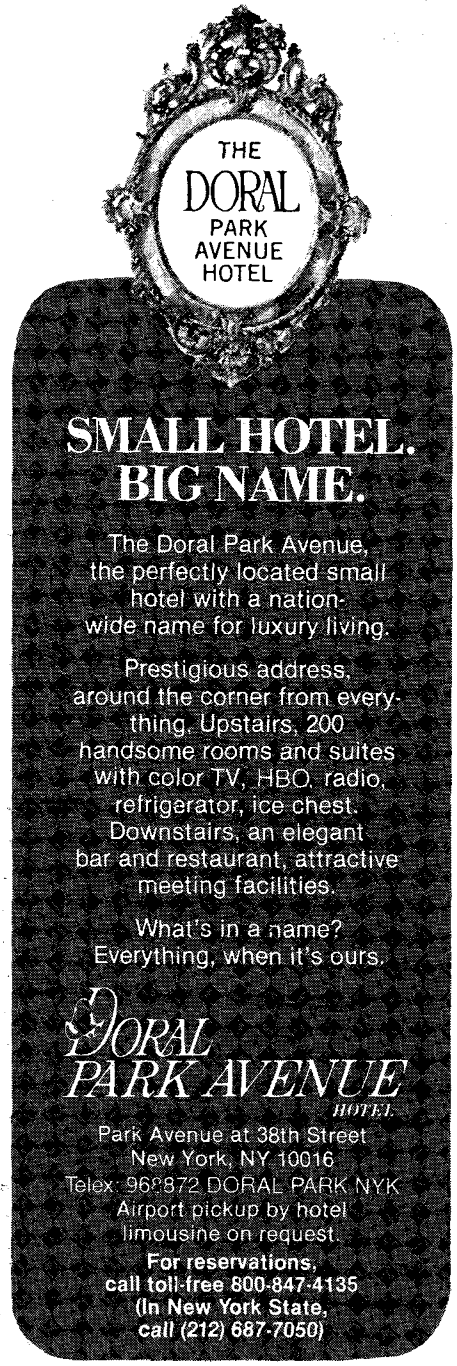
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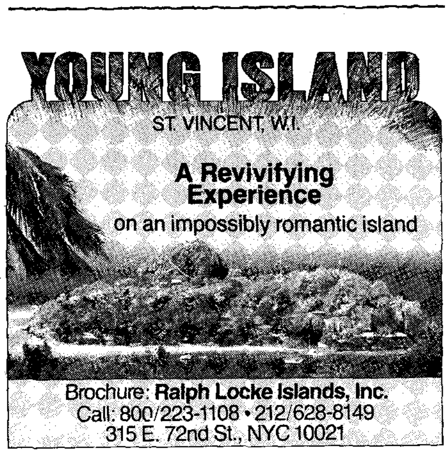
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away. Similarly, if Congress wants to reduce Social Security benefits, as the Senate Republicans are considering, that would be something Reagan had nothing to do with. The Republicans realize, however, that the Democrats are lying in wait for them to make such a move, since Social Security is one issue the Democrats have some confidence of getting some mileage out of. Programs for the poor were cut so substantially in 1981 that there isn't much to cut—though the Reagan budget still proposes some cuts in them.

The defense budget is going through a now familiar quadrille, in which everyone knows the steps. The President, responding to entreaties by Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, asks for what both men know is a larger increase than Congress will approve, Republicans publicly express indignation at the size of the increase, and a compromise is struck. No one expects this year's request of an increase in spending authority of six per cent in real terms (over inflation) to be enacted, and the President's position is presumed to be a negotiating stance. Reagan's history as a negotiator for the Screen Actors Guild is said to have been a forming experience. After 1981, Congress began to make cuts in the size of the defense-budget increase, sometimes substantial ones; still, since Reagan took office the budget authority for defense has more than doubled, from $141 billion to $285 billion. And if the President's new request were approved defense spending would be at the level of $313.7 billion. So the Republican senators feel that the Defense Department has been the subject of great generosity, and they resent Weinberger's insisting that unless his new increase is agreed to, the country will be in peril. Senator Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming and the new Senate Majority Whip, told me recently of a meeting he had had with Weinberger: "I said, 'Cap, it's all over, and don't bring out the charts, because talking about real growth and perceived growth don't get you anywhere. We've given you big bucks.' " Senators have become jaded about Weinberger's wandering rationale for whatever increase he is seeking: first it was needed because the United States was so far "behind" the Soviet Union; now, after an enormous buildup, it is still needed because the Soviets have been engaging in a big buildup—yet, the Administration argues, America is stronger because of the Administration's efforts. Also, the buildup was needed "to get the Soviets to the bargaining table;" then, when the negotiations broke down in late 1983, the argument was that the Soviets "should not be rewarded for leaving the bargaining table;" now that they are back, the argument is that the United States not "make unilateral concessions" by cancelling or reducing any major weapons systems. The facts about the two sides' relative strength are much in dispute, but there are increasing reports that the Soviet Union has not in fact engaged in such a tremendous buildup since the mid-seventies. In any event, the Republicans, for all their indignation, know that the defense request gives them something to cut and look good to the folks back home. But as of now there is no consensus among them as to how much to cut or how to find a budget formula that can win the votes of a majority of the Senate.

A number of Republican senators insist that they will support only an across-the-board freeze in all spending (with minor exceptions for programs for the poor), including defense. This is the sort of nondecision that they think might be the most politically acceptable: they can tell their various constituents that all were treated alike. (Of course, much of the revenue that the government might pick up lies beyond the purview of programs in the budget and is governed by the tax code.) However, other Republican senators say that they will not support a freeze in the defense budget: some say that they will support an increase of three per cent, some say that they will not accept that much of a cut—unless the President does. This is part of what is making it so hard to reach a consensus on what to do. Also, some committee chairmen want to protect programs that come under their committee's jurisdiction. Some of the cuts the President proposed in programs that affect the middle class (cuts in aid for college students, in certain transportation systems, and in farm support, among others) are simply not acceptable to members of his own Party—at least not in the amounts that he asked for. Farm-state senators have already forced the Administration to expand farm-loan programs, to help with the current credit crisis. Some of the President's proposals—tying veterans' aid to need, curbing military pensions—

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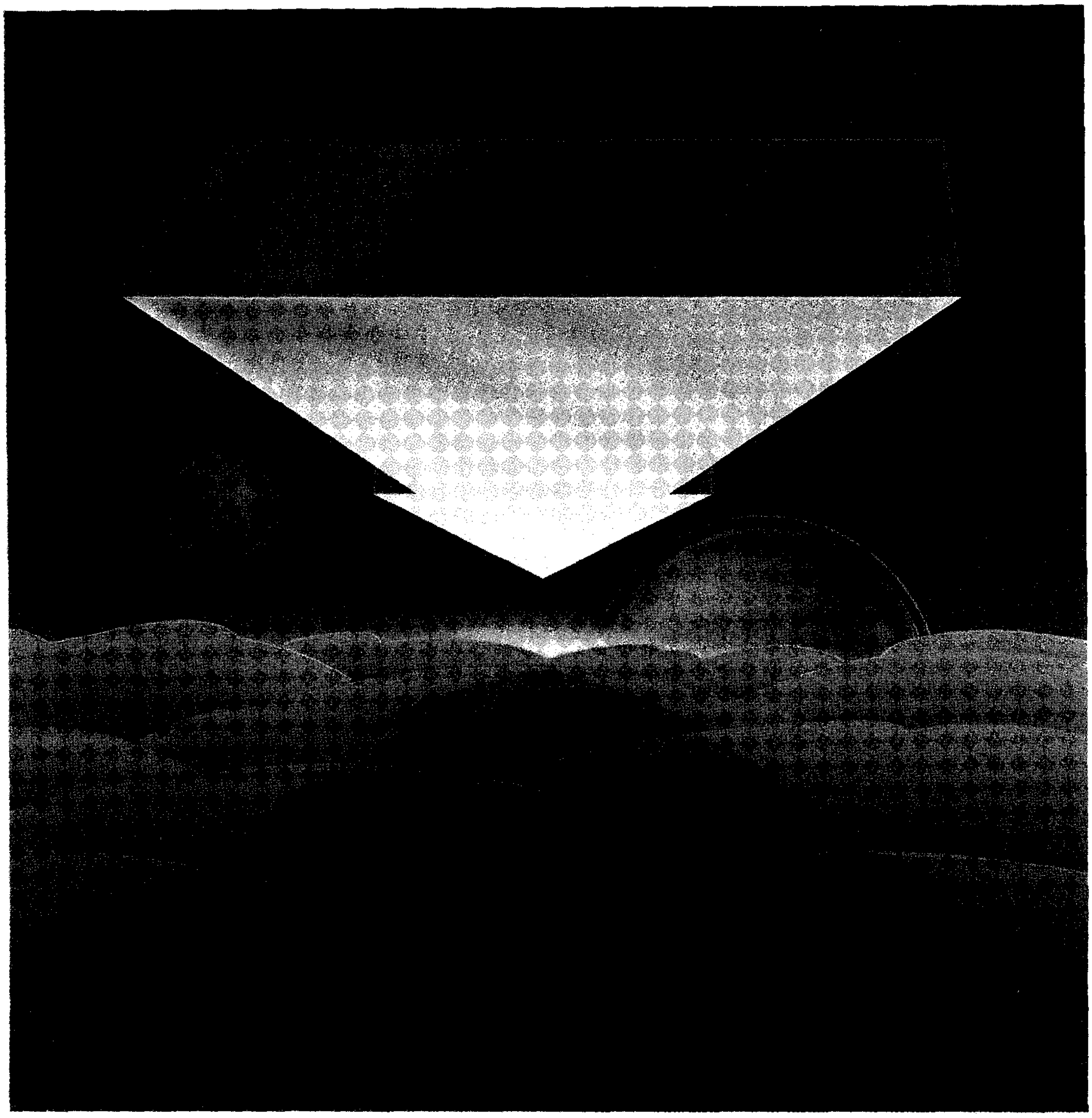

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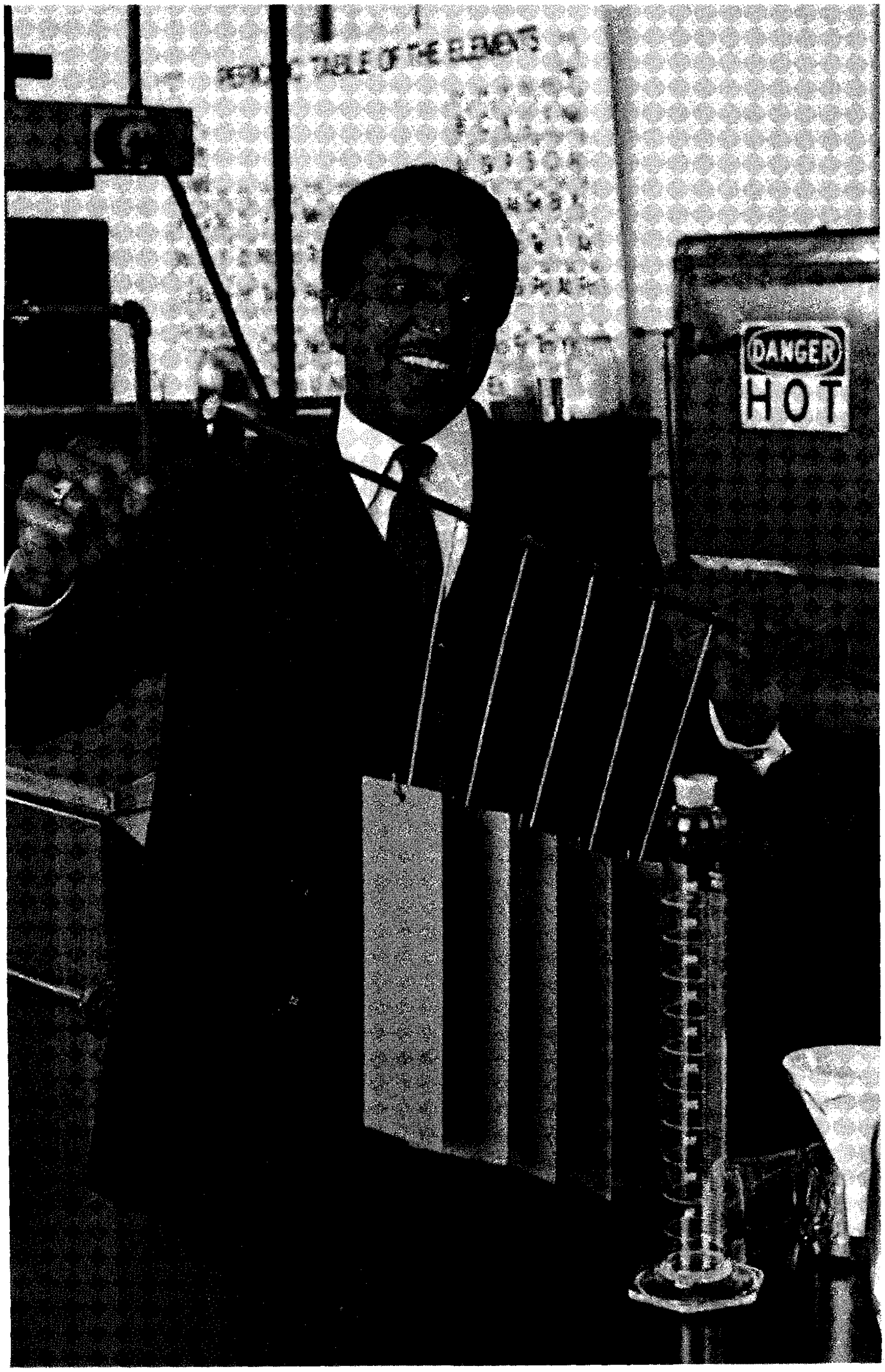
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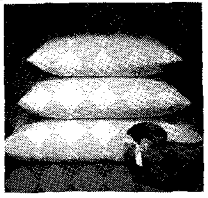
are ones that a number of politicians privately agree with, up to a point, but haven't dared talk about out loud. One Republican senator said to me recently, "I think that some of the more outrageous proposals are in there in order to make us come up with something else." And a number of politicians, including some Republicans, think that Reagan is using the deficit to slash or get rid of programs he has long wanted to get rid of.

This may be overestimating Reagan's involvement in the whole exercise: while Reagan no doubt welcomes the opportunity to try once again to "reduce the role of government," the execution is Stockman's. Stockman is the one with the intellectual rationale for the cuts that are being proposed (or for some portion of them), and he has been waiting for the opportunity that this year—a year when reëlection exigencies would not prevail—would present. Last year, he told friends that he certainly intended to stay around for the first budget after the election, to do what he had long wanted to do. (The implication was that he would not stay around much longer.) His recent outbursts—in testimony before Congress and at a gathering with reporters—in which he said impolitic things about farm programs and military pensions seemed to stem from both frustration and calculation. Stockman is not a very cool customer; he gets very worked up about what he believes, and has a sort of boyish lack of inhibition that is part of his charm. Stockman is also very smart; he has endured as long as he has because the White House (as James Baker and some others saw it) and Republicans on the Hill were utterly dependent on him for working out compromises; no one knew better what the figures were, where the money was, and where the give might be. Republican senators who have worked closely on the budget know Stockman very well, and have ways of understanding what he really thinks about the numbers he is presenting to them. Some diehard Reaganites have considered Stockman to have been playing therefore a duplicitous game; what he was really trying to do was keep the whole thing from breaking down. Some people who know Stockman well have believed all along that his recent outbursts were a calculated way of getting attention to what he was saying—and in that he succeeded.

The House Republicans are in a slightly different situation, because they are divided between the orthodox Republicans and a small band, led by Representative Jack Kemp, of New York, which basically takes the position that the deficit is not a serious problem—that growth can deal with it. Though the Kemp group represents certainly less than half of the House Republicans, it is noisy and persistent and prominent—among other things, Kemp is considered a hot prospect for the next Republican Presidential nomination, if he chooses to run, and he has a strong following in the Party. Some of Kemp's backers say that Dole (a rival) is playing "inside-the-Beltway" politics by staking his claim to leadership on reducing the deficit; they argue that while Dole's efforts might win him applause here, people "out there" don't care about the deficit. And there is the question of how much excitement can be stirred by a candidate who goes into the Republican primaries on the platform of having reduced the deficit (no one expects the size of the reduction to be very significant) and, in the process, having cut programs people liked. "I cut Social Security" has yet to be a political battle cry. Right now, the House Republicans are arguing among themselves—some take exception to Kemp's presuming to speak for them as a whole—and waiting to see what the Senate does first.

The House Democrats, who are the majority, are also divided on what to do, but for the time being the prevailing sentiment is for doing nothing. This strategy stems from a number of considerations. First, there is the lesson the Democrats think they learned in 1984 about the cost of being "responsible." Second, the Democrats understand the political difficulty of taking on the deficit to any substantial extent. On the whole, they don't want to lead an onslaught on the defense budget—they are weary of being labelled "soft on defense." They don't want to be the ones who raise taxes or cut Social Security. They don't want to vote for extensive domestic budget cuts—nor do they want to be seen as "big spenders." Finally, many of them have grown tired of protecting the programs of certain constituency groups whose support they used to count on and who then turned around and voted for Reagan. There is some desire, said a House Democrat, to let these groups "see the consequences of their vote." Some of this thinking is tied to the identity crisis, near to a



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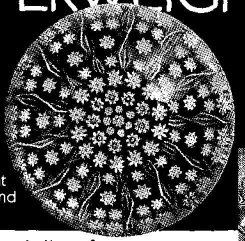

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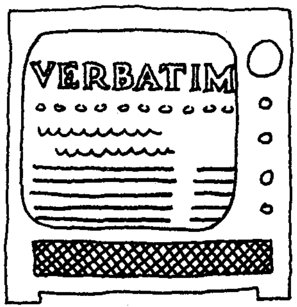

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nervous breakdown, the Democrats are currently suffering. There is a strong predilection among Democrats now (as there was after 1980) for establishing study groups and commissions to address the question of what the Democrats should say. That whatever it is will emerge from a person who knows how to say it and whose timing is good —as was the story with Reagan—does not seem to be a large part of their thinking.

IN the two areas where Reagan could score great triumphs—tax simplification and arms control—the prospects are quite uncertain. Tax simplification—the term in favor now, rather than "reform," but reform is at the heart of the exercise, and many of the reforms *do not* simplify the tax code, and some actually complicate it —has figured for some time to be Reagan's great new domestic enterprise. It fits with the populist side of his politics, and it would bring him great applause—even from many who are ideologically opposed to him. It is cut out for "taking to the people," and for running against the Washington "establishment" and "the interests." (Despite the fact that he speaks for some of those interests.) Therefore, Reagan's strong endorsement of the idea in his State of the Union speech was not at all surprising. It has long been accepted wisdom here that tax reform's only chance lay in Reagan's enthusiastic championing of it; otherwise, the substantial number of interests that have a stake in the existing code, and their political patrons on Capitol Hill, would see to it that things were not changed. (Blocking changes in the tax code is currently one of Washington's fastest-growing industries.) However, tax-reform enthusiasts were disheartened when the *Wall Street Journal*, on February 8th, published an interview with the President in which it became clear that he was not aware of the underlying philosophy of the draft plan made public by the Treasury Department last November: that taxes on corporations would be raised so that taxes on individuals could be lowered. When apprised of this by one of the *Journal* reporters interviewing him, Reagan said, "I would have to be convinced of the need to do that." (The business lobbyist Charls Walker was quoted later as saying that the President's statement "made my day.") In his latest press conference, Reagan said he had "misunderstood" the question.

What may evolve from all the negotiating and positioning, if anything does, may bear little resemblance to the plans already set forth, and it will not evolve for some time. The President, with his rapport with the public, will be the most important figure in this issue, however much he knows about it.

MUCH the same thing is true, if in different form, of arms control. As of now, most people who are following the situation do not expect an agreement to result from the new round of talks. The sticking point, it is believed, is the President's insistence that he will not negotiate the Strategic Defense Initiative—or "Star Wars." This is, at the least, a very bizarre situation: a program that almost no one thinks will work (to provide a complete defense shield over the United States), and whose full development is a long way off (even though parts of it might be initiated fairly soon), has become an object of the President's enthusiasm and, now, the key sticking point in the negotiations. The Soviets, some experts believe, have landed on the S.D.I. as the most important thing because it belongs to the area, which also includes satellite technology, where the United States has the greatest technological advantage—in information-sensing and processing systems—and one in which the technology can be applied for both offensive and defensive purposes. So this is an area the Soviets would like some constraints on, and they have, shrewdly, picked "Star Wars" as the symbol of it. (Among other things, it is a subject that makes our allies nervous.) Some experts here think that the President could get a deal if he were willing to trade restrictions on development in this area in exchange for Soviet reductions in existing nuclear forces. Research, on which limits cannot be verified—and even some arms-controllers believe that limits are not necessarily desirable—could be continued. But most people believe there is no sign that the Administration is willing to make such a deal, and they also believe that the Soviet Union will wait only so long for a sign that the United States will exercise restraint in this area before it undertakes further development itself. Reagan has said only that he would be willing to discuss "deployment" when the time comes—which would be after his Administration. Therefore, arms-control supporters are gloomy. The apparent linkage that has been estab-

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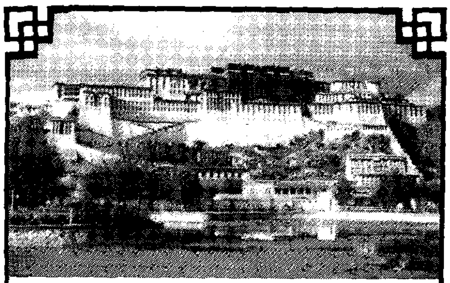

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lished in the arms talks between future technology and existing weapons gives arms-control opponents within the government new leverage. Some observers, however, do not entirely rule out the possibility that Reagan is staging some elaborate theatre—deliberately keeping expectations low, and, understandably, not revealing a fall-back position, and that he will astonish the world by reaching an agreement sooner than almost anybody expects. But few people think that this is the case.

SOME of Reagan's advisers believe that he is running big risks. But they are hoping that his proven skills and his proverbial luck will hold out. Some quietly note that last year, in the course of the debates, the public got a whiff of the fact that the President sometimes shows his age. (On the other hand, when he gave his State of the Union address, on his seventy-fourth birthday, the adrenaline was flowing and he looked terrific.) A great deal may be at stake. Roger Stone, a conservative political consultant who worked on Reagan's 1976, 1980, and 1984 campaigns, is among those who believe that how Reagan's second term goes will affect this country's politics for some time, and that while a political realignment, making the Republicans the majority party, has not yet occurred, it is tantalizingly close. He says, "I want liberals to live under Reagan's shadow the way we had to live under Roosevelt's shadow. Today, Roosevelt is still costing us votes: blacks are still voting Democratic because of Roosevelt. I'd like to see a situation forty years from now where Catholics are still voting Republican because of Reagan. That's why this period is so important—we're concerned not just with the next four years but with a long time after that." As was the case with Roosevelt—Reagan's model—how things work out politically may well have a lot less to do with ideology than it does with results, or with what people see as the results. As one of Reagan's most important advisers puts it, "the American people are pragmatic: as long as your policies work, they like you." —ELIZABETH DREW

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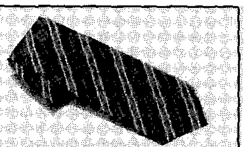

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CLEMMONS, by Hilary Masters (Godine; $15.95). Andrew Wing (or A. W.) Clemmons, the subject of this portrait, is in his forties, a Broadway press agent turned successful country-real-estate developer in the upstate New York village of Boston Corners, and a full-time *homme à bonnes fortunes*. His women include his amiably estranged wife, a former Southern belle; two daughters, one a kind of hippie and the other, whom he intensely dislikes, the lover of a rock star; his somewhat dotty mother; his current, enthusiastic lover; his plain, sassy secretary; and, in frequent flashbacks, a popular singer and early lover. Mr. Masters arranges for us to meet all these ladies and see them in generally lively action, in their varied circlings around A.W., and he then heads his story toward a climax of the unloved daughter's wish to marry her musician in a field (once the scene of a bare-knuckle prizefight) below A.W.'s house. Mr. Masters is a compelling writer. Everything moves and takes form. But the forms keep changing, and nobody emerges in clear-cut focus, A.W. least of all. He becomes in the end even more of a secret than he was at the start.

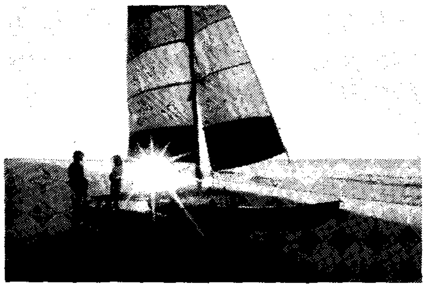
NOTE: "Collected Stories of John O'Hara" has been published by Random House ($19.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

POISONING FOR PROFIT: THE MAFIA AND TOXIC WASTE IN AMERICA, by Alan A. Block and Frank R. Scarpitti (Morrow; $17.95). The authors are, respectively, a professor of criminal justice and a professor of sociology. They report that throughout the Northeast and in several other sections of the country organized crime dominates garbage collection, having conquered unions, rubbish collectors, and trade associations by a familiar combination of force, fraud, and political corruption. With the discovery of new kinds of waste—chemicals that are released by new industrial processes and cause cancer, birth defects, and other ailments—the criminal syndicates have expanded. Safe disposal of toxic waste is not technologically difficult, but it is expensive, and organized crime serves industry by defying local, state, and federal laws, skipping safety procedures, and illicitly dumping poisons in the soil and water of suburbia, exurbia, and, in some cases, inner cities. The authors argue that the answer to the problem of disposing of toxic waste lies in law enforcement. So far, the record is glum: laws against illegal dumping have been less effectively enforced than Prohibition was. Besides horror stories and recent history, the authors offer practical suggestions for stimulating and strengthening the appropriate government agencies. Possibly because of the dangers that investigating organized crime entails, they do not suggest a role for citizens. But surely the cases they cite of politicians' corruptibility imply a place for voters and a role for environmental groups in publicizing the records of local officials, prosecutors, and judges.

BEYOND VISION, by Jon Darius (Oxford; $29.95). Dr. Darius, of the Science Museum of London, has assembled a dazzling collection of photographs—the first taken in 1842 and the last in 1982—of scientific phenomena that are, for various reasons, beyond the scope of normal, unaided human vision. In addition, he has written lucid commentaries on the photographs which, taken together, constitute a first-rate text in modern popular science. Some of the photographs—such as the earliest surviving X-ray of the whole human body, made in 1896—have a self-evident significance. Others—such as a photograph showing the discovery of a "charmed" elementary particle, in 1977—seem mysterious even after they have been explained. A photograph taken by Eadweard Muybridge in 1878 of a horse galloping with all four feet off the ground is enough to convince one that horses cannot gallop.

CHOICES, by Liv Ullmann (Knopf; $14.95). Miss Ullmann here con-



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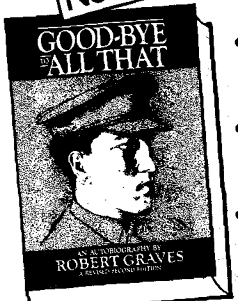

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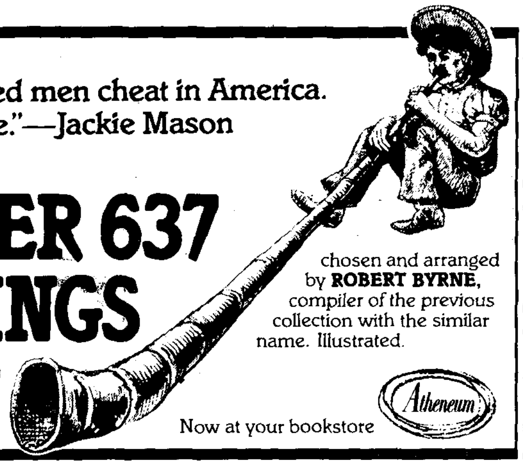

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tinues the emotionally charged autobiography that she began with "Changing." She examines three general aspects of her life at early middle age. There is a love affair—more soulful than sexual—with a brooding writer called Abel, there are descriptive ponderings on her professional career, and there are accounts of her travels as a goodwill ambassador for UNICEF. She is in all these playing a role; she is always, even at her most ingenuous, onstage. Her observations on her profession are perhaps the most interesting, the most truly serious: "The older one gets in this profession, the more people there are with whom one would never work again." She recounts the rise and ebb of her love affair in a scattering of theatrical vignettes: "He said, 'Take me.' But he only desired my arms, my smile, my body, my attention, my love. He did not want all the rest." Her descriptions of her travels in such centers of human misery as Bangladesh, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Haiti can be described only as improbable or sentimental, or both: "A woman follows me [in Bangladesh], carrying a baby in her arms. She tugs at my sleeve and whispers [in English? in Norwegian? in Bengali?], 'Please take my child. I can find no food for him.' Her eyes are gates into despair."

THE DIARIES OF HANNAH CULLWICK, VICTORIAN MAIDSERVANT, edited and with an introduction by Liz Stanley (Rutgers; $25 cloth, $10.95 paper). This volume in a series "On Women's Lives and the Meaning of Gender" is a selection by an English sociologist from the copious diaries of an Englishwoman who entered domestic service in 1841, at the age of eight. An irreplaceable record of life belowstairs, the diaries are the product of Hannah Cullwick's romance with a crackpot gentleman, Arthur Munby, whom she met in 1854 and married in 1873, and who insisted she write him the details of her existence. He took pleasure in humiliation, and constantly preached the virtues of lowliness; he liked to think of her and see her, either in photographs or in person, dirty from heavy cleaning. (No problem there, for Victorian England was filthy. City or country, great house or middle-class interior, the impression is of a glaring lack of convenience or comfort.) Hannah worked in places where she was one of a horde of servants and in places where she was the household's mainstay. She developed many domestic skills but refused promotion to the ranks of upper servants, who gave orders to lower servants. She was proud of her physical strength and her ability to get through more heavy work than any other servant, male or female, and believed that the rewards of her work were as attractive as the delights of being a lady. She would not, however, tolerate moral or spiritual bullying, and quarrelled or quit when employers inquired too closely how she spent her spare time. Some of the most beguiling and historically revealing passages recount her rare vacations in rural Shropshire, where she was born. These passages document the daily lives of small farmers and artisans and show the range of opportunities—some hopeful, some deplorable—that the nineteenth century offered the industrious poor.

• •

ROBERT DAY

THE cartoonist Robert Day, who died recently, at the age of eighty-four, was from 1931 to 1976 a prolific and justly celebrated contributor to these pages. During that period, *The New Yorker* published over eighteen hundred marvellous drawings by him, and eight covers.

Bob's cartoons were immediately recognizable by their vitality and telling detail. They were often carefully modelled with wash, and occasionally charcoal, but his conception was essentially linear. His unadorned brush drawings, with their juicy, effortlessly flowing line, were as elegant as anything we have ever published. He was a fearless draftsman: no subject, from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to the interior of the Astrodome, daunted him. One remembers with particular amazement and pleasure a pre-Thanksgiving drawing from the sixties. A shaken truck driver is calling his employer from an outdoor phone booth. Behind him lies the wreck of his vehicle. Dozens of turkeys fill the surrounding landscape, strutting beside the roadway, roosting in trees. "Boss," the truck driver says apologetically, "I got news for you."

For most of his career, Bob travelled every Tuesday from his home in Rockville Centre, Long Island, to this office for the weekly art meeting. Soft-spoken and gentle in manner, he was nonetheless an imposing presence. He was over six feet tall and invariably dressed in a conservatively cut dark suit—he looked more like an ambassador than like a creator of comic drawings. For the artists, this break in the week's solitary labor usually included a fraternal lunch at some such fondly remembered restaurant as the Lobster, La Bourgogne, or the Blue Ribbon. The gatherings were characterized by long and sometimes heated discussions of everything from John L. Lewis to Joe DiMaggio. Bob, even-tempered but determined, was a spirited contributor to these symposia, which often ended only when the participants were swept into the street by impatient waiters.

Although Bob maintained close and affectionate ties with many members of our staff, his life centered on his home and family. He was active in community affairs and taught Sunday school at his church. A friend recalls sharing a weekend stroll with him down Rockville Centre's main street and being impressed by the number of people—neighbors, shopkeepers, and, especially, children—who called out greetings.

Bob's work for us included the inevitable cavemen, fakirs, desert islands, and flying saucers, but his most characteristic drawings reflected his warm, even loving, concern with the challenges, frustrations, and occasional triumphs of daily life. His longtime friend and idea man, the writer Richard McCallister, has called our attention to one of their collaborations which well sums up Bob's view of life—wry, compassionate, but clear-eyed. A young father, kneeling on the muddy shoulder of a busy highway, is attempting to repair a flat tire in a driving rainstorm. From inside the car, his two children stare at him in disbelief. "Don't you understand?" he asks them. "This is *life*, this is what is happening. We *can't* switch to another channel."

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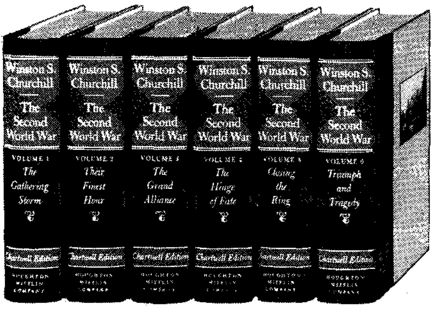
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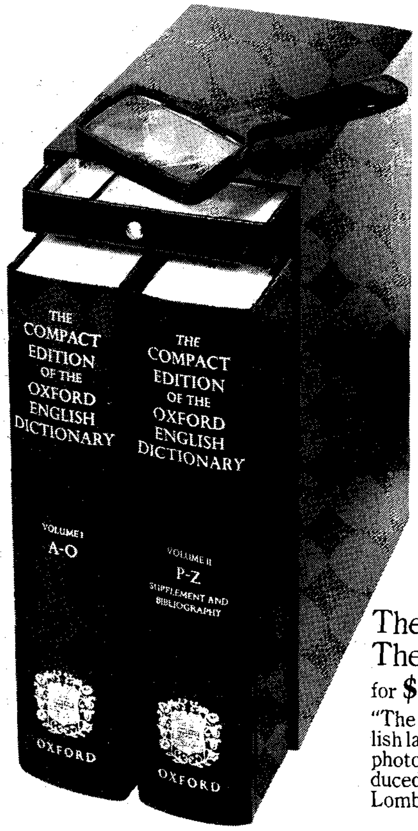
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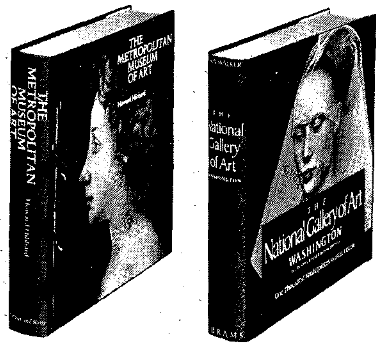
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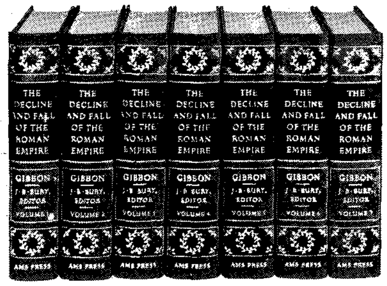
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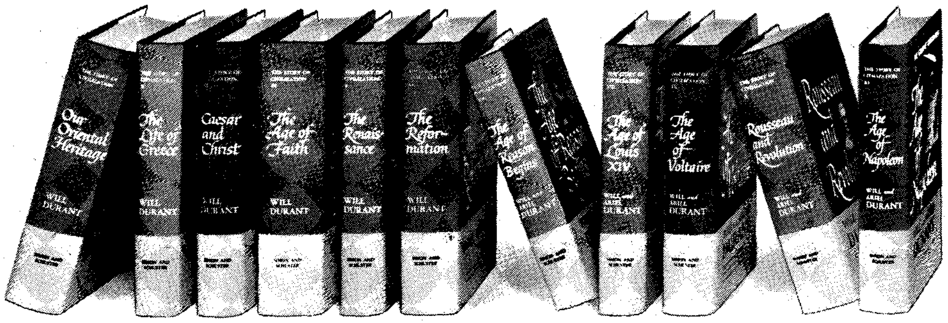
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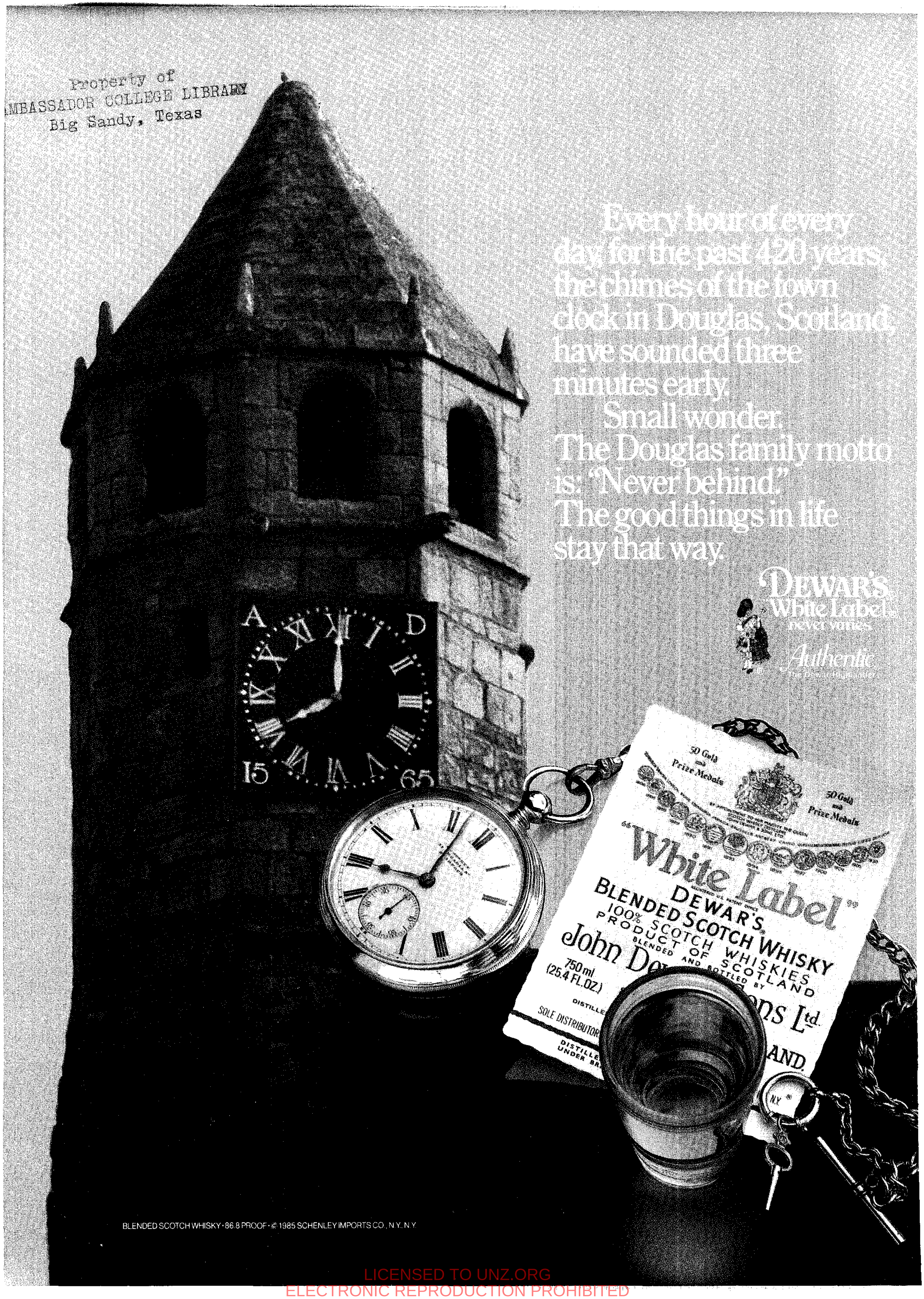
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